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THEY SPEAK FOR A NATION

They Speak
For A Nation

LETTERS FROM FRANCE



EDITED AND WITH
AN INTRODUCTION BY
EVE CURIE, PHILIPPE BARRÈS
RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

TRANSLATED BY
DRAKE AND DENISE DEKAY



Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

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All profits and royalties from the sale of this book will be applied to the relief of French prisoners of war. The distribution will be effected through such channels or agencies as appear to be safest and most efficient.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE BOOK

B.B.C., London : British Broadcasting Corporation, London.

C.B.S., New York : Columbia Broadcasting System, New York.

N.B.C., New York : National Broadcasting Company, New York.

W.R.U.L., Boston : Short-wave station of WRUL, Boston, Mass.

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PRINCIPAL EVENTS CONCERNING FRANCE,
REFERRED TO IN THIS BOOK:

- June 16, 1940—Demission of the Reynaud Government. Albert Lebrun, President of the French Republic, appoints Marshal Pétain as Prime Minister.
- June 17, 1940—Marshal Pétain asks Germany and Italy for an armistice.
- June 18, 1940—In a broadcast from London, General de Gaulle urges the French officers and soldiers to continue the fight against the Axis.
- June 22, 1940—Signing of the Franco-German Armistice.
- June 24, 1940—Signing of the Franco-Italian Armistice.
- June 25, 1940—Both armistices become effective.
- July 4, 1940—The British fleet and the French fleet clash at Oran.
- July 10, 1940—The French Republic is replaced by the "French State." Marshal Pétain becomes the "Head of the State."
- August 7, 1940—A formal treaty is signed in London between Prime Minister Winston Churchill and General de Gaulle. England guarantees, for the day of victory, the restoration of France "in her freedom and her greatness."
- August 22, 1940—The French colony of Equatorial Africa breaks with the Vichy Government and joins the Free French.
- August 26, 1940—The French colony of Chad joins the Free French.
- August 27, 1940—The French colony of Cameroon joins the Free French.
- September 23, 1940—General de Gaulle and his troops, supported by the British navy, attempt to seize Dakar, and fail.
- October 9, 1940—General de Gaulle arrives in French Equatorial Africa.
- October 17, 1940—The first of the anti-semitic laws enacted by the Vichy Government, depriving the French of Jewish race of the right to exercise numerous professions, is published in France.
- October 22, 1940—Meeting of Pierre Laval with Chancellor Hitler.
- October 24, 1940—Meeting of Marshal Pétain with Chancellor Hitler at Montoire. Marshal Pétain accepts the principle of collaboration with Germany.

- October 27, 1940—General de Gaulle creates the Council for the Defense of the Empire, in Brazzaville, Equatorial Africa.
- December 13, 1940—Marshal Pétain dismisses Pierre Laval.
- January 1, 1941—President Roosevelt sends a New Year's message to Marshal Pétain, wishing for the people of France the restoration of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.
- January 1, 1941—General de Gaulle asks the French people to remain indoors for one hour of meditation, thus expressing their confidence in an Allied victory.
- January 5, 1941—The Free French Forces, fighting at the side of General Wavell's army in Lybia, take part in the siege of Bardia.
- February 10, 1941—Marshal Pétain decides that Admiral Darlan shall succeed him "if he is unable to exercise his functions." Darlan is appointed Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister.
- March 11, 1941—Admiral Darlan threatens to use the French navy to convoy the merchant ships carrying food to France, if Great Britain maintains the blockade.
- March 23, 1941—Mr. Sumner Welles announces that two French ships, the "Ile de Ré" and the "Leopold" will carry 13,500 tons of American wheat to unoccupied France.
- May 23, 1941—In a broadcast to the French people, Admiral Darlan advocates a policy of collaboration with Germany and of participation in the "New Order."
- June 11, 1941—Admiral Darlan acknowledges in a speech that the French are "nervous and anxious." He blames those who believe what they hear on the "clandestine or dissident radio, paid by a foreign power." He finds a "disturbing similarity" between the de Gaullist and the Communistic propaganda. He declares that "without waiting for the end of hostilities, the government's duty is to act so as to create an atmosphere favorable to the establishment of an honorable peace."

INTRODUCTION

THIS BOOK is an attempt to give to the American people an unretouched picture of the people of France.

The French people, who have known national independence for more than fifteen hundred years, are now enslaved by their enemies. Two millions of them are prisoners of war. Several other millions live in the occupied zone, watched by German soldiers. Others still, in the unoccupied zone, are, if we may say so, on parole. Every one of these forty million people—man, woman, or child—has been, since the spring of 1940, a witness and a victim of an appalling series of disasters.

The storm of Nazi invasion has swept our country, from the north to the south, rolling back the defeated French soldiers and the bewildered civilians. The land of France, so rich, and which had attained, throughout centuries, to such a perfect stage of beauty, has been devastated. Hitler has mutilated France by this terrible wound: the line of demarcation between the two zones which cuts across rivers, roads, and railroad lines, which separates families. The Nazis have plundered the crops and looted the houses. They have brought to France, as to every country which they have conquered, famine and despair.

The French have seen their country destroyed. They have seen her surrendered. The Government of Bordeaux has capitulated and given to Hitler the signature of France. Under the pressure of a victorious conqueror, France has replaced her liberal institutions by an authoritarian regime, which, in turn, cannot ignore the authority of the Germans. While Great Britain was stubbornly pursuing, day after day, her lonely fight

against the common enemy, the French have been summoned to give to this very enemy their "collaboration." Thus the name of France, so magnificently clear for centuries, has become, to the whole world, a subject of anxiety and of doubt.

Since the 22nd of June 1940, the powerless French people have been surrounded by a circle of growing suspicion. And they have no direct means of moral defense, for they can no longer speak freely to any free nation. Never in history, not even in the Middle Ages, have the French been so completely separated, as today, from their fellow men. War, blockade, oppression, the machinery of censorship and of propaganda, have rendered absolutely useless, for our compatriots, every modern invention of industry and science. France is as helpless to tell the world what she thinks, and also to hear from the world, as if she were deaf and mute.

There are a few American correspondents in unoccupied France, but the only news they would like to give us is the news they cannot send. There are radio transmitters in France, but they have such cautious and distant relations with the truth that the French have practically stopped listening to their broadcasts. There are telephone conversations—with a third party, German or French, eavesdropping. There are newspapers without news, and books without free thought. Indeed, France is as isolated, as lonely, as an island in the Arctic seas. True, she has official spokesmen. We listen as hard as we can to their voices. But the harder we listen, the less we recognize the familiar voice of the French nation. The Americans have stated, in their Declaration of Independence, that: "Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." There is no such government in France. From the French citizens, from the people of France comes nothing but silence—and this silence has now lasted more than a year.

France has become an enigma precisely at the time when she has undergone the most dramatic events in her whole history. To every single Frenchman the American people would certainly like to put this question:

"You have been victorious, and now you are defeated. You have been free and now you are enslaved. About this, what do you have to say?"

It is not only through love of France that the Americans may be interested in the answer of the French. We have reached a moment where every single country in the world is urged to decide if she puts independence and freedom above everything else, or if, eventually, she will accept to deal with the oppressors.

Well, here is a devastated country—France—which has been more free than any other in the past, and whose government has tried, for a year, to find peace through negotiations with the Nazis. It is of some value to everybody to know the result of this experiment. The French are aware of this. They make desperate efforts to keep in touch with the citizens of the free countries.

In their dreadful loneliness they have rediscovered the means of communication used centuries ago, when there were no telephones, no radios, no newspapers, and no American correspondents. The news from France today is brought by travelers, by men who escape in sailboats across the Channel or by foot across a border. Above all, it is brought by letters smuggled from one zone to the other and posted in the unoccupied zone. There is a censorship, of course. But the censor has not always forgotten that he is French.

To whom do the French write? To any free human being they can think of: to the French speakers whom they hear on the programs of the English radio, or to General de Gaulle who carries on the fight at the side of the Allies. They write to England as to a person, to a friend. Across the Atlantic they also

write to the American short-wave radio stations, and to whatever friends they may have abroad.

It is on these thousands of sheets of paper that we find to-day the truth about the French. These thousands of sheets of paper could fill many books, which would tell about the profound sufferings and about the courage of our compatriots. In the book we are presenting we have gathered the most representative of these letters, written from the time of the armistice up to the present day.

This publication has been made possible by the generous co-operation of the organizations and also of the private individuals to whom the letters were addressed. We wish to express our gratefulness to the American radio stations which have authorized us to use some of the letters they have received from their French listeners. The Columbia Broadcasting System, the National Broadcasting Company, the short-wave station WRUL in Boston, have thus given us invaluable help. We have received the same friendly cooperation from the France Forever group in New York, from the Free French Relief Committee, from the editors of the *Christian Science Monitor*, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, of the New York *Times*, from several American friends of our country, and from many of our compatriots living now in America. On the other side of the Atlantic we have been able to go through the files of mail of the British Broadcasting Company in London and of the Free French Forces of General de Gaulle. To the B.B.C. and to General de Gaulle we owe our warmest thanks.

We have, of course, been extremely careful to suppress from the letters any details which could reveal the identity of the people who wrote them. Names of persons, names of places, details about families, have been purposely taken out. Because of lack of space and to avoid repetition we have made necessary cuts in some of the letters, but without ever altering the

general meaning of any of them. To make the reading easier we have classified the letters by chapters, according to their subject, and in each chapter we have followed the chronological order. In their faithful translation Drake and Denise de Kay have preserved, as far as possible, the various styles and sometimes the simple and naïve wording of these messages.

We have tried to do an impartial and respectful work and to let our captive compatriots speak for themselves, without attempting to make our own voices heard, without confronting our personal opinions with theirs. Our only initiative has been to publish this correspondence. Here again we know that we fulfill the wish, the stubborn purpose of the senders. Whatever precautions they take, the French people run serious risks each time they write. In many letters they say: "We beg you to tell everybody what we tell you." They are profoundly conscious of the fact that France, today, is truly represented by nobody except themselves.

The simplest French peasant, struggling to survive on his farm with his wife and children, in the midst of German occupation, feels the urge to break the rule of silence imposed on him by his oppressors and to let the world know what he thinks. He feels instinctively that the whole life of France, her future, her honor, depend ultimately on his reactions, on his anonymous resistance. And so, one day, he takes a piece of ruled paper and a pencil, and, on the piece of paper, he writes down his thoughts. On the envelope, which will be smuggled from one "zone" to the other, and then mailed abroad, he scribbles the name of a foreign country about which he knows nothing except that she is free. Sometimes the name is "England." Sometimes it is "America."



The French people say to us: "We want to be saved. We want to be freed. We want the Germans out of our country."

Among the senders of the letters there are workers and peasants, employers and employees, officers, soldiers, priests, and teachers. There are women factory workers, and women of the aristocracy. There are people of every religion, of every political party. None of them has renounced French individualism. When they comment on the past they are inclined to put a heavy responsibility on the political group which is not their own. The people of the Right accuse the Leftist governments that have ruled France for a time, and the people of the Left accuse the men of the Right who have entered the way of collaboration with Germany.

Equally biased as they may be, they all recognize that France fell because of a tragic absence of military preparation, because she lacked first-class leaders, and because her citizens did not get really united. Many soldiers, many young people write: "We wanted to go on fighting. There was nobody to tell us to do it. But one day you will find us ready to fight again."

As far as the future is concerned we find that 95 per cent of the French have the same passionate aim: to liberate their country from the German yoke. They are only divided on the best method to achieve this, and to organize an efficient French resistance.

For a great number of them, the Free French soldiers who continue the fight at the side of Great Britain and their leader, General de Gaulle, are a symbol of hope. We read that the Free French emblem—the Croix de Lorraine—is to be found for sale in practically every little souvenir shop and "bazar", both in occupied and in unoccupied France. The French admire General de Gaulle as a valiant soldier who has refused to surrender and who has saved the honor of our army. They know him as their best technician of modern warfare and as the military chief who has kept his faith in an ultimate allied victory. We think it is accurate to say that the popularity of General de Gaulle in

France is directly proportionate to the pro-ally feelings of the French people, and this is saying a great deal.

But many French people have believed, so far, in a different kind of resistance to Germany. They have put a mystical hope in the leadership of Marshal Pétain. Every attempt the marshal has seemed to make, since the armistice, to elude some new German demand, has built him up, rightly or wrongly, as a symbol of national unity and of antagonism to the Germans. The French have long been unable to estimate what the resistance of the marshal really amounted to. Of this ignorance they are conscious, and in their letters we see them waver between enthusiasm and despair, between confidence and distrust. We think it is accurate to say that the popularity of Marshal Pétain in France is directly proportionate to the faith of the French people in his resistance to German demands.

The letters of the supporters of Marshal Pétain make us understand the fluctuations of the French policy since June 1940 between "collaboration" and passive resistance. The French leaders, and even the German ones, have to take constantly into consideration this very strong and unconquered element: French public opinion.

There is a certain amount of bad feeling, even of invective, expressed, about Pétain, in the letters of the supporters of de Gaulle, and about de Gaulle in the letters of the supporters of Pétain. But the significant point is that all these people who quarrel really want the same thing: to get rid of the Germans.

Some French people, obscurely conscious of this, have managed to be at the same time for de Gaulle *and* for Pétain; for the marshal who has stopped the fight and for the general who goes on fighting, for the man who speaks with the Germans and for the one who shoots at them.

Recent events have shown that these two policies can hardly be reconciled. But an all-important fact remains: between many

of the sincere followers of Marshal Pétain and the followers of General de Gaulle there is no fundamental opposition. The French *people*—the forty millions of them—*can* ultimately be reconciled.

There is only one sort of men whom the French people will never forgive: the traitors who, like M. Laval and M. de Brinon, are the ambassadors of Germany to France, much more than the ambassadors of France to Germany. And never will the French forgive the very rare private citizens, society people, journalists, writers, civil servants, who have made themselves the friends and the accomplices of our conquerors.



In their letters the French comment at length about the Nazis—a subject which has been persistently ignored in the official dispatches from Vichy. They give us a crude and vivid picture of what German occupation means. We read resentful accounts of the looting of our country, of the horrible treatment inflicted on our prisoners of war, and of the German attempts to Nazify France by all the means of propaganda, of political pressure and of blackmail. We find gay and witty descriptions of the jokes played on the Germans by the French. Scattered in all this correspondence, here and there, we also find blunt sentences which sound like shrieks, and which illustrate for us the eternal relation between the oppressor and the oppressed, between the prisoner and the jailer.

They write: "*When shall we be rid of them?*"—"When shall we recover our freedom?"

Or: "*Enslaved forever, France would not be France any more. She would be dead. We would mourn her desperately, but we would not wish to survive her.*"

They write: "*The French, who are fundamentally honest people, do not want to collaborate with the most ignominious gangsters that the whole world has ever seen.*"

And again: "*The friends, the only possible saviors for us are the Anglo-Saxons. The enemies are the Germans, the Huns who have slaughtered the French, who have robbed them, who have taken their land after having expelled them, who are taking their colonies, their industries, their raw materials. They are the Germans who have always betrayed their word, who have invaded the small neutral countries. Never will we repeat these things enough.*"

A man from the west of France writes: "*France is nothing else but an immense prison . . . If Germany won, we would all be slaves.*" And every village silently approves this man.

The words written by a French soldier in the letter which comes first in this book express, with the utmost simplicity, the feelings of our compatriots: "*We can be forbidden to talk, but not to think. Most of us wanted to keep on fighting. Today we can only suffer and wait.*"

We do not know the Frenchman who wrote this letter. But we know that it is for him and for millions of French people like him that we work, and that so many of us fight this war with all the means in our power.



Naturally the French write a great many letters to their eventual saviors: the British people.

A modest wine merchant from Bordeaux writes: "*We put all our confidence in England, and 90 per cent of the people think the same way. We await our rescue and have faith in you. Each time London is hit, we are hurt.*"

From another man, a chimney builder, we hear this: "*I wept, but let the English only debark: despite my fifty-five years, I will pick up my rifle, and what joy it will be!*"

Instead of complaining about his own hardships, a man from Marseille writes: "*All my thanks to the women and men of England for enduring everything in the cause of freedom.*"



While describing the material conditions under which they live, some inhabitants of France have the great courage to express the opinion that no food should be sent from the American continent to France or to any of the invaded countries because this would mean, ultimately, helping Germany.

A veteran of Verdun writes: *"Food is becoming scarce. It does not matter. Let the British win, we'll eat afterwards."*

A visiting nurse writes: *"America must absolutely not send great quantities of food to France. We are positively opposed to it. The moment is badly chosen for making gifts to Germany."*

But this is not the opinion of all Frenchmen. Many of our compatriots are profoundly anxious about the food shortage, about the health of the children.

A woman living in Marseille writes: *"Hunger exists. For the little people it is horrible; for the people of small means it is painful; for the very rich it isn't bad. The differences become disquieting. At the end of all this, world revolution."*

Another woman writes from the unoccupied zone:

"The bread ration is reduced more and more. It is insufficient for men who work and for adolescents, and the bread is black. Happily, the United States are sending a few ships with food. I think it is very urgent, especially for poor children."

And a group of French people write to America:

"The French have been deeply moved by your generous shipment of clothes and supplies for their little children. They warmly thank you for them. The little children of France will remember."

Taking the middle course, a teacher in a Catholic school writes to a friend in the United States :

"Thank America for what she is doing, but advise her to be very prudent, for Germany is quite ready to arrogate for herself what is destined for others."

On this heartbreaking question "Should food be sent to France?", the French who actually endure great hardships inside our borders have divergent opinions. But there are two facts on which they all agree. The first is that our country, once rich and largely self-supporting in essential foodstuffs, has been methodically looted by the Germans. The second is that this organized looting will not stop until the Germans are defeated and driven out of France.

In short, if there is some hesitation among the French about what to do immediately concerning the food shortage, there is absolutely no hesitation about the man responsible for the shortage: Adolf Hitler.



And now what about the feelings of the French toward America? The answer is very simple. The French rely on America to be saved. Every decision made by the United States, every speech of President Roosevelt can arouse, from one end of France to the other, a wave of exaltation and confidence. The French people treat the remote American republic as one of those friends, so intimate and so close, to whom one can entrust secrets, confess weaknesses, and whom one dares to ask for help. They have also plenty of advice to give to the American people in such letters as this: *"My dear friends: To prevent your falling into a disaster like ours, you absolutely must listen to the very human appeal of your President who asks you to unite all your forces, all your minds, all your energies, and your immense resources, for the purpose of aiding our beloved ally and friend England to crush forever the Hitlerian regime and his bandit chief who, for much too long, have been terrorizing the world."*

In another letter, written by a French worker to an American radio station, we read: *"Do not fail to tell to the prominent citizen in the White House, and to all your compatriots, that*

our hearts beat in unison with theirs. We await you with a grave serenity and unshakable resolution. Long live the United States and all the heroic defenders of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

Indeed the French do not change very much in their feelings toward America. One hundred and sixty-three years ago, the same year when the first French Expeditionary Corps landed on the American shores to fight the War of Independence, the same year when a formal treaty of alliance signed in Paris linked America and France, a minister of Louis the Sixteenth, Turgot, was expressing his opinion of the American people. In his famous letter to Dr. Price, Turgot wrote in 1778:

"This people is the hope of the human race. It may become the model. It ought to show the world by facts that men can be free and yet peaceful, and may dispense with the chains in which tyrants and knaves of every colour have presumed to bind them, under pretext of the public good. The Americans should be an example of political, religious, commercial, and industrial liberty. The asylum they offer to the oppressed of every nation, the avenue of escape they open, will compel governments to be just and enlightened."

Once more, in 1941, America is the "hope of the human race." Very few people dare to face calmly what would happen to the "human race" if Hitler won this war. Our captive compatriots profoundly believe that America can and will prevent this from happening. To them, the word "America" is synonymous with "liberation."



This book tells about the French people very simple facts which would not have deserved any statements at all a short time ago: "The French dislike the Nazis—the French want to be free—the French pray for victory—the French love America." At this moment, unfortunately, such simple facts

have to be reaffirmed stubbornly, as a healthy antidote to some astounding official French statements and decisions.

The three undersigned French people are writers by profession. But it is not in this capacity that they present this book. They are simply three out of forty million French men and women whose hearts have not changed, who have remained faithful to their friendships and determined in their revolt against oppression. We are absolutely convinced that, as soon as it will become humanly possible, our compatriots will help the common victory from inside France, just as so many thousands of us try to help it from the outside.

But today, as we read in the letter of a heartsick and obstinate little soldier, the French living in France "can only suffer and wait."

EVE CURIE

PHILIPPE BARRÈS

RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

THEY SPEAK FOR A NATION

CHAPTER I

The Spirit of Resistance

From a French soldier to the Free French who fight on.

We can be forbidden to talk, but not to think. Our thoughts go to you daily. With hearts filled with anger and sadness we have had to stop fighting for the time being. All Frenchmen believe in a British victory. During the war, before France capitulated, I was with a battalion of "Chasseurs" in the Alps. Most of us wanted to keep on fighting. Today we can only suffer and wait.

(By courtesy of N.B.C., New York.)

The principal of a girls' school in the southwest of France writes to a social worker in America. July 1, 1940.

The Germans are installed everywhere in the region, consequently they are our nearest neighbors. Purposely I have not yet seen them close at hand. You know what is in my heart, the depth of my sorrow. You also know my wish. *Think and act according to what you yourself wish, I know.*

We have no French radio broadcasts; it is very hard living without any news; one gets the impression of being asphyxiated.

You know now where our unique hope lies and in what direction our tormented hearts are turning. Where all our wishes go and for whom we pray. We can do nothing else—only think.

I still preserve hope, for we cannot die.

*From Marseille, a Corsican writes to the B.B.C., London.
July 12, 1940.*

Fighting beside the English we had an ideal—to wipe out the gangsters. Furthermore, that was what they kept telling us, down to the day of the brutal and unexpected armistice. France as well as England had promised not to conclude a separate peace. The men in the French government changed. That's the explanation. We're not deceived. We love France all the more. And we shall always have faith in England.

From a visiting nurse working near Tours, to a social worker in America. July 18, 1940.

We weren't allowed to display flags on our houses on July 14, nor to go, as every year, to the monuments of our dead, nor to have a mass said. I can't yet believe in the terrible disaster which overwhelms us. . . . I can't realize it. Every instant I think: "This is a bad dream; it is not possible; it is not true, it is going to end." And then when I force myself to get a clear idea of things, I haven't enough tears to shed over our fate. I don't know whether we have sinned, but the punishment is terrible. One might seek in the history of all nations, even in antiquity and in the Bible, and not find anything comparable to our misfortune and our anguish. We no longer understand anything, or rather we understand too well. It is horrible! I don't know how we are going to get out of it, but with the new overwhelming burdens that daily fall on our shoulders I think we will all be mad or dead; too often we reach the depths of despair.

Since you are in America, tell people around you what you know about us.

The Germans are doing everything they can to disunite

France and England. And yet all of us believe that England alone will one day be able to aid France.

. . . I thought I had sometimes known suffering in life, but nothing is comparable to our present anguish. Nevertheless, I keep hope in my heart; lacking that, it would be better never to have been born.

From a Catholic lady living on her estate in Languedoc (southwestern France) to a French commentator of the B.B.C., London. September 9, 1940.

SIR:

Perhaps we "deserved" defeat (between parentheses, we are worn out with those perpetual *mea culpas* that confessors and benevolent censors keep beating on our breasts), but we did not deserve having men calling themselves Frenchmen—who doubtless have mud instead of blood in their veins—deliver us over like this, piece by piece, to the insatiable Ogre. There is something worse than defeat, and it is *this*, the life we are living now. More than anyone else I have the right to talk to you in this way, sir, because I am a thoroughbred Frenchwoman and of old stock, because I was born, was brought up in the very Catholic "right," and rather more royalist than republican, because I have always lived in the provinces, lived as a land owner: my interests are consequently on the side of the "nationalists." In 1935 I disapproved the sanctions, deplored the torpedoing of the Laval-Hoare accord, wished for the victory of Mussolini in Ethiopia, later for that of Franco in Spain. I had my fellow-citizens sign a petition to raise the sanctions.

All this gives me the right to declare that today I condemn without recourse and disown with horror the men of the right who surrendered and dishonored us, who surrender and dishonor us a little more every day. They have their followers,

especially in the salons. Most of these fashionables bleat in flocks at the name of Pétain. They don't see villainy when it is made use of by the faction to which they belong. The middle class is much less permeable to the insidious Nazi penetration. To be authentic, the "brief sketch of French opinion" daily broadcast to us should include a vehement chaplet of Cambronne's words addressed to the "occupants." From the dejection and consternation of the woman of the people there bursts out a single very simple question: "When shall we be rid of Them? When shall we recover our liberty?"

Believe it truly: *the only man we shall recognize as our legitimate chief will be he who frees our soil, who delivers us from the Germans.* The rest is endured as temporary but, at bottom, despised. What sort of a "national revolution" is it that doesn't pursue first and by every means the primordial objective: the independence of the nation? We were too accustomed to liberty to know its price. Now we are deprived of it, it seems to us like the most precious possession, without which one cannot live. We are not seduced by any sort of collectivism—Bolshevik, Nazi, or Fascist. All those systems which have for their principal effect the generalizing of misery, the retrogression of man by several centuries, are fiascos. Italian peasants wrote their French relatives (before the war): "We don't ask for food, we don't ask for money. We ask only for death." Could there be a more terrible condemnation for any regime?

The wind has turned in France, but all Frenchmen are not weathercocks. Many have not changed their opinions. We listen to General de Gaulle, whose energy pleases and reassures us. If he succeeds in freeing us from the Germans he can be assured of receiving a triumphal reception in France. One minor reservation: if you could discreetly suggest to him to banish the word "I" from his allocutions, he'd gain by it. As to the attacks against England displayed in certain newspapers eager to

serve the temporary victor, notably in *Gringoire*, one would have to be a victim of aberration not to perceive their villainy. The real France doesn't express herself that way. The real France, on the contrary, blushes for those who disparage and disfigure her. I shall quote you two sentences written to me recently by one of my friends whose family and personal situation, nevertheless, influence her toward conformity: "To yesterday's ally, who suffers and fights for the common ideal, one owes at least the homage of silence." And this: "I don't like France excusing herself for having declared a war which, had she won it, would have been just and holy."

In May 1940 one might have asked this question: "If England had sent us all her planes, all her divisions (thirty, if I am correctly informed), would she have been able to prevent the defeat of France? In conscience, I don't believe it. It seems that she would have had only the power to delay it. That defeat was achieved when the front was penetrated at Sedan, that is, from the first days.

In mid-June 1940 another question suggests itself: With France beaten on the continent, was England in a position to "hold" alone for the time being, and then strike harder and harder and finally conquer with the aid of America? The German debarkation a success, England beaten before this coming October, the British Empire immediately rent asunder—that would have been the *sole* justification the men of Vichy might have had.

But with the English "holding" under the most furious assaults, roasting the obstinate candidates for invading her soil like bedbugs, striking hard and far, backed effectively by America at work—everything changes. From that time in mid-June was it not criminal to surrender to the enemy the trump cards remaining to us, notably the fleet? Since the announcement of the armistice (that crushing blow) the fleet was our

big, our crucifying anxiety. That immobilization, that controlled disarmament of our warships—what man of good faith could allow himself to be gulled by such a snare? All the arguments of our “capitulators” rested—on the word of Hitler. In all justice the responsibility for Mers-el-Kebir rests much less on Churchill than on Laval. Would not a Frenchman who owed no feudal allegiance to the Axis have concluded an amicable accord with England as regards the fleet, before asking for the armistice? Would he not have ceded to England our most important units against payment deposited in America?

We have no esteem for Laval, a politician of the old personnel who scandalously enriched himself in politics and is in no way qualified to moralize us as principal agent of that management whose consequences are being confirmed as more and more disastrous. We shall never forgive these people for having striven to deprive us even of hope. It is despite them that we hope in the depths of shame and from beneath the ruins. Everything is being hidden from us, and yet we end by knowing a great deal. Thirty million French people are rereading the prophecy of St. Odile who predicts the end of Germany. Many among us, all clear-sighted people, approve the blockade, even though it must temporarily deprive them of several kilograms. They consent to the worst ordeals to buy their deliverance. For my part nothing could persuade me to desert the camp of liberty which is also that of the spirit. Enslaved forever, France would not be France any more. She would be dead. We would mourn her desperately, but we would not wish to survive her. Good luck to you and to England. Cursed be the executioners of Europe.

From the wife of a soldier living in occupied France to the B.B.C., London. Cher. September 12, 1940.

I am a Frenchwoman in the occupied zone who has suffered terribly over the defection and crushing of her country. I live in a city where every night, powerless and furious, we witness the departure of Henkel III's heavy-laden with bombs. Our sole consolation consists in counting the planes and ascertaining with satisfaction that they are always less numerous on returning than when they start out. . . . (We are especially happy when we have a visit from the R.A.F. aviators.) We preserve hope and confidence in our English friends. At this moment we share their misfortunes and admire their tenacity. Courage, friends! Hold out, we'll get them!

Even though egotism, prover of defeat, has not lost all its rights in France, many people have already recovered their grip and wish that the war would start again rather than see Germany and Italy plunder our colonies. We hope our government won't consent to further cowardice and will understand that certain French people would prefer to die rather than live permanently under the yoke. If there are those who passively accept the present state of things there are others who revolt at the idea of being bridled all their lives and working—for the King of Prussia! Now is the time to recall that old proverb which hasn't lost its veracity!

I regret being unable to give you my address, for my son is young and my husband a soldier, but I would be happy to know if my letter actually reached you. So, if you will, a little signal at nine-thirty one of these evenings. My little one and I will be listening. I'd be very grateful to you. Tell us if sixteen-year-old French boys would be accepted in the R.A.F.?

THÉRÈSE

From a woman living in a village in the south of France to the French speakers of the B.B.C., London. September 15, 1940.

At last I find an opportunity to write you what since nearly four months ago *all* true French people would like to say to you: that we are ashamed of ourselves, that we are proud of you, that all our hope is in you, that all our good wishes accompany you. That fact I was able to verify by scouring quite a bit of the nonoccupied zone and talking with everyone I met. Day by day sympathy for you increases. However, there is a little village in the southwest of France—and of that we are proud—where from the first day we were all for you and where the photo of General de Gaulle—the very one printed by the so-called French papers to proclaim (?) his “treason”—was carefully cut out by each inhabitant and preserved with veneration and gratitude.

We follow events passionately, confidently. And, dear friends of the B.B.C. who are our support and our sole bond with the world of truth, we thank you with all our hearts for your broadcasts. The entire village gathers nightly in the five or six houses that have strong enough reception to catch you on short waves. Many people in the countryside are economizing to buy a stronger radio set and be able to tune in on you. The young people sing: “The Paris radio lies,” and all your other amusing slogans.

Dear friends, what we would like to have most, aside from military operations, is information about what is going on in France, in the occupied zone. We have no information in that regard. Are the people revolting, are they sabotaging? What is the state of their morale and that of the German soldiers of the occupation? To believe certain rumors circulating here, the morale of the latter is not very remarkable. What

most discourages them is the thought that the war still has a long way to go, bombardments of Berlin and of other German cities where their families are living and the lack of news from their families. For it seems that they can't correspond with their people. Is all this true?

Before ending my letter I want to tell you a little story that goes about the countryside and is authentic. Two friends meet. One asks the other: "Did you hear the Minister's speech last night?" "The speech? No, I didn't hear any speech. Where was it?" "Why, over the French radio! Don't you listen to French broadcasts?" "Of course I do. They're the only ones I hear." "Then you amaze me. It was on all the stations—Toulouse, Marseille . . ." "Toulouse, Marseille?" interrupts the other, dumfounded. "Is that what you call French radio? But that's the German radio! I listen to the French radio from London, only from London." And note that the man who made this reply was no Anglophile at the time of the armistice. Two months of the Vichy government sufficed to open his eyes.

Dear and valiant English friends, we beg you not to judge us all by the traitors who betrayed us at the same time they betrayed you. We are worth more than that and hope with all our strength that we may one day prove it by taking up arms again beside you. Long live England and long live Free France.

P.S. In my village people almost rejoice in their hunger. "That means the English blockade is succeeding," they say, "and that's the main thing. Let the English win, we'll eat afterward."

An inhabitant of Lyon writes to the B.B.C. September 21, 1940.

There was a time when we might have doubted that the French race still existed. While listening to your voices we are now certain that the France of today is still the old France. We

must admit that we received the news of our capitulation with infinite sorrow, but also with a cowardly feeling of relief. We said to ourselves: "To be sure the war has been lost; but for us there's an end to alarms, an end to our fears for the lives of our dear ones." We lost the war. Now we understand that acceptance of the armistice meant being placed at the mercy of the victor. He has a hard clutch and he knows the refinements of cruelty.

As Churchill said about the English, a flame has been lighted in our hearts, too, against the invader. We are not making plans, but who knows? Someday perhaps the opportunity will present itself to help you. That day . . . !

From a woman of the suburbs of Paris to Pierre Bourdan, French commentator of the B.B.C., London. September 29, 1940.

For more than two months I have been seeking an opportunity, for it isn't easy to be able to communicate with those of my compatriots who have the luck to be free! You can be sure that the French have not lost hope of being liberated by our allies and that they approve them for continuing to harass the Germans as they do every day and every night. I am in a populous quarter (you will understand that I can't tell you which, fearing my letter may not reach you), and assure you that while waiting in "the interminable queues" which now are our lot, I hear the complaints and desires of everyone. Reassure yourself, for in the quantity of these utterances, and it is a great quantity, there is one point on which all are unanimous: no one believes in the announcements of "their radio" any more than of "their newspapers," for radios and newspapers are German; moreover, one wouldn't have to be very shrewd to think so.

From humblest to highest, from the most ignorant to the

most intelligent, all, you understand, are anxious for England and General de Gaulle to deliver us as quickly as possible. I came across an English tract, which I reproduced in hundreds of copies and distributed, and I'm continuing to do it.

If you could only see us listening to your broadcasts! We only live for them now, and we can't, despite the correct bearing—on orders!—of Messrs. the Boches, get accustomed to their presence. Good lord, if my letter ever reaches you, how will I know it? And I repeat all my gratitude to you for the solicitude you show toward us. The anxious way you question us, wanting to know how we are conducting ourselves. Be reassured, I repeat, for we remain French despite all the lies of our masters, and we despise them. Ah, how much trouble they take to convince us! They are too "heavy." They'd have to have a particle of French wit to succeed, and they have only their hypocrisy. It's lamentable! Those who were not patriots have become so, and thanks to you they no longer want to die but to live to see France liberated.

From a young movie producer, recently demobilized, to a friend in America. September 1940.

Three months have passed since the armistice. I have been demobilized for two months and am living in retirement in a little village in the south of France. I notice the change in my compatriots' state of mind. After the almost universal leaden stupor and brutishness, French reason and good sense are regaining ascendancy. The Germans whom they wanted to pass off on us as white are becoming more and more black, and the English whom they wanted to pass off as black are becoming increasingly pure white.

Some days after the armistice our regiment had been stationed in a little village of Creuse. The situation was appalling.

No newspapers, the only source of information a decrepit radio whose announcements smelled the Nazi at a hundred feet. This village of one hundred and fifty inhabitants lodged six hundred and forty refugees from all parts of France. Parisians, Tourangeaux, Bretons, some Belgians, and others, lived and slept in the school classrooms, or in barns among old rotted straw, or in vehicles along the road. There was no bread and the soldiers gave some of theirs to the refugees. There was no gasoline, there weren't even bicycles—and even if there had been there was no place to go. Nothing but despair.

Some days after the armistice the refugees, furious at seeing that the soldiers had something to eat and that the local population also had practically what they wanted, came as a delegation to the town hall to announce that they had decided to smash everything to pieces if they weren't properly supplied with food. The mayor, frantic, telephoned the prefecture, asking aid and counsel of the prefect, and the latter made this response worthy of Marie Antoinette: "Give them grass to eat," and he sent gendarmes to restore order.

Then, when the armistice had been signed, people were happy—it was the end of their sufferings. Everyone got ready to return home. No more bombardments, no more hunger, no more aimless wandering along the roads; they were going to return to their apartments or their houses; they would find their husbands again, and their sons, and fiancés, and life would start all over again.

The soldiers, my comrades, were also happy. At last they were going to know where their families were. They'd go home and start working. "After all, the Germans won't eat us . . . and then, if they establish a little order among us it won't be so bad," were tag phrases that closed every discussion.

One evening I strolled along the village main street with an officer friend. We were disturbed and unhappy. This defeat,

this disorder, we couldn't yet comprehend it. We were afraid of the future. We knew the Germans and knew what they were capable of. The incomprehension of the populace and the soldiers of the immensity of the catastrophe that had struck down our beautiful country frightened us and made us fear the worst. Marshal Pétain was a sincere man, it seemed, but then why did he surround himself with that riffraff—Laval, vice-president of the Council, that scoundrel who was steeped in all kinds of equivocal affairs, that swindler who only waited the opportunity to become the master of France, and all the other ministers who were no better. The "French" radio had announced in the morning that England's defeat was a matter of hours.

My comrade and I for the twentieth time paced down the gloomy street—always the blackout—when suddenly, passing in front of a house with drawn blinds but from which a faint light issued, a powerful voice riveted us to the spot as surely as the bombs a few days before had hurled us prone to the ground. A voice from the sky, a voice that shed a light in the blackness surrounding us, a radio voice that was saying in French: "London calling." We listened to the first speech of General de Gaulle. Little by little people flocked to the window. Soldiers, officers, civilians. Those who didn't want to hear left at once. A woman seizing her husband's arm tried to drag him away, saying: "Come on, let's not listen to *that!*" But the man, without a word, freed himself and remained listening.

The voice talked and talked. A good voice, an assured voice, a clarion voice that accused those who had capitulated—a voice that said to us, in short: "No, it's not ended. England keeps going. France will live." A voice which made us suddenly comprehend that the "very old Marshal Pétain" was worthy of his cabinet.

At the end of the speech, only about ten persons remained before the closed blinds. Each turned his head a little to one side not to be seen by his neighbor. There were tears in every eye.

At the end of July I was demobilized, leaving most of my comrades in the barracks. Six weeks after the armistice some did not yet know where their families were; others lived in the occupied zone and did not know when the Germans would allow them to return home. The newspapers and radio daily kept telling us that England was our enemy and that her defeat was only a question of days, but already there was no longer such perfect unanimity. The first moment of stupor having passed, many people commenced to think they exaggerated a little. Nevertheless, a great majority continued to think that it would be best to forget and come to terms with the Germans. The position of the French at this epoch can be summed up by the attitude of a very good friend I met at the time, an old lady to whom I had to recount my war adventures. Listening to me she wept, but when I came to the conclusion that it had been a crime to capitulate and told her what I thought of the government in power she stopped her ears, crying: "It isn't so, it isn't so! Before everything else France must be saved! I don't want to hear anything! Stop talking!"

More than two months have passed, and now it's very different. This same friend lives near a great Mediterranean port. The other day they reestablished the laws on passive defense, stricter still than they were in wartime. We were amazed at this rigor and, thinking it over, came to the conclusion that the Nazis were probably going to occupy this port. I said to my friend: "You had better be careful. If the Germans occupy the port, probably the English will come and bombard it." Whereupon she answered: "If the Germans occupy our port I hope the English will come and bombard, and if one of their bombs fell on my house I shouldn't at all mind, provided the

port were destroyed and would be of no use to the Germans!"

The newspapers and radio ceaselessly repeat that the English blockade is to blame for the general shortage. In fact, there are no more potatoes. I haven't eaten butter for months. No more rice, no more dried vegetables; one has to stand in a queue for two hours to get a half liter of skimmed milk. For everything else we have cards. We have the right to 250 grams of starches per month, 60 grams of meat per day, 50 grams of cheese per week. The cards give us the right to 400 grams of fat per month, but there is only oil and one can only buy 200 grams of it per month. It's useless to ask for coffee in the shops; for months there hasn't been any, but for consolation you can buy 300 grams of roasted chick-peas. Cleanliness becomes an insoluble problem: 100 grams per month of soap for everything—laundry and toilet, no more shaving soap or shaving cream, no more laundry days. But the brave French people who have recovered their equilibrium know that all this isn't the fault of the English blockade. Never did France import from England or her colonies milk, butter, potatoes; on the contrary, we exported them. But the departments that produce milk, butter, cheese are in the occupied zone—it is, indeed, the Germans who take these commodities for themselves. I have heard this remark while standing in a queue to buy 125 grams of oil: "Yes, madame, and even if the English are preventing the boats from coming, well, they're right. The Germans would take everything in one way or another."

The German and Italian armistice commissions made their appearance in all the cities of the unoccupied zone. In the beginning curious crowds stared at them peacocking in their uniforms, revolvers at their sides. Now, no one looks at them any longer. There is an emptiness around them. They're ignored; no one wants to go near them. In a big Marseille hotel I saw the manager refuse a room to an Italian officer accom-

panied by two soldiers with shouldered rifles. The Italian officer was furious, but the inexorable manager gave the only free room to a Frenchman who, it appeared, had reserved it. The armistice commissions carry away everything for their governments and for themselves personally. I was in a big confectioner's shop in Marseille when a Nazi entered and asked for chocolate. There were a few bars left that the confectionery was keeping for those who are sending parcels to the prisoners. But the Nazi took it all to send to his own home. There are no restrictions or cards for members of the armistice commission. One must give them what they ask, or else.

In our village, when you go down the main street at eight o'clock in the evening, every window is open, especially since they have forbidden listening to the foreign radio in public places, and the B.B.C. broadcasts in French to a population famished for authentic news.

In streetcars and on the streets you often hear scraps of conversation: "I listen in at eight-fifteen"—"I prefer ten o'clock," and everyone knows that it means only the B.B.C. At Marseille and in all the big cities of the free zone it's the same thing: if a radio set sounds so loud that you can hear it in the street it's surely the French broadcast from London.

"And the Fascists?" you will ask. There are some in our village and in the beginning they triumphed. But at present they're furious hearing everywhere the voice of Free France. The other day I was seated on a café terrace, and they were all there at a table near me. One of them, speaking of his neighbor, said furiously: "If he keeps on playing his dirty radio much longer I'll throw a bomb in his house!"

But the other day the local policeman himself said to me as he passed by: "You know, if the London broadcast is too blurred, try Ankara in French; it's not bad."

The free zone papers are pro-Nazi as the German newspapers

themselves; and what's more they are no longer believed and almost no longer read. Yet one finds in them very interesting things; for instance: *Le Petit Marseillais*, one of the biggest papers of the unoccupied zone, published on its front page an article entitled THEY DID WELL. In this article the editor-in-chief accused a group of persons who had sent him a collective letter saying "that the English were right in attacking the French fleet at Mers-el-Kebir, that it was better to lose ships and even human lives than give them to the Germans, that the English had done right in dropping bombs on Digne if that could save a *single* English bomber, and that it was very regrettable that General de Gaulle had not succeeded at Dakar." The editor-in-chief fulminated against these "traitors" and threatened them, pretending that despite the illegible signatures they would be discovered. The idiot had no idea that his threats gave a precious indication of sentiment and encouraged those who, till then, thought themselves isolated in their conviction that England would win the war, and that we French must aid them. There was also, two weeks later, in *Gringoire*, a front-page article violently attacking the continually increasing number of "bad French" who were allowing themselves to be infected with the poison of the English propaganda.

If you ask me: What is France thinking? I can only answer in all sincerity that more than 80 per cent of the French population pray and are ready to do anything for the victory of England.

An inhabitant of Savoie writes to the B.B.C., London. October 1940.

The disastrous experience of our unhappy country led us to believe that yours would not resist further and we feared the

worst eventualities for you as for ourselves. We settled on a delay to allow our hearts to hope again—the date was September 20. We said to ourselves that if you held out until then the fate of the world and of each one of us would be entirely changed. And you have held, and in what admirable circumstances! We imagine the anguish and suffering you are all enduring, but we also realize what must be your pride and your hope!

Morally we live only through you. The French radio of the B.B.C., that everyone here listens to in the evenings (for it is admirably done—better than ever was our own), brings us an unprecedented comfort which has remade our morale. We know very well that we remain exposed to all hazards (notably, total occupation) and to persecutions and expropriations which may follow, and which will be the more probable the longer you resist. But what is that when hope shines anew and one dares again think of the future with a beginning of real hope?

Here in Savoie everyone is ready to go to war again if necessary and if one day this becomes possible. That profound patriotism, ready for the sacrifice, which was so lacking while we were at war, has been reborn with incredible vigor. The French are thrilled to the core of their beings by your country and expect their salvation only from her victory, in which we have at last the right to believe without risking the most tragic disillusionment. Most of our friends have returned to Paris where life is sad, the atmosphere oppressive. The whole measure of our life is only temporary. We feel, indeed, that little by little America will enter the conflict and that two or three years and immense suffering will perhaps be necessary before the victory; but we commence to believe in it, and that is the great new factor.

In short, we have much greater courage, and that thanks to England; and I was anxious to have you spread the word about.

*From a refugee in unoccupied France to N.B.C., New York.
November 1940.*

I don't know whether this letter will reach you before November 11th, but if it does I ask you to let us hear some of the French military marches on that grand day, for the Vichy people have forbidden all patriotic manifestations. I shan't sign this letter because what I am going to ask you afterwards makes me eligible for one of the numerous camps that cover the country.

I should be very glad if in an English broadcast you told the English radio how numerous are the French people who listen to their program daily.

Messrs. Bourdan, Marin, Cassaing and Mlle. Curie are doing well by speaking to us. Hearing them, many of the French keep up their hope of one day seeing the Boches driven back out of the invaded native land. However, will you please tell the news announcers to be much more severe toward our temporary rulers. Allow me as well to tell you that an excellent theme against Franco-German "collaboration" would consist in declaring that the English and Free French forces are leading a veritable crusade against Nazi anti-Christianity. There, believe me, is a very serious argument to influence the Catholics of France against Hitlerism.

Here we are all wishing for the reelection of President Roosevelt, who loves France so much and today is permitting increasing aid to invincible England, and tomorrow . . . ? Above all, don't let your government send too much food which is destined almost exclusively, even in the so-called "unoccupied" zone, for the occupation troops, or to be sent to Germany.

From a French mother "whose son (aged twenty) fell on the field of honor while all the soldiers of France still fought for honor." (Letter addressed to Mlle. Eve Curie.) Posted Geneva, November 11, 1940.

Oh! distant and kind voices of Free France, a voice from shackled France answers you tonight!

You ask us what we think, how we submit to our sad fate.

Alas! our thoughts are bitter and great our moral distress. We, too, revolt against the cowardice and indignity of a government that covers our native land with shame.

Your broadcasts alone bring a ray of hope and comfort to our cankered hearts. How we wait for them! Even in the most secluded farms hidden in our mountains the peasants listen to them and then hope.

In the little Savoyard villages, priests pray for England, pray for bruised France, for martyred Poland; another one in a market town I know opens his doors and windows, installs a loud-speaker in order that those who have no radio set can also have their share of hope, of truth at the hour when your beneficent waves come over to us. I write "truth," for we are so saturated with radiophonic and other lies that most of us have given up listening to the French broadcasts, nauseated with such ignominies. Paris radio lies!!

Our friends the Swiss (we are a half-hour from the Helvetian frontier) rejoice when they hear the R.A.F. planes passing overhead at night, going to bombard the Italian hyenas. Don't think that all the French soldiers returning from England are ingrates; some of them living here never stop eulogizing the way they were received and treated over there. That makes marvelous propaganda for our allies. Be our interpreter with

them. Tell them that millions of Frenchmen put their hopes in them, are with them heart and soul.

Thanks to all, thanks. May God aid and guard you, soldiers of Free France. May the day come soon when He will bring you victorious among us. May He protect England. These are the prayers uttered by the women of your country.

A group of people living in a little city, temporarily occupied, write to the B.B.C., London. November 11, 1940.

November 11, 1940, Festival of the Victory and Peace. The hundred and forty-first day of the French people's resistance to oppression.

To our compatriots of Free France: since "the French speak to the French" nightly from London, we authorize ourselves to testify to you our fidelity and ardent sympathy.

You ask us if your broadcasts are echoed in the hearts of the French as you expect. Don't doubt it. You bring us comfort and hope. Thanks to you public opinion has been warned and won't accept, without critical consideration, the falsified or tendentious news of our press and radio. The results are much more fruitful than you may suppose: no better proof of it exists than the resistance of opinion to the policy of pretended collaboration recently extolled. The opposition was so strong that the government found itself obliged to declare that it would not sign any accord contrary to honor and that no cession of territory was or would be countenanced. Was not your campaign on this subject the origin of the movement of public opinion? In any case, no Frenchman will agree of his own free will to bear arms against the English.

If you want a true sketch of the state of mind of our com-

patriots we can do no better than to cite to you three facts selected from many others and which are absolutely authentic.

On Thursday, November 7, in a cinema theater of the city, when they were showing current-events shots of the Italian naval forces in practice manoeuvres, the spectators—a great number being young people—made such a violent disturbance that the police had to be called, the picture stopped, and the hall evacuated. On November 8, in a factory, tracts having been copied and spread about among the employees, the German police made a search, but in vain.

On Sunday, October 27, in a little village in the outskirts, the priest in the pulpit, after his sermon, declared that a certain article appearing in the local newspaper had been imposed by the Germans and so should be disregarded. He ended his announcement with these words: "And now, as I know representatives of the Fifth Column are everywhere, I authorize them to go and denounce me."

These are three facts that have a documentary value.

We would be keenly desirous of adding a living testimonial, in the nature of a photograph, which, more than written words, would prove our hearts are with you. As a matter of fact, it was taken in a public building, a few meters from the local Kommandantur, and it represents the gathering of friends who write you this letter grouped under the folds of the French and British flags. Some day we expect to show it to you.

We could cite many other facts of the same kind, so be fully reassured. If certain Frenchmen forget their duty and are ready to make a pact with the enemy, the great majority remain firm in their moral resistance and their hope of a definitive victory.

To conclude, we are making the very ardent vow to become more closely acquainted with you after the peace. This is the hope, better still, the conviction of several Frenchmen and

Frenchwomen, authors of these lines, who "collaborate" with you and prepare with confidence and faith for the day to come when, from the balcony of our town hall, the French and British flags will float united forever in the joy of the victory.

P.S. The flags are ready, and the illumination lamps too.

A war veteran from Brittany, writes to France Forever, New York. November 17, 1940.

Hundreds of us are listening to you every evening. Your broadcasts give us great satisfaction, and, the next day, those who were unable to listen ask us what you said.

Do not think us unhappy. A veteran of the last war, I am living through a French renaissance. The young fellows understand; they are getting a new grip on themselves. We needed an antidote, and we have it—bitter, no doubt, but what of that? Soon the process of elimination will be complete.

In every French heart hope is born. It is growing hardy and strong, full of pride and resolution. The Germans thought they had conquered us, but each day their victory diminishes, each day our patriotism grows stronger, and so does the message of France—*quand même!* Heavy German propaganda is no match for French wit. Its lies are no longer believed, but are almost laughed at.

You talked to us by short wave on Armistice Day. Here the war memorials are covered with flowers, with sprays that somehow manage to be red, white, and blue, despite the ban on any tricolor insignia, even the reward of work, or a lifesaver's medal. English flags were pinned on the memorial bouquets and, at the cemetery, veterans were on guard at the tomb of two English soldiers. It was simple and moving: it was French.

Airplanes roar overhead and I send you this simple little song

composed in our lycée. It will explain better than I can what our children are thinking of:

Raid Song to the Tune of Aupres de ma Blonde

Refrain to be sung after every verse

Pass safe proud wings;
Hope follows your flight;
Vict'ry each day brings
Closer in sight.

How good it is to hear
Their anti-aircraft roar!
The R.A.F. are near
Zooming over our shore,
And all the hearts at the sound
With joyful thanks abound.

Why should our Bretons seem
Like Boches overnight?
This surely is a dream,
A foul nightmare all right!
If you say "No," you lie;
We'll Frenchmen live and die.

For Brittany will keep
Her heather for her own;
Moors, beach, and inlets deep
Belong to France alone.

From a woman of Brittany to Mlle. Eve Curie. December 6, 1940.

A Frenchwoman who has just left occupied France to go to the United States for a period of several months writes you.

We have passed through terrible days and months—that

still continue—full of anxiety, full of uncertainty for the future of our country, full of immediate concern over our daily lives; for in occupied France, unless one happens to be in a big city, one is never sure from day to day whether one will not be driven from one's home and at the same time lose everything.

I have left all my family behind me. We live near the coast of Brittany, which is being pretty well bombarded at this moment. All the peasant population—laboring people, old soldiers, etc.—are for the English, and our only hope is in them. Unfortunately the Germans hide in the cities among the populace, so much do they fear bombardments when they visibly occupy important buildings.

You know as well as I that on the day when France has recovered from the stunning blow and has made up her mind on what path she should take, nothing can stop her.

As for yourself, mademoiselle, who so love your country and have done so much for it, do believe in my grateful sentiments.

From a demobilized French pilot now living in the south of France, to a friend in America. December 9, 1940.

It has been days and days and still more days since I've wanted to write you. Often, looking out of a train window or from some other vehicle, at the passing landscape of our country that we have not been able to defend, I have thought of all the things that might be consoling or (perhaps) useful to tell you. . . . Today I have that opportunity, and I am seizing it avidly, but now among all the things I have accumulated I no longer know what to select.

First, how happy I am to know that you are over there in America, and that you haven't had to live here those hours of

shame and grief. As for myself, I've thought of leaving, but I haven't done it for two reasons. D—— and the youngsters tried to get out of Brittany and go to England, but they weren't able to, wedged in by the advance of the "collaborators." Then, if I had gone, there would be no more news, and that's an egoistic motive. And then also I think one ought to hold the fort, stay put, resist. This country deserves better than its fate.

The foam rising from this frightful tornado ought not to make us forget the mass, ever solid, patriotic, devoted to liberty, the France that is not new and that is eternal.

They say the army flew the coop. It's not true. I saw it. The units which were officered fought to the end, the pupils of lay schools like the children of the good fathers, the readers of *l'Action Française* like the Communists. True, at the passage of the Loire it was nothing but a retreating mob: there were no more orders, the general staffs couldn't be located, the high command was playing high politics. . . . But the mechanics were working twenty hours out of twenty-four so that the "busses" (planes) would be ready for their desperate and useless missions. Don't let it be said that the soldiers of '40 weren't as good as those of '14 and '18. It's unjust, it's wrong, and solely destined to justify those who could not foresee any more in '39 than they could in '14 that war was about to break out. Only things went very much faster, and there was no Marne. Surely you know all that, but I owe it to my comrades, to my chums who fulfilled their missions, wounded, flying in dismantled busses, to say it before anything else is said, now that the trap door of our prison is part way open.

As to what has occurred since and what is still happening, it is very difficult to form an opinion of the whole business. You feel rather than know that there are two tendencies at work, one for resistance, the other for acceptance. But all manifesta-

tions of opinion are prohibited, the press and radio so controlled that no one believes them; what's more, all local assemblies, general councils, elected mayors, municipal councils, etc., have been suspended to try in vain to create a standardized public opinion. These efforts are, for the moment, entirely unsuccessful. One need only travel in a second- or third-class compartment to be convinced of it.

The enemy control is extremely widespread, both in the occupied zone and in the zone called "free." Without taking into account glaring facts (for two months now even the *Journal Officiel* has been submitted to the prior censorship of these gentlemen), the Gestapo is everywhere; armistice commissions circulate throughout the entire country. At Lyon, as at Marseille, the main hotels are requisitioned by the Germans and Italians who (only lately) are less to be seen in uniform than formerly.

The magnificent English resistance and the heroic attitude of the Greeks have contributed not a little to restoring morale here. By ricochet this explains the marshal's new lease of popularity (rather, a reduction of his unpopularity among the lower and middle classes). The change of circumstances (or a more precise appreciation of the situation of the enemy) has induced a little less abandoned attitude, and this revival of vigor allows one to believe in a firmer resistance of the old marshal to the invader's demands. All kinds of rumors are rife here regarding the enemy's weariness which ought not to be believed unreservedly. We have already sufficiently rocked ourselves to sleep with illusions. However, it is certain that a continuation of the war did not enter into the plans of the Axis. "The entire world is against us, we will end by succumbing," a German officer said to one of my comrades who escaped. What had particularly impressed this officer was Roosevelt's reelection.

What grieves me is not to be able to do my little part toward helping. If you have a way to use me and will let me know—tell

me. Everywhere there is a great deal of good will, ready to be united for the day when it could be useful. There will be a push to give when it becomes possible, but the time hasn't yet come.

No one thinks that the German implantation is definitive, despite the alternately brutal and subtle forms it adopts. For instance, the "occupants" spend only a bare third of the occupation expenses. The rest, up to now an accumulation of from fifty to sixty billion francs, will be used to buy participations in French business.

I don't mention the expulsions from Alsace and Lorraine. You must know what is in back of them as well as I do, and what good would it do to recount the arrival in our district of these poor folk, driven from their homes on two hours' notice, with one thousand francs in their pockets and thirty kilos of baggage, everything else being seized and sold for the glory of the great Reich. All that will be paid back someday, and one would only like to be able to work so that that day may not be too distant.

I still have everything to tell you. I have decided not to return to Paris; I don't want to see Paris with the hinged cross. Go back there—yes, but not that way. I don't give a damn about my position, and I don't want to collaborate under these humiliating conditions, the only possible ones now. Consequently, I am staying in this little forlorn place, where the Alpine huntsman mentality perfectly suits an unemployed pilot. Haven't much taste for working. If I had the inclination I'd note down some ideas on the transition of postwar economy. But all these things are tasks for tomorrow, or after tomorrow. What counts today is liberation.

Give my regards to your daughters. May they not forget the old country, and not blush for it, despite so many mistakes, weaknesses, and treasons. Remind them what Desaix said to Bonaparte at Marengo, at the time when the generals were

twenty-eight years old: "Yes, the battle is lost, but there's still time to win another." That's the grace I wish for us.

P.S. A last *au revoir*. I have reread my letter, hoping you will be able to read it yourself despite the very thin paper. I find it more cheery than I am myself. You have to have lived through what it is like to surrender your materiel after defeat, materiel that remains in the enemy's control, you have to have seen German soldiers guarding French cannon, to understand that things like that scar you for life. But since one hasn't had the luck to "remain" there before seeing that, one must resist, and resist again. *Au revoir*, till soon, surely. And long live France.

A young man from Bordeaux writes to the B.B.C. December 7, 1940.

For a month France has been nothing but an immense prison. Liberty died on the day they buried the Constitution of 1875. Buried by whom? By a handful of men in Hitler's pay who took care first to eliminate those who would have been able to declare themselves against this most criminal of all acts. And those who only yesterday still extolled the democratic regime—that of liberty—those who eulogized it, are today affirming that it was what had caused France's downfall.

By their lying speeches they try, but vainly, to stir us up against the English. The men of Vichy accept service under the government of the Reich. And what devoted servitors! In this unbearable atmosphere, in this tainted air, what a joy for us to be able to hear daily the voices of our English friends, of our French brothers in the island of liberty! It is a breath of pure air coming to us. . . .

England continues the struggle to assure the triumph of liberty and justice. For that, she must fight the Germanic de-

mon, the slaughterer of free peoples, the god of evil whose name is Hitler. The crusade will be hard, it will be terrible, but if Germany should triumph we would all be slaves. The French know it.

A young Frenchman speaks to you. He addresses you because he wishes to express openly his unqualified admiration (that of all French people) for those whose mission is to free Europe from the German tyrant. Alas, it's a small matter to praise a cause for which one can do nothing oneself; but it is at least a consolation, a sigh of relief, to be able to say what one thinks. The French can no longer speak; but all the same they can think, even though they can't utter their thoughts. For the moment that suffices. France is not dead—she can't die. The soul of France will live whatever happens. The day of deliverance will come. Long live France! Long live England!

A primary schoolteacher writes to the B.B.C., London, from somewhere in France. Undated.

This letter will reach you by one way or another I hope. It is the letter of a woman of France, the daughter of a teacher, a teacher herself, and mother of university scholars, students molded by one of the great schools of France. Like so many others, since the 17th of June she has lived in anguish and indignation, anguish at seeing as her country's conqueror an enemy one can't respect; indignant that the final resistance, utterly abandoned by a high command that busied itself elsewhere than where it should have been, transformed the enemy's advance into a military parade inconvenienced only by sporadic resistance, the isolated reactions of groups of good soldiers who, without orders and sometimes without arms, had nothing to help them but their fierce patriotism.

That last week of war, a veritable caricature of what ought to have been, truly brought France to the depth of the abyss, and the same men who knew nothing or wanted to evade everything glorify themselves with great beating of drums as having reconstituted her according to the new formulas they apply, aided by the defeat; but enough of this. To this shame is added that of hearing daily through radio broadcasts the courage, loyalty, and dignity of the English being tarnished, the English who keep going forward and cover themselves with glory by resisting alone after so many betrayals; to the insults of bad Frenchmen they reply with comforting words and acts that give a rebirth of hope to the French.

English friends, Frenchmen in England or the United States, our confidence, our hope in you is immense. No, France will not die. Sustain her, I pray you. A white-haired woman writes you, one of those teachers who have taught in a village school in "one of those hidden folds of France," as well as in some of the beautiful cities of the plain. Here, as there, within these whitewashed walls where the beautiful republican motto of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity is regarded by everyone as the glorious label of a regime, she has taught moral cleanliness, courage in action, respect for the plighted word, tolerance. The unjust reproaches aimed at this training of the Third Republic have not touched it; those who formulate them have not even approached it. In all conscience, in the anguish of her suffering she cannot accept the flag of the government in power and of the "Single Party" which more than any other divides the country on vital issues and on the question of honor. May the achievers of the last hours of defeat be forever disgraced in the history of our country.

Long live General de Gaulle and those officers and soldiers who defend France in the highest honor!

Long live France!
Long live the good French!
Thank you!

*Letter of a great French writer to a friend in the U.S.A.
January 5, 1941.*

I saw Bordeaux at the time of the great battle. It was unheard of. What a scene for a journalist, if one had the heart to laugh! My oldest son was wounded—it was to see him that we made the turn to Bordeaux.

I do not resign myself to a humiliating deed which, under pretext of patriotism, is a veritable disowning of France. What would Peguy have said? What rage! He would blush if he knew the sort of people who invoke his name.

The press and literature are like all the rest. Here an occupied region lives only in the shadow of the occupant. Physically he occupies half the country and the rest with his shadow; everywhere he brings the night.

I was much tempted at the moment of the great debacle to flee, no matter where, to see it no more. I was going to ask for a professorship at Vancouver or San Francisco, a reporter's place on an Illinois newspaper. But I'm staying on out of curiosity. I want to know how the last battle will be won and one might be able to help, were it only by holding the fort till then.

In France they are reading nothing any longer but the Swiss papers. People club together to buy the *Journal de Geneve* or the *Gazette de Lausanne* which at the same time satisfies their need of information and their passion for economy.

Well done! Bardia has been taken. That consoles us for a lot of miseries. The year doesn't begin badly by an Italian discomfiture. To think that this could have been done as early as September 3, 1939! After all, there is some comfort. First, the war

isn't lost. Second, it's only commencing. Whatever happens hereafter the Germans won't dictate the peace.

From a captain in the French colonial army to WRUL, Boston. Morocco, January 25, 1941.

Don't believe the French press, *it doesn't at all reflect French thought*. You'll see that if they touch the empire, immediately that empire and the fleet will fight—immediately. We have Weygand here and he is rebuilding an invincible army made of colonials, *French above all*. But unfortunately we have hardly any armament and munitions so one can only reiterate daily: "Ah, if America would send us some, but, alas, they're expensive, and we can't afford to pay." That's where we have come to. We burn with the desire to defend our empire; but with what? It is fine to put us on guard, but why not rather give us arms and munitions and you will see what we are capable of doing, for we don't despair of ourselves. As to fighting England, never. Tell it to everybody.

A Frenchwoman, living in the unoccupied zone writes to Fernand Auberjonis, short-wave commentator from N.B.C., New York. March 30, 1941.

Thank you for still liking France as you say you do. In June we were a little ashamed of being French, now we are taking hold of ourselves again and we have faith in the future. These evil forces cannot triumph; it would be the end of morality. The English are courageous and stubborn; they will win, with the help of America, of Greece, their other allies, and, we must not forget to add, our lads of Free France.

Oh! if only we could help in bringing about this victory—we

women of France! Here since June, with my husband and daughter, refugees from Paris, I spread the "true" news, yours and that of London. I am very anxious to keep up the movement of Free France, to tarnish the present collaboration, praise the American aid, and to prophesy in some way the English victory.

Here's hoping that the example of Yugoslavia will rejuvenate the French energy and that it will expel the hated German. There is no such thing as a superior race. One man is as good as another if he has an equal moral value. As long as the German does not change his soul, it will not be possible to have an understanding with him.

Everyone in this present conflict has responsibilities:

1. Germany, because she has disturbed the peace in order to obtain world authority.
2. France, because she has "washed her dirty linen in public" for twenty years instead of working for her prosperity.
3. England, because she did not understand quick enough what Germany was preparing.
4. Finally, the neutrals, because they should have, right from the beginning of the conflict, joined together with us to resist.

Here's hoping that this tragic period will at least serve to unite everyone; we all will have suffered and it is in suffering that one needs to feel friends around him. May everyone make his "mea culpa" and resolve to change his method. In this way we shall prepare a better world, a new order, the *real* one—not that of Hitler!

It seems to me that intelligent people of any country should reason that way: it is necessary that, as a result of the victory, a more just, more beautiful, and better life should come to each of us. In other words, this life can only be established in a

regime of justice and humanity; these are not the German theories.

Excuse me for having written such a long letter, it certainly is not what you ask for; but those who are suffering are pardoned, aren't they?

P.S. I have written to the B.B.C. of London a few times—to the program—"The French speak to the French." I do not know whether they received my letters. If you have the opportunity of corresponding with this organization, would you please express the same sentiments to them as I have to you: our gratitude and faith in the future. I wish to add this for London: everything they say is true. The Boche ransacks the "so-called" free zone; I live just opposite the station—in other words, every day mass shipments of cattle take place, and in exchange nothing is received! The leaders who favor collaboration should be hanged! They eat and invite their friends Abetz and others! Shame on them!

From a retired French diplomat living in unoccupied France to a friend in America. April 6, 1941.

It must be hard for you to understand what is happening here, as it will be hard for you in the future to understand what will have happened here, whatever shall have happened!

Much more moral than material suffering, though anxiety about the daily subsistence looms up more and more in everyone's life. Here we have nothing to complain of; no veritable difficulty yet—at least for us who live in restaurants. The meetings with numerous friends passing through palliates the distressing part of our hotel bedroom life. And then, personally, with my books and the work I have set for myself I can accommodate myself to everything. But I can't make an adjustment to the abasement of my country and the ease with

which some people install themselves in defeat and resign themselves to consider it as definitive.

More especially as it must not be definitive. Within six months, precisely since the Italian aggression against the Greeks inaugurated a new phase of the war, I have become an optimist, and the days now passing by only increase my optimism. Now with the Balkans on fire, and unless Germany wins crushing successes, she cannot before the summer undertake the great attack against England. And then it will be too late. Afterward everything can change very much faster than those whose calculations would be upset by the English victory will admit.

Existence is monotonous. The Germans forbid me access to Paris. I am not sure that I ought not to thank them for that. Thus, when I see our city again I shan't have the memory of intolerable sights, such as the German guard in front of the Invalides. When I think of that it drives me mad.

I suffer over being useless and destined to remain so as long as the Boches remain strong enough to have their say in everything in the free zone.

From a demobilized pilot to a friend in America. April 19, 1941.

Tomorrow I am leaving for Paris by the express. Tell you what I think, what's the use? It's ugly, ugly and sad.

I think of the foulest moments, the last call "to the colors" on the field, the ghastly minute when I had to "reverse" my poor little machine on the landing field: it's already been described by Daudet but it's none the gayer for that. There are some hard things to swallow, things that weigh on your heart for the rest of your life.

I can't bring myself to believe that a page has been turned, and a tenacious hope still sustains me.

The deterioration of conditions of existence, to which somehow you get accustomed, is hard to imagine. Everything has become scarce—a suit of clothes, a bath, poultry, even a hotel room have become objects that require a long search and advance reservation. You live on accumulated funds which presupposes that you have been able to accumulate something (shirts, for instance, or socks) or that the produce (food) has been stored in reserve. Most of the shops sell only against presentation of ration cards. Others sell practically nothing at all, for instance, shoe shops, since one must have a special authorization to buy shoes.

The marshal has got a bad name in the country. Since the shop he has taken over is almost empty the old customers reproach him and his agents for having given the preference to new clients.

CHAPTER II

Life in Paris

A refugee who has just returned to his flat in Paris writes to a friend in America. November 1940.

Back in my studio, very glad to find myself in my familiar setting, with my Indian drum and all those little personal things which are, after all, rather precious.

I streak through the city on my bicycle. I have become very skillful and compete in speed with the telegraph messenger boys and the tricycle delivery boys. It is a real sport, as there is much more traffic than I thought there would be, and, when evening comes, the total darkness is indeed charming!

One learns to recognize the streets by their pavements and by their slopes; it is a brand-new discovery and, in the thin air of this lovely autumn, it is nice to have plenty of time to look at the riverbank and the mists on the river.

This year there are a great many foreigners and—one doesn't know why—they have all decided to dress in green while traveling. The result is a rather strange uniformity, which has, at least, the advantage of enabling one to recognize instantly this peculiar category of people.

These foreigners have their little daily entertainment with music—something like circus music—which, I must say, has long since ceased to amuse us.

There are some difficulties experienced by those to whom regular food is the most essential problem. As for me, by living for three days exclusively on oysters (excellent for cerebral

anemia), and the following four days on pastry (as good and abundant as ever), I managed to solve the problem and to achieve great gastronomical satisfaction.

Because I am incorrigible, I have begun again to cut capers—I am teaching young children the difficult art of dancing in a gymnasium in the Rue X.

Well, that's that. It doesn't make me rich, but at least it amuses me. Later, we shall see. One must learn to get along somehow, because there just isn't any money.

I am rereading Courteline—what a great man!

From a young girl in Paris to her brother in America. November 17, 1940.

Don't worry about P—and me. Life in Paris is quite bearable; the food is sufficient, the heating problem is the great black point (for me, at least!). Fortunately I have my probationer work in well-heated hospitals in the morning, and there I get my fill of heat for the day.

There are no longer any leaves on the trees, no more taxis in the streets. Only the iron-gray vehicles of the occupation and the cycles. It's a strange life. For several days the atmosphere of last winter has reappeared: alerts, anti-aircraft defense, rockets in the black sky. The feeling that perhaps danger is again approaching revives our courage, for it is a danger we long for from the bottom of our hearts.

A Parisian businesswoman, temporarily in Marseille, makes a trip to Paris and back. (Letter to a friend in America. December 1940.)

Under a gray sky, a yellowish bridge whose rising roadway and parapet I see from afar, some little low buildings of a

provincial suburb, one of them with the French flag and earth-colored soldiers. Twenty meters beyond is the red flag with hooked cross and soldiers the color of fresh almonds.

It is the bridgehead. A lowered pole bars the way. On the right, a narrow path for pedestrians is blocked by two helmeted sentinels who verify the papers. They pass workers, peasants, many women. It is a much-frequented bridge because it divides a city from one of its suburbs. A maladroit arrangement of the demarcation line: local passes are very abundant and that makes many things possible.

I pass. All goes well. Suddenly I find myself alone. Never has a bridge seemed to me so long. Shall I reach the end of it without a command of "Halt!" ringing out, without hearing the noise of approaching boots? End of the bridge, at last—two steps farther on is the quay. A new barrier, but for people coming in the opposite direction. At a near-by bistro I rejoin the friends who have passed ahead and are waiting for me, relieved to see me appear at last. And ahead of us is two weeks of liberty in the occupied zone.

Our first contact will be with an hour of twilight and nine of a glacial night before being able to take our train. This lugubrious evening reveals to us at once two characteristics of this part of France. By day or by night, the green color of the uniforms dominates everything—the cafés are green, the restaurants are green, the interior of shops is green, and the streets, plaited with a very few black spots, are green. All variety succumbs to this green, supple, insinuating, swarming "occupant" inundation. Evenings, from nightfall on, under the wintry sky heavy with rain, the obscurity is total due to an absolute lack of lighting. One moves about feeling one's way, anchoring one's feet in a dark world in which resound and reverberate all along the streets a noise of boots, boots, boots which only stop to start again, to diversify, amplify, increased by the echoes.

Still novices, we think by ill luck we have fallen into a garrison city. (Several days later we shall know that the entire occupied zone is one immense barracks.) We spend a good hour and a half laboriously hunting for a restaurant, a café, any public place that would be warm and where one might eat without being submerged by the tide of enemy soldiers. Impossible. In the rigorous obscurity no light differentiates a restaurant from any other equally dark front. Blinds are drawn everywhere and only thin, luminous rays pass under doors or filter through badly closed joints. We try to find our way by the direction of rarely encountered passers-by—phantoms in the night. We light matches, holding them at arm's length toward signs. Repeated checks! No restaurants save those from which booted forms emerge as we pass. Through doors, momentarily ajar, we can glimpse nothing of the interior, for thick curtains placed by official orders have already fallen in place, masking all light; but the telltale noise of occupation soldiery escaping each time impels us to further flight.

Finally our behavior causes us to be questioned by a soldier at a moment when, exhausted, we stop to take counsel. "Oh, good restaurant? Eat, come, lead you!" This is the limit. Passively we follow him, and a German soldier opens the front door of a provincial hotel where the woman owner behind the counter, and her husband standing beside her, with a napkin over his arm, stare at us mistrustfully. A big room, twenty tables full of German officers, two tables of French civilians. In this significant manner we begin our sojourn. After that we had no more illusions to lose.

Stepping out of the icy train next morning at dawn, the first messenger that Paris sent me was the representative of a hosiery business. He was well dressed, but his expensive-looking overcoat contrasted with his hollow cheeks which had not been recently shaved. Misery quickly makes its mark. He spoke to me

in the metro passageway, for one no longer leaves the railway stations, unless one happens to live near by, except by the metro subways, since there are no other means of communication. During the fortnight's stay I saw only two of the famed sedan chairs on wheels, drawn by a tandem and much publicized and photographed by newspapermen; of taxis there are none. When I left, at the end of November, they were only talking of soon restoring four or five autobus lines. Consequently, the hosiery representative kindly offered to carry my valise wherever I wished. Twenty other occasional porters, ranging from a lame man to a well-dressed gentleman, pressed behind him.

Of Paris at first I saw only the black queues of women extending from the doors of food shops and, the hotel where I expected to put up being requisitioned, I was stranded in a bistro from which I telephoned to twenty different hotels. All were reserved for the Germans. I gave up, and my porter set out at a venture, and in a little street in the Champs-Élysées quarter found for me a tiny family boardinghouse still free. I rediscovered Paris, her sky, her climate, which are my sky and my climate. But with the natural sweetness I felt in being home again, there was mixed such potent bitterness that I did not take time to give much consideration to it.

Paris belongs to the pedestrians and to the German military vehicles. The unobstructed thoroughfares, roseate in the sun, empty of their habitual vehicles, leave the way free for the long gray motorcars that speed like arrows along them. For twenty-six years I have crossed the city's streets without hesitation or fear. This time I ran—I was afraid of the cars of the occupants; and I noticed that everyone felt the same way. They seem not to know how, or not to be able or want to stop. What an odd impression for the fearful pedestrians. And not so false at that. Twice I saw these cars collide at a street crossing. Both times the contact was the same. No compunction on the part of the

drivers at the last moment, no grating of brakes, no swerving off, no evading curves: a fine, smashing right-angle collision, two beacons rolling along the ground, a hood flattened out, the side of one car stove in. It is neat, clean, radical. The pedestrians are right to run across or wait.

There are some authorized French vehicles, doubtless physicians' cars, or those of industrialists working for the Germans. But they are so few that practically they don't exist. A very few French delivery trucks, a never-ending procession of huge German military trucks towing heavy trailers or crammed with armed soldiers pass everywhere, even along the Champs-Élysées.

And around this, emptiness, much emptiness, broad, deserted streets, avenues along which the light streams from one end to the other without a break, and cycles numbered with big plates like automobiles.

On the sidewalks green uniforms largely dominate the scene. They flow, cross each other, reappear ceaselessly. The French pedestrian is relatively rare, hurried, his face rigid with a sadness that tries to express impassivity. The statistics have pretended that at least three quarters of the Parisians have returned. I am willing to believe it. Where are they? I think they have become more and more domesticated, that they return home quickly, that they seclude themselves in their houses where at least they are still at home.

Paris is like a beautiful bird that cleaved the air with its graceful body, soaring through the azure with shining wings. The birdcatcher came and by a cruel miracle took possession of that dazzling flight. However, still stupefied by his victory, he has nothing in his hands but a wan, palpitating living thing. There are glories and luminaries which can't be captured, reflections that when you try to grasp you simply extinguish. Still, the birdcatcher seems contented, largely satisfied.

I wasn't able to see all Paris, but, whatever the quarter, my im-

pression was the same. The Parisian does his work, goes about his business, looking inward, or, if outward, his glance passes by the occupant without according him notice; if he is obliged to do so by his work, he exchanges with him the necessary words and gestures, no more, his countenance congealed in grave sadness. During my ten days' walks about Paris I noticed only two exceptions: a little prostitute in a café ogling an officer who was amused, charmed by her glances; and a middle-aged spinster, doubtless an intellectual, who seemed to be serving as paid guide and French teacher for three officers of various ages, with whom she was in a restaurant. They were eager, very deferential, and amiable; she pontificated a bit and was prodigal with her smiles. I must admit, without any preconceived opinion, that all the French clientele, without exception, looked at her askance.

In the normal life of the streets and public places, the occupant, as I have observed him, is, however, calm, perfectly well-behaved, and courteous even in the crowded metro.

Why then, among all Parisians I saw, the factory head as well as the workingman and the intellectual, the modiste as well as the news dealer, the restaurant waitress as well as the street cleaner or the jeweler, why did I note everywhere, behind the same expression, apparently the same mentality united, harassed, muttering, irritated, growling, like a dog unmercifully beaten, bristling and with knotted muscles? The jump from the other zone into this new country was a terrible shock—into this country that is already another France.

From the same Parisian businesswoman. December 1940.

I went to see a devastated house, mine, at eighty kilometers southeast of Paris. The German assault troops had got there some days before the armistice, hot from combat, drunk with

fatigue, rage, and battles, to which was very quickly added the drunkenness of champagne.

There was nothing but a great emptiness in the house and some debris in the corners. According to the neighbors' statements three great truckloads of furniture and boxes had gone to an unknown destination. What remained was useless. The huge material loss affected me less at the moment than the frightful spectacle of destruction accomplished for the joy of destroying.

They had played a game of massacre. The fine porcelains, the precious glass had been pulverized; all the rare electric apparatus that remained had been disconnected, put out of commission; the precious tapestries torn down, slashed, cut to pieces; all the books and fine bindings torn and kicked in the mud; all the boxes of personal papers, of correspondence ripped open; carefully destroyed were the albums of family photographs whose soiled debris I found in the straw of the barn. And above all, beyond all, what broke one's heart, what contaminated one's very soul with an indelible perversion was the hammer blows and hatchet strokes gratuitously, crazily distributed everywhere where there had been anything beautiful to destroy; on anything that could serve as a target, the ferocity of bullets.

Ornamental clocks, pictures, statues which had not been carried away had served as targets for this rabid fusillade. An eighteenth-century wall clock had long resisted with its solid frame of sculptured brass, its robust iron braces, and the handsomely gilded bronzes that ornamented it. For a long time they wreaked their fury on it too. The case fallen to the floor was riddled with bullets crisscrossing each other, and the bronze pieces had split off, the splinters rebounding to smash all the windows of the room. On seeing this spectacle, ended though it was, I understood the contagion of evil and the swift spread of collective madness. For several days it was impossible

for me to see a piece of furniture without my eyes seeking out how it, too, might have been attacked, torn open, demolished most easily.

After three days passed in the midst of this debris I returned to Paris; and contemplating the members of the German army I encountered—men who seemed so sedate, so decorous, so regulated, many of them with open countenances, intelligent and pleasant, often with a kindly expression, I wondered how it was possible that beings like these had performed such repugnant deeds.

"You see," said my friends of the occupied zone triumphantly, "you have put these barbarians to the proof, and are they the sort you want to collaborate with?"

Another experience had been reserved for me. I was in Paris on the 11th of November. The German authority had decreed that it would not be a general holiday and that all processions, all manifestations, all collective homage to the Unknown Soldier would be forbidden. A wreath with a hooked cross had been deposited on the tomb by its care in the morning and, as happens every day, its band had marched along the Champs-Élysées to the sound of fife and drum followed by a goose-stepping regiment. Several times in the course of the day I had to walk on the Avenue. Since the morning I noticed that students who had forsaken their classes for the day were going up to the Arc de Triomphe in bands, their arms linked together. In the afternoon they became more numerous and more noisy. The department charged with the maintenance of order was invisible. I did not see the Etoile where troops would be massed along the approaches to the Circle in the little streets. I only noticed that the statue of Clemenceau at the Rond-Point was beflowered with innumerable little bouquets and that not one who passed did not stop for a moment, uncover, and remain in meditation. Never did Clemenceau receive a more unanimous

and touching homage. The German soldiers and officers who passed by looked deferentially, without any hostility.

At five o'clock I went to a building in the Avenue George V. At a quarter past five I heard coming from the Avenue the Houh! Houh! habitual to the monomials of the Latin quarter. At a quarter to six a terrifying noise made me jump up and dash to the ground floor: two salvos of machine-gun fire. At the crossing of the two avenues, in front of the Fouquet's, an immense green sea of soldiers heaved, all pressing forward and inclining toward a central point. Two women in front of me, who had rushed out bareheaded from a shop, were weeping. I made agitated inquiries. "It seems that something happened at the Etoile—they fired into the Avenue." Another added: "There's a student there whom they've just trampled." A helmeted soldier suddenly detached himself from the mass, a heavy machine gun on his shoulder, and went charging up the Avenue; others followed him in fan formation. I went around by a little street and emerged on the Champs-Élysées twenty-five meters farther down. At the corner two great cars were already full of student prisoners; they were filling a third. They made eighteen-year-old youngsters climb in, each between two German soldiers who held his arms. They did not cry; terribly pale, very calm, proud. I thought of their mothers who that evening would not see them return, who would wait for them all night and for days, days, and days. The passers-by continued to circulate, hurried, calm, eyes lowered. I kept moving also.

I learned later, through diverse information sufficiently reflected on and rehashed to be veracious, that three members of the German army had been killed at the Etoile by civilians armed with revolvers. Whence the salvos that suddenly burst out. I also learned that they did not shoot any students, but that all those who had been arrested were sent to Germany on the following day. Their families received no news of them.

Immediately the faculties were closed, the rector suspended from his functions, the provincial students sent back to their families, the Paris students deprived of work, compelled to a daily control—all relations between the French administration and the German authorities rendered more difficult.

From the same. Paris, December 1940.

Little or no coal. It is cold, but we are well. It is more and more difficult to get food, and L— stands in line for hours in the dark, the cold, and the rain. . . .

Pharmacies have no business from lack of supplies. . . .

The cost of living is very high.

A social worker describes her life in Paris to an American friend, Paris, January 5, 1941.

We hold the fort despite the cold, the absence of heating, food cards, and the discouraging atmosphere. I ride a bicycle; at first it was with rapture, now out of necessity; cold and rain have calmed the rapture.

Excuse this sordid paper which is rather emblematic of our existence. Writing you I have the same impression as at the Carmelites. The curtain and the grating are disheartening.

From a demobilized French pilot to a friend in America. Vichy, January 11, 1941.

Paris, where I went to spend a week on service matters, is very sad; there are a great many people, at least in the central districts; as a whole, the population is very dignified, living side by side with the "occupant" in a state of magnificent indifference and having only strictly indispensable relations with him. His attitude is generally correct; as to his occupation policy

—that is inspired by the purest Bismarckian principles: alternatively sugar and riding crop, the sort of treatment that doesn't particularly agree with the French character.

Our apartment had been occupied in November by an officer furnished with a billeting ticket. He respected everything; I even found bottles of wine, a kilo of sugar, and two French and English flags rolled up in a corner. This behavior had for consequence that one night, returning from a dinner through total obscurity, I put a young Fritz who had lost his way, wanting to go to Viroflay and terrified at the idea that he would reach his barracks late, on the right course, instead of sending him promenading all night in the woods of Saint Cloud and Saint Cucufa; so I'm quits with them.

From a Parisian woman to a friend in America. Paris, January 1941.

We are very much concerned about your exile, but do not regret too much not being here. Life is becoming more and more difficult in Paris; the food supply is insufficient, and what there is of it is very difficult to get. I spend literally all my time looking for something to eat. I succeed, but only by going out at 7 A.M. when it is pitch black, so as to have a slight chance, when the shops open at nine, to bring back a bit of meat, after having waited my turn, sometimes for more than an hour, all bundled up, but with icy feet; and if there isn't anything left, I start all over somewhere else. Few potatoes, no dried vegetables, no eggs, little fish, no coffee, no oil, no fats. Butter and cheese are strictly rationed. Fresh vegetables, but not green vegetables. Apples, tangerines in almost satisfactory quantities and not rationed. Everywhere the presence of foreign soldiers, who come and go, take your food, while the population stubbornly refuses to notice them. More and more we feel this

enslavement descend heavily upon us! Until now the racial restrictions do not seem to be more than the iniquity of the census—at least for us.

From a wealthy socialite to a friend in America. January 18, 1941.

Again I spent some ten days in Paris. It is icy cold, heating almost non-existent and food supply more and more difficult. All our friends live in one room, crowding around a stove, and there's a feast when someone has found a cheese.

There are many occupants, not only military ones, but civilians, and when you are there you lead a sort of mysterious life in little restaurants, and very much to yourself.

Elegance and fashion have quite disappeared for lack of customers, lack of textiles; and people wear anything to keep warm. One meets men and women in the most anomalous costumes.

You would be astonished seeing the Place Vendôme always deserted save for some German vehicles crossing it. The antique dealers are making money (those who aren't Jews), for our invitees buy a great deal. The people are full of dignity, courage, and resignation.

From a refugee living on the Riviera, to a friend in America. February 25, 1941.

I have just come back after three months in Paris.

The morale in Paris is magnificent in every class. Wit has remained the same, and gay stories go the rounds. The subway is the latest conversational salon, and the "foreigners" are treated as if they were furniture which nobody looks at. On the whole, people hold solidly together, and you would be happy to see

how dignified the population is. The simple people, as always, are better than our famous society people, who sometimes indulge in *much*-criticized friendliness.

From a very young woman in Paris to a friend in America. March 1941.

On Thursday V—, S—, G—, and I walked our “prams”; it gave the impression of a new kind of motorized element. We felt like pushing them into those “Gentlemen,” a sure way of getting locked up.

C— came yesterday with a chicken, a great success. There are some new ones¹ at B—, very obnoxious, but behaving themselves up to the present. R— watches them closely and mistrusts them, but what can one do!

You won't much appreciate the latest occupation of S—, picking up cigarette stubs. She collects the stubs, cuts off the burned ends, and with the remaining tobacco rolls new cigarettes for the prisoners while bitterly regretting that you aren't here to give her a hand.

V— came from Belgium for several days. She was pleased to have a change and told us that on their cards over there one has the right to six pairs of stockings per year. They are about to issue our cards and meanwhile one can't buy anything. The era of ankle socks will begin again, I have a feeling.

A young Parisian woman of nineteen writes to an American relative who has recently returned to the United States. March 1941.

Not much news from here since your departure. I am still bicycling with all my might and shall be in such good training

¹Germans.

that I will be able to leave the city easily this summer to get some fresh air. Old G—— has acquired a cycle sidecar. This machine consists of four wheels, two seats, three speeds, and a single brake. It is open but one can use an umbrella. The T——s had to move within forty-eight hours, because the whole house was taken as a barracks. There are constant breakdowns in the subway; the other day we waited forty-five minutes in a station.

There was rumor that the sale of beauty preparations was going to be stopped. Panic among our friends. Queues of a hundred, eyes popping from their heads, in front of the shops, ruining themselves to get expensive cosmetics. At the rate they are going there won't be any need to prohibit anything, for there won't be much of anything left. One is no longer permitted to buy stockings, nor caviar. Pastry is forbidden. No harm there, for we knew for whose benefit it still remained on sale. Next month the bread ration will be reduced by 100 grams.²

We are glad to know you are in a quiet part of the world, but you are very much missed. Everything here is hard to bear and the future doesn't look any brighter.

From a Parisian living now in Provence, to a friend in America. March 11, 1941.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for sending me Hemingway's book. You cannot guess what joy it is to read an author who thinks clearly, and also what sadness to see one's country so near imitating the disorder, the slowness, those alternatives of frenzy and depression which were so harmful to a good cause and foretold our defeat.

The students in Paris, who are forbidden to wear anything

²On January 1 the bread ration allowed 400 grams obtainable on T. (worker) cards and 200 grams for others.

resembling a uniform, are now flaunting over their coats wide leather belts from which hang their bicycle pumps. In the cafés, where the occupants ostentatiously remove their military belts, the students use the same gestures to hang theirs on the rack. The air in the pumps deflates with a gay little noise. The above-mentioned gentlemen can say nothing, for it is true that pumps left on bicycles are stolen. The latest thing is to hang a piece of paper with "I am for de Gaulle" on the back of German officers in the subway, and no one laughs while it is being done. I am praying for your cousins, for the most serious crisis is near, I believe.

Another Parisian joke that comes to my mind. The papers are publishing unpleasant quotations about England and have started a contest "Who said it?" So on the walls appear small posters: "M—— for Hitler. Who said it?"

From a young Parisian woman of nineteen to an American relative who has recently returned to the United States. March 31, 1941.

The weather is very nice and the trees are in full leaf. They have reduced the bread ration by 100 grams. We have just gone through bad times with regard to food, especially meat. Fortunately plenty of green vegetables. The rice ration has been increased: 200 grams per month.⁸ We have a percolator for making coffee after meals, when there is something special to celebrate.

One has the right to a new outfit if one gives two old ones to the Winter Relief. At the moment we are having a fit of passive defense. In the administration and business offices "they" have given the order, and pails, sand, helmets, etc., have had to be brought out again. Everyone is well and life here hasn't

⁸Instead of 100 grams.

much changed. The new craze is the covering of walls, lamp-posts, subway cars, autobusses, carriage gates, etc., with big Vs (for Victory) in all colors. One can't walk a meter without seeing them everywhere.

From a Parisian to a friend in America. April 26, 1941.

As regards food, we are still managing and we are getting along. There's no meat, so to speak, even with tickets, but there's fish. No fruit at all. Bread rations have been reduced by 100 grams. In a corner of the drawing room there is a pile of bizarre wooden objects—small chairs, toys, etc.—destined eventually to feed the Mirus heater next winter, for the wood supply is non-existent.

Newlyweds have a right to two sheets, a blanket, and four pillowcases each, as trousseau.

Thanks to you and others for talking on our behalf; I think we'll darn well need it. The atmosphere is very oppressive and without you it's worse. They're talking about having a subway card for workers and suppressing bicycle travel on Sundays. I have difficulty preventing my sister from saving up her bread and sugar for her interned British; she manages to make a package for one or the other of them every five days—it's an amazing feat.

It's snowing today . . . and not just a little. I have had news of the two old American ladies whose family was worried about them. They are very, very well. They are still at home in the provinces, play backgammon, and never leave their garden. They hadn't *dreamed* it was possible to send news about themselves, or that people could be worried about them. Living in a state of calm unconsciousness and even unaware whether their village was or was not occupied. In short, they are characters,

two worthy straw-hatted old women living tranquilly with their dog and servants.

From a young Parisian woman to a friend in America. Paris, May 11, 1941.

On days when there are races, there is a tallyho which takes all the members of the Jockey Club to Longchamp; always a large crowd, so we hear. On Sundays, we meet with friends; those are the four best days of the month. The dressmaking houses still bring out exquisite and tempting models, and, with the new synthetic materials, are doing miracles, only not very warm. The hats are more and more fabulous. Smart women continue to be so. At the opening of Bourdet's play, all the smart set was present. Restaurants begin to find it difficult to feed their customers, and many have had to close from lack of supplies. There is no meat to be had, but one gets used to it, and with vegetables, fish, and rabbits still available, one manages.

I remain hopeful in the future of the children. Paris is so beautiful again, with the horse-chestnut trees in bloom, but also so sad.

H— has received in his camp the packages sent from America, marvelous contents, it seems. There is a great to-do in the camps: Serbs and Greeks are expected. The fuehrer in charge of museums, who was in charge of us since July, has suddenly left for Greece.

CHAPTER III

News from Alsace-Lorraine

From an Alsatian woman, refugee in the Pyrenees, to the B.B.C., London. August 26, 1940.

Faithful to the daily rendezvous of the B.B.C, I was agreeably surprised to hear the voice of an Alsatian speaking in dialect, and I must felicitate you on this initiative which pleases all true Alsations. So, then, there are also Alsations fighting beside General de Gaulle for France? What a comfort for us, who are suffering from the humiliation that at this moment the victor is inflicting on our land, where hearts are so ardently French and devotedly faithful. The mere thought of the Hitlerian flag floating over our cathedral, the pride of all Strassburgers, fills me with sadness and hate.

I beg you to please be my interpreter with General de Gaulle to tell him that we, his listeners, are numerous and have faith in him. His very virile and so simple words comfort all those who believe and hope in spite of everything. In these terrible moments, when doubt assails us, we think of the cross of Lorraine, that sacred emblem chosen by General de Gaulle, and it seems impossible to us not to see it triumph sooner or later over the cursed swastika. Long live France! Long live Alsace!

From a group of Alsatians expelled from the province by the Germans to the B.B.C., London. (Undated letter written in September 1940.)

We are a group of refugees and expelled people from Alsace who every evening gather together, somewhere in the French occupied zone, to listen to B.B.C. broadcasts. For us they are a comfort and a light of hope in these very dark days that our unfortunate province is passing through. The reports that come to us are sickening, nothing but banishments, arrests, "Verbote," restrictions, and vexations of all kinds. Speaking French and even our dialect is prohibited. Whatever the German genius can produce is made use of to Germanize Alsace with a vengeance and to do it as soon as possible, to face the world with an accomplished fact. Their newspapers are still astonished that people flee from them and are silent in public places when the SS or SA are about! Our Alsatian glories whose monuments adorned our squares have been scoffed at, statues torn down, and when that proved more difficult, as in the case of the Kleber statue at Strasbourg, they surrounded it with scaffolding to conceal it from the view of our fellow citizens!

It is known that at Colmar the inhabitants paraded before the statue of their general, General Rapp, lying broken on the ground, and everyone touched his bronze hand, saying "*au revoir*." That is what we are all saying, being convinced that if England, whose admirable resistance amazes the world, succeeds in coping with these vandals and vanquishing them, we Alsatians will immediately become free and French, as we ardently desire! Don't let them come and talk to us about peace, as the Journal of Frankfort insinuated—this is not the time for that, and we shall never recognize a treaty signed by treason and in hatred!

Every country under their boots—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg—has somewhere a government that looks after those under its jurisdiction. We of Alsace-Lorraine are entirely forsaken and since the armistice the marshal has had but a single word for us—he has assured us of his sympathy! That hasn't cost the Vichy government much effort, and the complaints of all these unfortunate Alsatians and Lorrainers haven't touched them!

Haven't they seen the banishment of women, children, priests, aged people, one of the latter over eighty-six years old, a man of erudition who had never been in politics, born in Alsace and living in the domain of his ancestors, whose sole crime was that he had been decorated with the Legion of Honor by a French government? They are expelled, given two hours' notice to meet with light baggage at an assembly place, an insane asylum, whence a truck takes them to the station. And those old officers, Alsatian natives living in retirement in Alsace, whose furniture and souvenirs they removed from their homes on trucks sent specially from Germany, and which returned there with their booty! Those are your comrades of 1914 to 1918, Mr. Marshal, whom you deny and abandon!

How scandalous that the name of the salaried spy Roos should be given to all the principal squares and streets of our poor little country! Roos, professor of a lycée in Lorraine, later in the Saar, enjoyed a pension from the French state. Thanks to the support of the Communists, he was able to enter the municipal council of Strasbourg. There he took advantage of his privileges to inform the Germans, for hard cash, regarding the emplacement of fortified positions, military concentrations, and all secret matters he could learn in the town's city hall. Thanks to this felony he was able to purchase a house for more than a million and finance an autonomist newspaper without any Alsatian subscribers, but read on the other side of the Rhine and

propagated there to create the belief that in Alsace they aspired to reenter the womb of Germany. This spy and traitor whom they did well to shoot, too late perhaps, is today glorified as an Alsatian hero, as are the pimp Horst Wessel and the gangster Schlagetter in Nazi Germany. That squares with the Hitlerian leaders who, faithless and lawless, break all treaties, never keep their words, and ceaselessly repeat that they wish to bring happiness to the peoples.

Oh, dear friends of the B.B.C., keep on sustaining us, give us when you can news of our people. Oh! that we could be with you! Help us to make our voices and our sufferings heard throughout the world.

From an Alsatian art amateur to a friend in America. September 17, 1940.

If you ever come back to France, you will hear many stories, as everyone has his story or stories, because everyone has taken part in the retreat, pushed onward by the invader. Many stories should not even be told abroad. You will see your Alsace retaken by the enemy, and Lorraine also. The generation which is growing up is going to suffer as we have suffered, and without having even the "Chants du Soldat,"¹ for one doesn't speak of soldiers any more.

My three sons behaved valiantly, although H——, the youngest, did not see much of the war. He was only caught in the retreat. He was in the free corps of the student officers. He just missed entering Saumur (a military school), which he regrets. He was going to go there. Today he is below Limoges. M——, who was in the tank corps, and who miraculously escaped death several times, is with his uncle and aunt. S—— is also in the tank corps. He was in the Dunkirk retreat, was in

¹Patriotic poems by Paul Déroulède, written after the 1870 war.

four tanks that were blown up, one after the other, and not a wound. He returned by way of England. He had been for less than eight days in the valley when he was pushed into Normandy. There were no tanks any more. Then their squadron organized a free corps, which again behaved magnificently. With three men S—— held a bridge all through the night in front of a mass of Germans. To fight with, S—— had only the armament he had taken from the Boches he had killed or made prisoners; the same was true, by the way, of his comrades who had no arms either; and in the last battle he was wounded by a piece of shrapnel which went right through his foot. He was taken to X——, put on the operating table, and bones were removed. With a few official seals which had been more or less fixed up, he escaped the other day from X—— in the occupied zone, and arrived here, still ill and having spent forty-five days in the hospital. I think it will take him some time longer to be quite well. Of course citations for bravery—Croix de Guerre. He regarded the war as if it were a great sport. He never wore a helmet because he had an English military cap which was very becoming, but it is very difficult to know what his exploits were, since he does not talk about them. I still don't know how he got his first citation.

I had sent my wife to Vichy on Tuesday, the 11th of June, and she arrived there on the 12th in the evening without much trouble. It was then a record for speed, as, later, people didn't do even one kilometer per hour. A few days before, much to my surprise, I had been appointed fireman's aid for the Passive Defense. I did not know how it happened. Later I learned that it was because many of the chiefs and under-chiefs had fled.

The story of my peregrinations would make a novel which I shall tell you this winter. But you must know that our Passive Defense organization was dismissed Thursday, the 13th, at 6 P.M. and that I learned at 8:30 P.M., and by chance, that the

Boche had arrived in Pantin (a suburb of Paris), and that the police were already under the orders of the Kommandantur. A quarter of an hour later I jumped on a bicycle, an instrument I didn't even know still existed, as the last time I rode on one was with you on my twelfth birthday. I slept two hours the second night, and two hours in the afternoon of the third day, before I had a good eight hours' rest in a stalled truck on the fourth night. I traveled in zigzags in the direction of Chartres, then went to the left, then to the right, then left again, then right again, where I watched the bombardment of the Sully-sur-Loire bridge. Then I tried a new left turn to get ahead of the Germans. When I was in Gien, I heard that the bastards had definitely cut me off from the road to Vichy, as a motorized column had gone or pierced through farther down in Nevers.

I felt as if I were lost in France, without even a roof over my head, not knowing where my children were and not at all sure that my wife had stayed in Vichy, as the Boches were just about to arrive there. At that point I had only one hope left and that was to find my son, H——, who had been told two weeks before that in case of any alert, the Free Corps was to be sent to Dax. So here I was taking the direction of Dax, and for a while I don't know what road I followed, for I slept in the woods and the fields for five or six days more, which is not as unpleasant as you think. However, I know that I went through Limoges, Perigueux, Bergerac, Mont-de-Marsan. It even seems strange to find an old town in those Landes, but I did not see the towns, and it was farther on, quite in the middle of the Landes, that I found a bed for the first time, but without sheets. I thought I should never see sheets again.

The last day, before I arrived in Dax, I did one hundred and ten kilometers. I had become a champion of the road, so much so that now I adore the bicycle—it is the only practical mode of locomotion. And while I was rolling along I was thinking of a

photograph which I remembered, on which both of us are pictured, each holding his bicycle, and you were much better at it than I was! I never liked it in my youth, and I don't believe I rode it since that day: but my twelve hundred kilometers have at last put me back—not on the saddle, but on the pedal!

I was in Dax at the time of the Armistice, but, rolling night and day, I didn't know much of what was happening. I felt, however, that by going always forward I was getting ahead of the enemy, who seemed to have something against me, for he never stopped, and was always to be found where he should not have been. First he signaled his presence by machine-gunning me—that was the first contact; then by bombarding me, but a bit after Limoges I never saw him again. In Limoges his airplanes arrived at the same time I did, but he did not bombard that day—he had done it the day before. We did not meet in the town—I arrived before or after him, but he kept after me on the road, and the road is so easy for the airplane; all it needs is to fly above the trees; however, I never saw a shell hole which altogether stopped all traffic. In Dax I heard that the Free Corps had been lost south of the Loire. I stayed there two days and took my first rest, for I was on the bicycle from five-thirty in the morning until eight o'clock at night. The day when I found a bed I didn't get up till seven o'clock. I also slept in the farms.

On the way back, I stopped at an institution kept by Alsatian sisters who were much surprised in the morning to get a hundred-franc note for the night I spent there, and for their charity. By then the Boches were supposed to arrive in Dax. Useless meeting. I started for Pau without waiting to meet them, and rode toward the Puy-de-Dome by way of Bergerac, Perigueux, Limoges. And that was how I saw Aubusson, which I used always to call Beauvais. I never knew where Aubusson was. Now I shall remember it—not for its tapestry, but for a grade

that was more than twenty-five kilometers long on the way out of town. That is quite sufficient to make one disgusted with Aubusson tapestries!

A veteran from Lorraine writes to the B.B.C., London, "from a little city in the Vosges." September 19, 1940.

I am writing you from a little city in the Vosges, and be sure that here we have an invincible faith and pride that needs no stimulant. Everyone here has the greatest commiseration for the Londoners and their admirable courage. We suffer at their anguish and the continual dangers Boche barbarism imposes on them. The war waged against the civilian population, as in the attacks on London, is unexampled among civilized nations, and only Hitler's Germany is capable of such crimes. But we hope that one day each of your victims will be avenged by ten German victims, and that day will come.

On June 22, after a resistance of some hours, our little city suffered the pollution of the invasion. My old combatant's heart suffered terrible anguish for some time, and more than one of us has not been able to restrain his tears, watching from behind closed windows the eternal enemy's march past and hearing their boastful songs. They made us feel their victory, bought at the price of treason, an easy victory, an invasion prepared by so many traitors to France. Today that memory shades off in the midst of present events, but we shall always remember, for humiliation has borne in us a hate the French thought themselves incapable of and that now has reached its paroxysm. Never will a Frenchman worthy of the name endure contact with this people who must be crushed.

And now some notes on what is happening here. The facts related have hundreds of witnesses to confirm them. The pillage lasted a week; the closed stores and unoccupied houses were

pillaged. Since then plundering has continued under another form, that of requisitions with or without vouchers, the latter being valueless. It's plain robbery. Perquisitions in the houses, theft of linen, of family provisions in the presence of the inhabitants. Requisitions of material manufactured in the mills, especially fabrics. Perquisitions among the farmers who have to make declaration even of the number of eggs gathered. All fats, the smallest rasher of bacon is carried away from the family smokehouse. All this in order that the plundering organism shall know the booty to take.

After the robbery comes cruelty. At the time of the entry here of the enemy troops, some Senegalese tirailleurs had to retreat like the others. One of them strayed into an alley and, surrounded, took refuge in a hayloft. This Senegalese French citizen, an unfortunate soldier, should have benefited by the laws of war and been taken prisoner like the others, but he was a black man and so he was shot immediately and buried near a manure pile. His grave is still there and every day one passes by it.

At Epinal a contingent of these same Senegalese prisoners was given the most inhuman treatment, complete undernourishment, extremely painful labor, which these colored Frenchmen could not survive. When a group of visitors passed through a little city of the outskirts a woman gave a bit of chocolate to one of these Senegalese, and the Boche sentinel pushed her back with the butt of his rifle and threats. That's the way our colonial troops are treated, valiant soldiers of greater France, colored brothers. From Cayor to the confines of Chad, from village to village, these facts should be propagated; you can do it by radio broadcast; all French Africa, from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Benin, should be set ablaze; for the forty million Africans Cato's "ceterum censeo" should turn into hate and vengeance. How many other facts like those just cited have oc-

curred in connection with our colonial troops, how many shot to death, massacred or treated in the most inhuman manner. Don't hesitate to reveal the facts. Our colonies ought to know what German domination would be for them; those from the Cameroons should remember.

A young girl from Lorraine writes to General de Gaulle. November 1940.

Here is some good news collected for you in occupied France. Resistance is growing.

The Alsatians hail us with the cry "Long live England." We answer them "Long live de Gaulle!" The hinged cross floating over the city of Thann was burned. In vain the Nazis tried to seize the culprit. All stratagems were employed. No Alsatian denounced the author of the exploit.

In a village a young girl who stuck her tongue out at a German patrol was put in a cell for fifteen days.

The Kommandantur's orders amuse us. On pain of death it is forbidden to keep or camouflage arms, military equipment, etc.; to cut or sabotage the telephone, cable, and other lines; to shelter persons of British nationality; to aid prisoners to escape. I spare you the less important orders, the camouflaging of lights, the prohibition against traveling on Sunday by any other means than afoot. All these "prohibitions" don't annoy us much. What infuriates us is that word "collaboration." Those who utter it are people who haven't suffered in the war desired and prepared by Nazidom.

Since 1870, during the four years of the Great War of 1914, and during these last months, what French family has not been mutilated, broken up, transplanted?

In June we saw those ravenous men, those first "motorized units" pounce on everything, pillage, violate, intimidate, carry

away what they couldn't consume on the spot, destroy monuments, soil our altars with their evil insignia, that hinged cross borrowed by the false prophet of Berchtesgaden from some Indian hermit. . . . No, we cannot collaborate! It is too late to interpose that word between France and Germany, when our prisoners are without bread or news; when children are hungry; when there is no more work and the enemy doesn't lose a moment to send home all the things he is afraid he will one day lose. Horses, wood, machines, fabrics, butter, leather take the one-way direction toward Berlin.

The Germans are afraid of the English.

One morning I was returning from mass with Mamma. There was a motor convoy halted along the roadside. Some of the occupants called out: "*Oui, oui!*" in a friendly way, inviting our admiration. When Mamma said loudly: "Yes, yes!" they immediately held their tongues and a heavy silence descended on the group.

Talking with the Austrians, I reminded them of Dollfuss. All eyes fell at mention of his name.

One Sunday they were writing their letters in the roofed part of a school playground, seated at desks like schoolboys. For more than a fortnight of that month of August they had been without news and newspapers, the Rhineland lines having been cut. I asked them if they would not have liked to attend mass. "Hitler forbids it," they answered. I replied: "Soon you will leave this village where you are sheltered and go to Calais, and there, beware of the Royal Air Force." With what a collective grimace they took my prophecy. "No, we'll go to Vienna; we are tired of the war; it's more than a year since we've seen our wives and children."

"On whose account?" I resumed. "On account of Hitler." At the time of their departure for a western city these soldiers threw down their helmets and rifles in front of their captain and

refused to board the motor trucks. One said: "I am an Austrian. I have a French and not a German heart." How many have since deserted—some of them even with the prisoners they had under guard!

All my sympathy goes to the brave lads of the R.A.F. who, in a Hurricane or a Spitfire, traverse our skies to accomplish a formidable duty. Our thoughts follow them. How we should like to be as free as they are.

From an Alsatian woman to the B.B.C., London. November 1940.

Having returned to Switzerland from Alsace some three weeks ago, I absolutely must write to tell you the comfort your French language broadcasts bring to us in Alsace. It is almost the only thing that makes us endure the nightmare our life has become under the German yoke. You are the only broadcast that remembers us Alsations and Lorrainers, that alone still speaks to us, gives us courage and the hope for better days. In the evening we gather together to listen to you, despite the absolute prohibition, and we go to bed less heavy-hearted when the news is good. How often have we wept hearing you speak of our two provinces sacrificed without a word, without a gesture. Our day has almost no other interest than to have it pass so we can listen to you in the evening. Remember us often; you don't know what courage you give us.

Life in Alsace has become so sad; no more liberty, no more gaiety, no more work; a complete disorganization despite the formidable organism that is the apparatus of bureaucrats and the Party. The young men who returned from the unoccupied zone because they had no idea what had happened to their families find no work to do; in the long run they are compelled to ask for work in one of the innumerable German

offices and to cry "Heil Hitler!" or go into Germany to work in their war factories. The officials, if they don't want to lose their jobs, are forced to sign a paper saying that they will do propaganda work for National Socialism during and outside their official activities. For people teaching in the schools it is a veritable martyrdom. If they don't sign they are dismissed. What can elderly people, with children and a house, do? Where can they go? In unoccupied country where there are already quantities without work, without homes? Only the young can leave, if they can get a permit to quit the territory. The workers in the factories still work fifteen hours per week, as long as the stocks of raw materials will last. And afterwards?

The cost of living has increased from day to day by at least 100 per cent, but the work and the salaries are not in proportion. Food is very limited: one pound of meat per week per person, no milk except for children up to fourteen and people over sixty-five, and then a quarter of a liter a day; no oil, no eggs, almost no butter. But all that would be endurable for France. It is harder to endure this complete lack of liberty of ideas; liberty to speak, to discuss all that's weighing us down; these orders, these prohibitions, prohibition to speak French, prohibition against listening to the foreign radio, prohibition of everything that makes life bearable for us.

They have removed all the monuments recalling France: that of the 152d Regiment at Vieil-Armand, the Blue Devil at the Balloon d'Alsace, Kleber, Rapp; all the French inscriptions, even in the cemeteries; removed all the trees of liberty; dissolved all the sports societies, the clubs whose members have sometimes given generously for the installation of refugees; put seals on all the worker society refuges; seized all the money in the Red Cross coffers, etc. You look, say nothing in public (more than nothing now, because the Gestapo is watching), grit your teeth, and think that, just the same, one of these days all this will change.

But we Alsatians are heartsick when we think that it is France who has surrendered us to all this, France to whom we hold so tenaciously in spite of everything. It is not a thing learned, simply it is there—this attachment to France, this hate and scorn of the German. Twenty years hence they'll still be intruders. There is a tremendous passive resistance, a resistance of the entire population. The soldiers arriving in Alsace imagined they would be received as they were in the Sudeten country; they were mistaken: no one spoke to them, no young girl, no woman; we showed pride and dignity.

Now you will read in the Alsatian newspapers that the auditoriums are filled when there are lectures to enlighten the people. It's true; the auditoriums are filled, filled with people who have been ordered to be present, the civil servants, then certain merchants and factory owners who, to be able to live, are compelled to show themselves: that's their public. The children and young men are obliged to belong to the Hitler Youth; that's a dangerous thing to entice the youngsters. The parents no longer have anything to say. What can one do about it? Keep quiet, wait. When you examine this organization as a whole, you establish undeniably that their regime consists of 100 per cent of nationalism and no socialism at all.

There are some bigwigs who are making their fortunes. How many lives have been destroyed by them! How many existences deracinated! All the French, even those having Alsatian wives, all the Alsatians having French wives, were forced to leave on two hours' notice with twenty-five kilograms of luggage and one thousand francs, and all the Jews as well. Others will follow, all the undesirables; in the end there won't any longer be many Alsatians in Alsace. But there is one thing, a motto: Hold tight, try to stay put, not to give place to those from across the Rhine, till that later time when we shall see them leave again. We have such great faith in England, so profound an esteem

in hearing the ordeals through which they are passing; we have a firm hope that she will win the war and that we, too, will see better days. We only regret not being able to aid otherwise than by an intense passive resistance. It is like the tom-toms of the Negroes: all the news from England is known next day because, between ourselves, 85 per cent of the Alsatians are frankly French, 10 per cent are Hitlerian through interest and fear, 5 per cent are real Boches. The Germans know it now; they see that we won't change our opinions so quickly; but it's all the same to them; for them it's only the land that counts; they jeer at us, our opinions, our sufferings. All we have to do is to take our valises and leave if we're not pleased.

We are closing our ranks again, we are helping each other, giving each other courage, because if we were obliged to think that this life, this dismal, sad existence was an irrevocable thing we couldn't endure it. We often think of the Norwegians, Hollanders, Belgians; only those people have the hope that someday a revolt will break out. We have been abandoned.

Think of us, speak to us, give us courage and strength to preserve French Alsace for France, our country; that's what I beg you in the name of all Alsatians.

From an Alsatian refugee living on the Riviera to his son abroad. November 19, 1940.

Our old Alsatian town is considered annexed, and a detailed report I have just received gives me all the measures decreed by the occupants. The inhabitants are marvelously courageous and in moral suffering are waiting above all the moment of deliverance.

I think that like the Lorrainers they will offer them the option for France which, if not accepted, will be changed into deportation to Poland. At the end of '18 this fate had already been

reserved for us. Why should it be surprising that this time they want to continue on to realization! But all that will only be temporary. The Tarpeian rock is near the capitol. They don't hesitate to say it themselves.

A woman from Lorraine writes to "America." January 3, 1941.

Dear America, I was deeply moved the other day to hear from your station an American say that he had two countries, America and France. For I also believe I have the right to say the same thing. I am the great-granddaughter of V— de K—, who went to America with Lafayette and died for America. That is why I listen with so much pleasure to the fine things you say to us from the Boston station. When it happens that I can't hear you it seems as though I were going to sleep without having said "Good night" to a friend.

I thank that dear far-away voice and send my kind regards.

From an Alsatian lady, a refugee on the Riviera, to her son abroad. January 10, 1941.

Your father has been to Roanne and Lyon and returned this morning. He has seen many of the expelled Alsations. One of the last in the batch of December, Mme. F— M—, aged eighty-five, and her ninety-two-year-old husband were given notice at five o'clock in the morning by the Gestapo to leave at once. She was forbidden to take any jewels or wear her fur coat. Houses are occupied by people from Baden, put under seals, or the furniture removed to Germany as in the case for seizure. In this ruin the Alsations display unparalleled courage and faith and leave Alsace with tricolor flags, French insignia in their buttonholes and singing the *Marseillaise*. Our house is still occupied by the same general, and very carefully kept. It

would be the best of luck for us if he stayed there. R—— D—— is dead. He died the same morning they came for him with a litter. X (the town surgeon) obtained a week's delay "for expulsion or death." That evening the second alternative was chosen. It's a tragic end. He saw the ruination of the country, of his business, and he died alone after the expulsion of the last of his friends.

From a Jesuit father to a friend in America.

As I reached Guebwiller, a Gestapo car stopped in front of me; a lieutenant got out and said: "You are Father O——, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You are under arrest."

"Why?"

"Because you are a Jesuit."

We then left for R——. There I found Father P——, Father K——, and Father W——. They put us in cells where dangerous lunatics are usually locked up. It is impossible to open the windows. Each of us has a bed and a clean mattress, but no sheets, no pillow, no change of linen, no chair, no table, etc. We each receive a plate and a spoon; a Jew brings us our food. In the morning we are given an indescribable decoction which passes for coffee plus a small piece of bread; at noon, soup and a vegetable. We are not allowed any books at all. Our time is spent in prayer. In the evening we all join in singing the *Salve Regina*.

Six weeks went by in this way and only once were we questioned by a Feldwebel. He wanted to know if we had left money anywhere. He offered to free Father P—— immediately if the latter refused to be a Jesuit any longer; this proposition was rejected with indignation. Finally they took us all in trucks

to the institution for backward children, where they wanted to lock us up in a cold and damp room which contained nine children's beds, all of them repulsively dirty. There were sick men among us, but we were given no means of caring for them decently. I therefore protested so vehemently and I was so angry when the jailer closed the door of our airless room that I finally obtained permission for the door to remain ajar.

Later we were informed that we were going to be sent out of Alsace, together with the other prisoners (about three hundred people). We were also given to understand that we would never again be allowed to return home and that the penalty for attempting to do so would be ten years of hard labor. Whereupon the young men exclaimed: "We will return with our guns!" When our train pulled out of the station one huge cry arose: "*Vive la France.*"

I was subsequently told that at Colmar the religious had also been driven out but that the authorities had made sure beforehand that they were not carrying one cent away. The clergy is not alone to be persecuted: more than one hundred thousand Alsations and Lorrainers have been torn from their homes and all their property confiscated. It is the reign of terror. All the unemployed and a great many young men have been deported to Germany. The Sisters of Ribeauvillé are no longer allowed to teach; the Church of the Dominicans of Colmar has been transformed into a market. Free teaching has been forbidden.

If you but knew how one suffers in Alsace! One of the young men from my former religious institution was able to join us in the non-occupied zone. He is eighteen and escaped from Alsace at the risk of his life. His younger brother, of fifteen, who had also belonged to the institution, organized resistance among the boys in his village. He had succeeded in putting seventeen trucks out of commission when, unfortunately, he was dis-

covered. The Germans beat him unmercifully, threw him in jail for a month, and then sent him to a concentration camp for two months. The youngster all but went mad with grief. His big brother (the one who has just rejoined me) was also arrested and beaten until the blood ran. Later, with seventeen other boys of his own age, he was able to belong to an athletic club which had remained free to meet from time to time in the open country. There they could all speak French freely; they even sang the *Marseillaise*, or *Vous n'aurez pas l'Alsace et la Lorraine* [You shall not have Alsace and Lorraine]. After which this boy tried to reach non-occupied France, but he was caught the first time he attempted to cross the border line, robbed of all he possessed, and sent back to Mulhouse. So, a little while later, he jumped on a train in motion and by a prodigious effort was able to hang on to a car for hours and reached us finally in a state of exhaustion.

Sixty-two of my young men succeeded in joining me in unoccupied France. The last comer arrived in a state of complete destitution after having risked his life like the others. I cannot write you in detail what he suffered, for my letter might not reach you in that case. Today I met again two brothers from the school of M——, now refugees in unoccupied France. They told me that they had left Alsace because life there was unbearable. But the morale of the population there is splendid, the attitude of the clergy above all praise. Abbé G—— is probably dead, you can guess under what conditions. Canon W—— is in jail with many others. The Church suffers atrociously in Alsace: *Tempus tribulationis*. . . .

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CHAPTER IV

The Prisoners of War

A young Parisian woman writes to her cousin in America about her meeting with a French soldier, who had just escaped from a prisoners' camp. December 1940.

These last weeks I was obliged to travel a great deal; I went to Vichy, Marseille, Lyon, and Nîmes, and everywhere the situation is about the same. The absolute lack of gasoline has put 98 per cent of the private motors in the garages. There are no more taxis, no more motor busses. In Marseille, as in most of the big cities, there are the streetcars which are naturally full to overflowing, but in cities of lesser importance there aren't even streetcars, and you have to get about on foot unless you have the luck to find one of those rare archaic hacks that have made their reappearance. When you have the bad luck to travel with baggage the problem becomes very complicated.

The first week after the armistice there was a crowd of unemployed in front of the railway station who offered to transport your valises on their backs to the other end of the city. Now that has been "modernized." In place of the former taxis there is a quantity of little hand vehicles made of odds and ends: some have bicycle wheels and a biscuit case fitted on top; others are old baby carriages; others still are made of two automobile wheels and a plank, and the human horse has kept his taxi chauffeur's livery; in short, there is a great variety of models, depending on the imagination and materials at the disposal of the inventor.

All the trains are crammed to the guards. To find a seat you have to come hours ahead of time, and still you'll always find people already ahead of you taking a bite, napkin on their knees. In the night trains it's impossible to budge once the train has started; the passageways are obstructed by the bodies of those who sleep stretched on the floor.

I had to go from Marseille to Vichy, a trip that before the war took six hours and now takes twelve. The railway timetables continually changing, and that without warning to travelers, one found, on arriving at Nîmes at eleven o'clock at night, that there was no connection before the next morning at six o'clock. The station was filled to bursting with several hundred people—women, children, soldiers, civilians, they were everywhere. Women slept on the floor, their children beside them on a cloak lent by some soldier. They had put about ten youngsters to sleep in the cloakroom baggage rack; the waiting rooms were crowded, it was impossible to find a place to sit down. Useless to try to find a hotel room at midnight—all were filled. Luckily I was able to sleep stretched out on two chairs on a café terrace.

You hear the most interesting stories on the trains of unoccupied France. One day I found myself beside a young fellow who had just escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp in the forbidden zone. (Did you know that there is a forbidden zone stretching from the Belgian frontier to the Somme?) He told me about his escape which I don't dare repeat to you for fear of closing the way for those who remain. In his camp there were 8000 prisoners, for the most part French, but there were also Belgians and English. The Germans inflict on the English prisoners the most painful and humiliating work, but for a long time the English did their work gaily singing: "We're hanging our washing on the Siegfried Line." Irritated by this song, the guards forbade the English prisoners to sing it. Now the latter

do their work whistling the melody. That hasn't yet been forbidden. The French prisoners are divided into gangs of specialist workers; they're paid but can't buy anything with their money. Once, when the women of the city approached the barbed wire to pass food through to the prisoners, the German soldiers fired on them. The next night they returned secretly.

The work imposed by the Kommandantur is done at reduced tempo. Whatever requires an hour to do is done in five hours; what should take a day is finished in a fortnight. The Kommandantur posted a sign promising the firing squad for saboteurs. Result: work formerly done in a fortnight now requires a month. Some have been shot, but for all that the work isn't done any quicker. The nourishment consists of a dipper of soup at noon in which swim a few little black specks—meat; evenings they get a slice of bread and a little spoon of ersatz honey or preserve. With this diet the infirmary is always crowded.

The outskirts of the great industrial city where this prison camp is located are bombed almost daily by the English, and so regularly that if the R.A.F. planes don't arrive at the accustomed hour for bombardment the inhabitants look at the sky and say: "What the deuce are they doing today?" However, a certain part of the suburbs had never been bombed. One day an English plane came over and dropped tracts with these words: "Frenchmen, attention! Tomorrow at precisely 2 P.M. we are coming to bombard such and such a place." Next day, a few minutes before two o'clock, an English bombing plane came over very low in spite of the anti-aircraft defense, and a powerful siren sounded from it giving the alert to the inhabitants. A few minutes later the R.A.F. arrived and bombed their objectives.

In a cinema of this city, one evening, among the UFA current-events shots they presented a special reel: "English atrocities in

Germany." According to this reel the R.A.F. bombarded only hospitals, attacked only civilians, destroyed only churches. The reel ended; a thunder of applause shook the hall: the French inhabitants applauded ostentatiously, thus signifying their sympathy for England. The next day the Kommandantur scattered German soldiers about the hall. The reel ended; the people seated next to the soldiers made no sign, but all the others applauded frantically. Furious, the Kommandantur decided that the following day the reel would be shown with the hall lighted and without warning the public. Next day when the reel was about to be shown the hall was lighted up; the audience, surprised, hesitated some seconds, then spontaneously everyone got up and walked out as if the performance had ended. That must often have happened, for now throughout the occupied zone newsreels are shown with the light on.

Escapes are quite frequent. Whenever a prisoner finds a pretext for getting out of the camp he disappears. It's a more difficult matter for the English prisoners who never have an opportunity to quit the camp; yet this problem seems to have been solved in part, thanks to the cooperation of the civil population. One morning the English found a good channel of escape and so many of them were missing that the camp alarm was given. The city was surrounded and every house searched. In the cellar of one house the Germans found about a score of those who had not had time to get away. It is evident that the prisoners of occupied France have certain facilities that the others, the great majority interned in Germany, lack. From the latter no news whatever. I asked my companion what the prisoners thought of the Pétain government. "You understand," he answered, "we have good reason for detesting the Nazis, but we hate equally, if not still more, those French who are as Nazi as the Nazis themselves. Several of my French comrades have escaped to go and continue the struggle in England."

But you have to be careful in the trains of unoccupied France; there are malevolent ears everywhere. So we changed the subject.

From a French officer who escaped from a prisoners' camp in Germany. March 10, 1941.

Yes, I have escaped. Why not before? you will ask. Because, like most of my comrades, I, having been in the World War and the father of several children, believed that I could count on being liberated. The Germans continually held this promise before our eyes. Gradually we realized that we were being deluded and that if we didn't wish to gather mold in Germany until the end of hostilities we must plan to make our getaway.

I expect from now on a considerable number of escapes, and if, on leaving the camp by clandestine methods, the French knew where to go in order to join the troops of General Charles de Gaulle (leader of the "Free French" movement) or General Catroux, there would be still more ready to say "good-by" to the Germans.

We suffered from hunger, especially at first, in the camp where we were assembled in Lorraine. During ten days we lived on a daily ration of only a cup of coffee and 150 grams (slightly more than five ounces) of black bread. In Germany we received potatoes, turnip cabbage, barley, and oats. Once a week we got a link of sausage, once a week a portion of cod-fish.

According to their temperament, the officers and men suffered more or less. For big eaters (gift) packages were absolutely necessary. But in general we were surprised to see how small was the minimum food required to keep on living. Packages were distributed among us, but frequently with the

very last little object ripped open by the Nazi censors suspecting secret messages.

This same censorship allowed us to receive books sent to us by our families, even American and English novels in their original texts, but it did not let any Jewish book pass. I had asked my family to send me some of Bergson's works; they were not delivered to me. The camp doctor, whom I occasionally had to see and who was a Nazi, said to me rather amusingly:

"We can't get along without Freud. We vilify him in public, but we guard him carefully in our libraries so we may consult him."

In the officers' camps the intellectual and religious life is intense. Probably you already have heard about the magnificent universities that have been established by the more learned among us for the use of their comrades, covering the whole field of knowledge from physics to theology, including living and dead languages and all literature and science in general.

But the mental condition of prisoners of war in 1940 is not comparable with that of prisoners of war of 1914. They are too numerous. The pledge held by the Germans is too immense. Hostilities are over and, for lack of a counterpart, i.e., of German prisoners, all kinds of reprisals by the Nazis are possible. This state of affairs bears down upon the general mental condition.

One of the impressions dominating me is the absolute failure of the Germans to understand French psychology. If in the month of July Hitler had understood this psychology he would have been able to ally himself with France forever. Now it is all over. A hatred growing deeper day by day divided the two nations and it has made many of the Germans desperate. They no longer know what to think of the problem of Franco-German relations.

Loudspeakers were set up in every part of the camp. German newspapers were distributed among us. Megaphones and papers raged all day long about the failure of the French officers to grasp the beauties of Franco-German collaboration. They bawled us out severely for our foolishness and our obstinacy and never ceased to laud the generosity of the Fuehrer toward us.

They got to the point where they threatened us with a thousand things still worse than those we were suffering if we did not yield to the evidence of their kindness. It is true that they could have treated us as they treated the Poles. In comparison with the Poles, the French still are privileged characters. As in the whole free zone and all of the occupied territory, there was a regular formula in our camps to describe the collaboration so eagerly sought by our enemy. It was: "Give me your watch and I shall give you the time."

Something else. The German army was flabbergasted at seeing how much the people of Lorraine sympathized with us. The German officers and soldiers had imagined that Lorraine was won for the Reich and when they saw that there was nothing to this they flew into a rage. The young Nazis seized by the hair the compassionate women who brought up pails of water so that we might drink during the long stops during the march and, with the aid of kicks, drove them back home after having dumped out the water.

The women of Lorraine who carried food to us during the ten days of want we experienced at the camp were beaten to a pulp. The Germans were furious with them, but, I repeat, above all astonished.

Another striking fact consists in the venality and disorder of the German administration. The famous Boche organization is a myth. The civil and military functionaries live in an ocean of red tape and regulations covering eventualities with great

detail. But events always are different from those foreseen and those charged with carrying out the orders don't know what to do. *Morgen frueh* [early tomorrow] is the regular answer of the managers to those under them. *Morgen frueh* is a week, three months, a year, or never.

But although the confusion and venality are unbelievable, iron discipline is still maintained. The German is not of a revolutionary temperament; he loves to obey, and the discipline that he submits to is one of the main forces of the regime. It is based on the mechanization of the soul. The private soldier gives honors to his corporal that French soldiers hardly would render to a general.

The military authorities who guard and administer the camps did not possess high morale, but this should not be taken as a criterion for the morale of the German troops. There were old men and retired men in this ensemble of military wastage.

In general we were able to note that the generation that had participated in the former war was pacifist at heart. In the eyes of that generation even victory does not pay. These men suffered from lack of family life. It frequently happened that at the end of a three minutes' talk one of our guards would show us, with tears in his eyes, photographs of his wife and children and ask us if we were married and fathers of families. We became friends while listening to stories about children. On the other hand, the young Nazi soldiers are savages who make war with pleasure after having gone through a training of incomparable efficiency. The young devil who captured me wore an open shirt, a string of cartridges round his neck, had a hand grenade in his boots, a cutlass in his belt and skillfully handled a gangster's machine gun.

The army carried all his other equipment, his haversack, his blankets, his extra boots, his rations. Facing these demons the French soldier, with his 50 kilos [about 110 pounds] of equip-

ment on his back was paralyzed. He had not been trained for war and during the nine months of inactivity preceding the cutting loose of the events of May it must be admitted he had drunk too much. In the evacuated French villages where I had to take command I found incredible accumulations of empty cognac and absinthe bottles.

In spite of our lack of information we were able to see that the opposition between the German regular army and the semi-military formations was growing. The troops detested the Gestapo. The soldier regarded the Brown Shirt as a *Saukopf* [pig head]. In his eyes the militant Nazi was a profiteer, an extortioner, but so powerful that nothing could be done to him.

A great deal of Communist propaganda had infiltrated into my camp, half tolerated by the Germans but unknown to the majority of my comrades. During the eight months I was there this Communist propaganda changed its point of view several times regarding the best means of establishing universal Communism.

The fall of the Third Republic, which occurred at Vichy in July, was hailed with acclamations by the officer prisoners. Never have I had clearer proof that the officers of our army, because of a host of reasons which it is not my business to analyze here, did not want to defend the regime. They were disgusted with the Third Republic. If they had to do it over again, they would act quite differently and would fight to the last, now realizing that the first thing to do is to defend the country and then to set up the regime one believes best for it.

On July 10, 1940, a group of officers in our camp in Lorraine held a referendum on the following questions: "Would you prefer to be liberated at once, but spend the rest of your life in a state of vassalage to Germany, even being compelled by it to fight against England, or would you rather make a sacrifice of six months in captivity in order to see the victory of England

at the end of those six months?" Some 85 per cent chose the first alternative.

On February 10, 1941, there was a new referendum on the following question: "Would you prefer to remain in captivity two years more and at the end of these two years see the victory of England, or would you prefer to go home at once and collaborate against England?" The first proposition was favored in 85 per cent of the answers.

That's all there is to say.

(By courtesy of the New York Times.)

CHAPTER V

The Children—The Students

An eighteen-year-old girl student in Paris writes to her American cousin. Sunday, July 14, 1940.

For the last ten days we have been in Paris and you will be glad to know that we found the dog and the parrot in good health. Furthermore, our janitor family did not leave the building. There is no one in Paris, but many Germans who parade and give concerts unendingly. It seems there was to have been a parade today, but it didn't take place. Perhaps it's put off. I went with Mamma to lay flowers on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier while the Germans goose-stepped past. We bought a red, white, and blue bouquet that the florist in the kiosk at the corner of Victor Hugo Avenue sold. I work in an office where prisoners are being located. In addition to which I am going to resume cramming for my baccalaureate for there will probably be an examination at the end of the month. I was to have presented myself at the June 10 session which was countermanded.

From a young boy living in Grenoble to the B.B.C., London. September 13, 1940.

(On notepaper on which he had drawn in colored chalks the Union Jack and the Tricolor mounted on a red, white, and blue shield bearing the Cross of Lorraine.)

Everyone here prays for the victory of our great ally—we don't believe a word of the Nazi propaganda. Long live the Allies! In France we love you!

Robert, a young Frenchman aged thirteen.

From a young girl of eighteen, living in Savoie to the B.B.C., London. September 15, 1940.

They're trying to detach us from the English by this argument addressed to our egoism: "But if the war continues there will be poverty and famine." Every French person who respects himself thinks: "And what of it? It would be better to suffer from hunger and cold and see the dawn of the day of deliverance when the victorious allied armies will chase the enemy out of our France." It seems that a Princess de B—— has founded the society of the "Daughters of France," and she defines the aim of her work in these terms: "To re-create in feminine youth a state of mind, a mysticism in harmony with the new destinies of the nation." This is almost cynicism, for if the facts are coldly examined the "new destinies" of France are proved to consist in a servile submission to the enemy. The young Frenchwomen do not yet possess that spirit of submission. And in the name of my companions I declare that they won't ever possess it. I am eighteen years old, and I'm sorry I am not a man to be able to go and serve my country in England. Honor and Fatherland: that's our rallying cry. Long live Free France! Long live General de Gaulle!

From another eighteen-year-old girl living in occupied France to the B.B.C., London. September 28, 1940.

Above all, don't believe the so-called French newspapers that cowardly glorify the enemy and pretend to incarnate French

opinion. They don't tell the truth; we are for you against the Germans. In our name they have accepted an odious armistice, reduced us to silence, but that's about enough. You must know that everyone here has confidence in you. Don't believe the radio: it lies. I am in the occupied zone: I'm eighteen years old, and I can assure you that all the young people here are ready to give their lives to put an end to all this. Hearing of the check at Dakar we all wept. We are already suffering, but we are ready to suffer a great deal more to have you succeed. Everyone here says it: there isn't a Frenchman who hasn't General de Gaulle's name in his heart. Whatever happens, have confidence in the French people; they admire the English. They admire you, they'd like to cry out their admiration for you, but they are prevented. I have a twenty-year-old brother with you over there and I'm very proud of him. Long live Free France! Long live England!

From a student living near Toulouse to the Free French in London. October 19, 1940.

May this poor letter someday bear to those who are fighting for us the purest homage of their battered brothers. I am a student and I hate the Germans with an eternal hatred. I know they want to do us so much harm! They want to enslave our minds, sap our culture, abolish what is our greatest pride: our admirable and diversified liberty, the beauty of our language and our past. Everyone here waits with hope in their hearts. We keep waiting for the enemy's defeat. For me England is my second country; my hope rests in her. In this tragic hour our hearts go out to you Frenchmen who fight for the glory and honor of the flag. May our sympathetic and confident thoughts lighten the burden you bear. Glorious companions, you who have left your kindred, your friends, your wives and children,

often your studies, our hopes are in you; be sure that we will not yield.

*From a young girl living near Lyon to the B.B.C., London.
October 25, 1940.*

What humiliation to be French at this hour, as it was at the armistice! What we must appear in foreign eyes—oh! we can well imagine it: puppets, dancing Jacks with the abhorred Hitler pulling the strings: “The armistice clauses don’t apply any longer; let’s add others. How would the French dare to refuse?” Mr. Laval is there to present the German demands as the sole possible solution and to harass our old marshal. Shall we always keep on signing? No, it isn’t we who desire it, the will of the French people no longer exists. For *what* do they take us? Offer us an alliance with the Boche, the brute of the other war, combined with the beast of today. The French have degenerated, but just the same not to that low point! We are the youth of France and, if some have failed, the majority is capable, like their elders, of great deeds. Our hearts are cankered at the hostility shown toward you, Britons. However, many among us remember the brotherhood of arms and pray for you in their impotence with unbroken confidence in your national spirit. We remain your old friends.

Bravo for you, the French, who represent us in the battle. Here we proclaim our hostility toward the Boche where a hundred or so of them at least brush past us in the streets of an “unoccupied” city. De Gaulle, Muselier accused of treason (what treason?—decidedly the present dictionary borrowed its definition from another language!), you are our leaders, the leaders France demands back again. Churchill, thank you for your confidence. How we long to help you. We have faith—little by little France will emerge from her lethargy.

Revolt succeeds to stupor; patriotism revives the strength they didn't use. France would like to prove she is worthy of your confidence; we shall "hold." The German morale is low—the suicides, the violence inflicted on them "to make them keep going" are echoes confirmed from one corner of France to the other. The blockade functions, but your clemency toward us allows them to appropriate 80 per cent of the goods arriving in the ports, confirming your exposés. Whatever happens tomorrow, be sure of our indestructible attachment!

From a group of young girls to N.B.C., New York. November 20, 1940.

Every evening we gather together at the house of a friend who has a radio with strong enough reception to catch your French hour broadcasts. Your news programs give us French people great hope, for we feel that your ideal of peace is also ours. With all our might we want to recover our liberty and we shall recover it helped by you and our British friends.

In a fever of anxiety we waited the election of your president—but you voted well. All our best wishes went to Mr. Roosevelt whom we love so much here in France.

The day of November 11 was one of great sadness for us, but the present war isn't finished and it will end only with another armistice as glorious as that of 1918, and then we shall know better this time how to build and guard the peace.

We ask you to continue to send us your information with all the strength of your waves, the only authentic information we can still hear—and on behalf of our friends gathered around the radio set we send you our thanks.

(N.B. Added to this letter was a letter for England with a postal order.)

From a student who participated in the anti-German demonstrations of November 11, 1940, to a friend in America. December 7, 1940.

I have returned to school after a fortnight following a forced interruption of about ten days during which time I had to go daily to police headquarters to register—which made me feel like a very suspicious character.¹

We have just had a very cold spell which lasted about three weeks; it was awful in the unheated houses. We are very lucky as there was some coal left over from last year.

I go to school very early every morning on my bicycle. I leave the house at eight o'clock, and with our Berlin time it begins to be light at nine-thirty. It's prodigiously dark, especially with our passive defense beacons, just a white gleam from our bicycle lamps, and one can't see anything. When it is too cold I take the subway, but it's longer, for you have to change at La Motte-Picquet-Grenelle which adds an elevator and a moving stairway.

Now all the business establishments and banks are open from ten to five o'clock to economize transportation and lighting, but as you may imagine there is a good deal of grumbling as a half-hour for lunch is very disagreeable for a Frenchman; and there is a great inconvenience in the matter of tickets which are pooled in the hands of the housekeeper.²

Two days ago "they" took away all the English women to intern them. Mamma was able to see our old friend for a minute at her departure; they were all magnificent—such proud

¹As a consequence of the November 11 student demonstrations the students had to register at headquarters daily until the reopening of their courses which occurred progressively to January 1.

²They had to return to the old-time schedule, for the change did not prove successful.

bearing! Our cops had to go to their homes, conduct them to headquarters, and turn them over to the occupying authorities. They were very embarrassed and carried their valises. Many French people were weeping and a spectator who cried "It's a shame," was arrested. Fortunately, we had prepared our old friend for such an eventuality and she was able to take with her some warm clothes and provisions.

You all seem so far away, but I'm sure that we all will meet again one day. I wonder whether you ski; I would so much have liked to ski again. Do you remember the last time we were doing it together?

I went to your house and swiped a pair of brand-new socks, as I cannot get any of my size. Yours are very comfortable. You see I'm doing a bit of pillaging of my own.

A schoolboy sends the B.B.C. a poetic expression of his feelings. Marseille, December 14, 1940. Signed: "1088, a student in the first class of a lycée somewhere in France."

For the Boche I have conceived a deathless hate
And sworn before God never to forget
The millions of Frenchmen his cruel hate
Have pitilessly slain during twenty years.

Could these heroes have fallen in vain?
And those who loved them—could they, without shuddering,
See the Chief of State go and shake the hand
Of the monstrous tyrant who caused their death?

Gradually the day may be drawing near
When, lulled to slumber by the Press, they may read without
crying "Treason."

That his Lordship Laval, whom every Frenchman curses,
Again wishes to increase "Collaboration,"

Frenchmen! would you dare to sing the *Marseillaise*
Without at once thinking that France has nothing,
That they have stolen everything from us, guns and machine
guns,
And, though disarmed, cry: "Citizens, to arms!"

But the Boche is not yet victorious,
And every Frenchman can preserve his pride,
For de Gaulle has created—oh, marvelous Homeland—
A France where liberty is already being reborn.

*Letter of a little girl of Savoie, sending a Lorraine Cross and
a drawing to General de Gaulle.*

MY DEAR GENERAL,

My name is Josette. I am twelve years old. I live in a little forlorn corner of Savoie and I am profiting by a trip to Switzerland to tell you how proud I am to have been a Gaullist since June 18! That day we were so grievously sad, gathered in the home of some friends, and when we heard your appeal, your so comforting voice, we stood up, our eyes filled with tears, beseeching you, as if you had been able to see and hear us, to save France, our beautiful France! We can't afford to have a radio, but since the 18th of June every evening we have gone to some neighbors and Mamma, who is a true Frenchwoman, obliges my brother (ten years old) and me to listen to you each time you speak over the radio. More than one evening, when we had gone to bed and you were speaking at twenty-five minutes past eight, Mamma came to get us to have us listen to the broadcast until ten o'clock! We weren't sleepy any longer! When we are grown up we shall be able to say to our children: "During the war your grandmother made us listen to General

de Gaulle on the radio to teach us to love him and serve him so that we would know he saved the honor of France."

The indomitable hope you told us to have we do have, we spread it about. We go from door to door to strengthen some, shake others, open the eyes of those who wouldn't understand. The result has passed anything that could be imagined. And I am so happy to tell it to you. At school among my schoolmates, I have done good work; now they know you, they love you, they hope! I got myself a piece of French-blue ribbon and I have been embroidering Lorraine Crosses on it. I distribute the badges to all the de Gaullists I know; my piece of ribbon gets shorter and shorter . . . I know by heart the time of the important broadcasts and the wave lengths; I write them down on bits of paper and distribute them!

For Christmas each pupil had to make a drawing of Marshal Pétain. But I thought I ought also to make one for you, so you would know what a little girl whose uncle is a prisoner in Germany and whose aunt was driven out of Strasbourg hopes from you. It's not very well done, but I've put all my heart in it, all my application.

Every time I dream of you I always see you clad in magnificent rose-colored silk and girt with a golden belt. It's a good omen!

My dear general, I kiss you in the name of all France.

JOSETTE.

A French child living in the Near East writes to General de Gaulle for the New Year. January 7, 1941.

Honor! Fatherland!

GENERAL,

I am a little French boy of ten who wants to express great admiration and respect for the courageous General de Gaulle

who saved a part of our colonies and knew how to make us respected and raised our heads up again. I hope God will help you in this task and though I am very young I will do everything possible to get all my comrades to understand that our country must be saved.

I promise to study my English hard, so that later I shall know well and also love England who is helping you to save our France.

Accept, General, my best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Long live Free France!

A young boy writes to his father, a combatant of the Free French Forces. February 1941.

Life here, all bird-limed with the atmosphere of the debacle, isn't funny; far from it.

All that doesn't matter, it's only temporary, and we would accept much worse still, provided our country doesn't sink into slavery. What's to be done to prevent it? The immense majority of the French people have their eyes and ears turned toward you, our last hope, in fact.

Again, my dear papa, all our affection; all our admiration; I am living to see you again soon; how happy all of us will be.

Letter written on a leaf of a schoolboy's notebook, and received by WRUL, Boston, on February 27, 1941.

Mr. Speaker of Boston I am going to try to get a little letter to your dear compatriots through you. One must always try, and see what happens afterward. We warmly appreciate your broadcasts in French at nine o'clock in the evening and are pleased to listen to you.

We all count on you and on our English friends for the liberation of France. Moreover, in silence we resist and pray for you. *I am only fifteen and can't express myself more clearly—* all I am able to say to you today comes from the bottom of my heart. Have good courage—we all have confidence in you here.

Long live France, long live the Allies, long live the Democracies!

You will think this rather absurd. Well! I write the way I speak.

Mama tells all her customers to listen to you and she is proud when she hears people in the street saying: "I listened to Boston." Good-by.

A little girl of twelve, living in Algeria, writes to N.B.C., New York. March 23, 1941.

Every evening my father and I listen to the "French Hour." The reception is very good here at Tlemcen. I enjoy listening to the voice of America and I thank it for thinking of the misery of the little children of France. In Algeria we are not to be pitied and we are doing what we can to help our little brothers of the metropolis.

CHAPTER VI

The Hardships of Material Life

From a merchant in Auvergne (unoccupied France) to the B.B.C., London. September 9, 1940.

The extent to which the Germans shamelessly despoil us, not only in the occupied zone but also in the other, can't be imagined. This very day these gentlemen came to requisition sixty-seven truckloads of cattle. All that could be carried away, *including cows ready to calve*, were swept off. For the city of Clermont two hundred sheep are left to assure a week's food supply. Last week they proceeded the same way as regards swine. After that they can talk to us about their humanity, their chivalrous spirit. It has come to the point where one wonders what more harm they could do as aside from murdering individuals and letting loose unorganized pillage. Our rulers talk and act in vain—the methods of these cavaliers have done more for England's cause than all the broadcasts in the world. They talk to us about perfidious Albion in vain; we compare and we judge. Naturally not one of our rulers can reveal this pillage, but this situation ought to be known and I dare hope that there will be one censor who is French enough to let this letter pass through, so the entire world may know the way in which German clemency operates toward us.

NOTE: This letter was censored and on its margin the censor wrote: "There are many such censors and they, too, listen to

the B.B.C. broadcasts, wishing for the triumph of the cause of the Allies so heroically fought by England."

From a man living in St. Gervais les Bains, Haute Savoie, to the B.B.C., London. September 17, 1940.

One word on France's grievances against England since the armistice:

1. The Mers-el-Kebir incident was most unfortunate; all Frenchmen have bitterly reproached the English government for having killed French sailors. There must have been other ways to take possession of our war vessels without killing innocent Frenchmen. That's the big grievance. There certainly was a British blunder in that occurrence. But England has done all she could to atone for it.

2. The problem of the blockade by the English fleet which deprived us of commodities from our colonies. We suffer from it. But we'd like to suffer still more from this lack of gasoline and coffee if it should cause our invaders still greater deprivation than ourselves. We must suffer to succeed in ridding ourselves of the Boches. Every Frenchman understands that. We suffer much more, really, from the German blockade . . . from the much greater deprivation our enemies impose by taking from us all our stocks as well of coffee as of rice, of cattle as of potatoes. One isn't allowed to talk of it and yet even in unoccupied France the Boche come in and grab all that is left to us for provisioning. They even do it through the intermediary of French merchants of the occupied zone who receive all the facilities to come and take away from the Free Zone all the available commodities. For this purpose these French merchants receive gasoline to circulate about through all parts of France, as well as auto-

mobile travel permits, and money to make huge purchases that despoil us. . . .

Therefore, friends of Free France and England, you should know that we suffer a hundred times more in consequence of what the Boches take from us than from the lack of commodities that can't come to us by sea. Continue to defend our country, dear friends; we are completely in accord with you, and may the day of liberation which we shall owe entirely to you come as soon as possible.

From a workwoman in the south of France, to the B.B.C., London. September 17, 1940.

When we heard over the London radio that the British had shot down one hundred and eighty-five German planes, my husband and I cheered and wished it would be often repeated, so those terrible bombardments of London would be quickly stopped, thereby sparing the civilian population. Don't be sorry about the blockade of France, for whatever reaches Marseille isn't for us, and people who criticized it at the time of the application now ask for its tightening; what comes into France not being for us, it's better not to let anything in.

They have prevented us Frenchwomen from storing up food supplies. As for the Boches, they have only to enter the stores and take what there is; it couldn't be made any easier for them. Wednesday is pork day; and yet for the last two Wednesdays pork has been forbidden. It seems that it's our prefect who caused that prohibition and yet on those very days there was a trainload of swine at the Nîmes station. Useless to ask the direction they were going. It's not enough to be pillaged by our enemies; the French, too, must prevent the revictualing of their departments; for the prefect prevents the fruits our de-

partment lacks from being brought into Gard from Vaucluse. He is going to be replaced. Let us hope that his successor will do better.

At this moment, as every afternoon, French planes fly over Nîmes. They are piloted by Germans, associated with the French aviators who teach them. You are lucky, you Frenchmen of Free France, not to have to see that. It's better so; it makes one heartsick.

*From an Alsatian refugee on the Riviera to his son abroad.
September 29, 1940.*

As to food, we are pretty strictly rationed, but it suffices when one knows how to manage. Apparently the average Frenchman has difficulty adjusting himself to this diet, but he won't die of it if it continues as at present. And then everyone has started cultivating, breeding, and several weeks hence all these little premiums will form in their totality a big one. We'll manage somehow, while grumbling and complaining and saying that the past was a paradise, etc. And by dint of grouching hard times will pass. . . .

The news from Alsace is sad; the Nazi régime flourishes there in full bloom and for the moment we have abandoned the idea of returning. In a few days I am going back to Vichy, being able to busy myself with rather useful matters, and perhaps I shall be able to contribute a little to restore the nation which is seeking its way in very difficult circumstances. It is so hard to figure out the mass of occurrences, and very often one doesn't at all understand what is happening. But the spirit is improving and the confusion of three months ago commences to give way to a more rational conception of affairs. This evolution can occur only under the empire of restrictions and the latter

are salutary. We saw severer ones in '17 and '18 and we didn't die of them. Certain commodities are lacking in each department, but in general to this date the rations suffice when one knows how to adapt oneself to them—which routine-minded people and those who have been spoiled by the gilded age promised them don't always know how to do. It is so easy to throw the blame on others so as not to bear any responsibility oneself.

My potatoes planted in the interstices of the grapevines are growing well and in two months we shall have a good harvest. In February we shall plant more of them to have new ones in June. I am passionately devoted to my garden; I only wish the earth wasn't so far down for my poor back.

From the wife of the former to her son abroad. December 8, 1940.

The ingenuity of some people is amazing, and the culinary art has achieved new forms. To turn out a dish with nothing, or almost nothing, that's the problem of a great many people. The other day we were playing bridge at a charming old lady's. There were twenty of us and we had tea. The solution was: only one cup of tea, individual sugar (everyone brought her own), dry biscuits, and forty crêpes made with two eggs and without milk. For you to understand the novelty of these crêpes I must tell you that formerly we used four eggs for ten crêpes. . . . Since Papa's trip to Lyon we have entered a new phase, that of a semi-abundance, represented by what he could bring back on his back. It's odd, but the departments aren't victualled equally; with Hérault we are the poorest. In Lyon, on the other hand, you can buy without cards goat cheese, jam, cakes, bonbons, and with cards you have the right to 250 grams of fat

per month, gruyère, etc. Here we no longer know what butter, margarine, vegetaline, or any other fat (oil excepted) is; no more gruyère, milk, and, recently, no more meat. Jam and cake of all kinds have long since disappeared. Actually there is no exchange between the departments; every department lives on its own stock, what it produces. Var has only its olives and its wine, with a few additional green vegetables, and lumps of sugar are a rarity. In other respects we are not managing badly up to the present, but, naturally, living very simply. Papa finds it a benefit not to suffer any longer from his liver, and I, not to have to bother about my weight, I eat all the bread I want, all the potatoes I can, and no longer get fat. The water diet, that's the secret of English slenderness.

MAMA.

Three letters from the wife of a Jewish artist, refugee in a small village of the Cévennes, to a friend in America. October 5, 1940.

We are getting settled for the winter as best we can. Already the sun shines from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. It will be bitterly cold, but we hope to have enough wood to keep us reasonably warm. I am knitting heavy gloves and stockings and underwear with a coarse native yarn to keep us from freezing. As for food, I think we shall be able to get along. I have three hundred pounds of potatoes and onions stored in the garret. We have sown spinach on the terrace between the grapevines. With the grapes I have made approximately thirty pounds of grape jam [raisiné]. From the wild bees which have swarmed in one of our windows we got eight pounds of honey. I have bought a female rabbit, and I hope she will be sufficiently prolific so that we can eat a rabbit every ten days.

I have no butter nor oil, but I manage with the mutton fat

from the meat I get with our meat cards, and I have bought an option on half a pig which is going to be slaughtered in November. This, I suppose, will help us to tide over the winter.

Aside from that, if you can help our son to go to the United States, we ask nothing more. Life for us is finished.

From the same, November 24, 1940.

I haven't written you since the decrees. It is useless to tell you what my husband and I have lived through and are still living through in our solitude. We couldn't believe that anything so awful could happen. I suppose that, from afar, you also have felt as we do. What is the point of talking about it? We are living day by day and are trying to hold out as best we can. Later we shall see.

Life in Paris seems hard. L—— stands in line in front of the shops six hours a day and tells me that in spite of her efforts she can't keep within her budget. She is spent with exhaustion and worry. I told her to take the supplies of food we left in Paris. . . . There is good news from P—— who is a prisoner in Nuremberg and lives with a gardener. Poor boy! . . . The L——'s have only seventy-five kegs of coal per month for five people! How are they going to manage this winter!

It would be wrong of me to complain merely because it is difficult here to have the wood delivered to the house. They are cutting ash and other trees in the river bed, and I brought up the little kitchen stove into one of the first-floor rooms. We have settled in the pink room where a kerosene stove lent by friends is keeping us hot. The countryside is amazingly beautiful in the fall, and, in spite of our unresponsive mood, I often climb on the hills back of the house to look at the rust-hued chestnut trees mixed with the dark green of the small oaks; and the cherry trees are like flames. What a misfortune to have one's

heart wounded forever and not to be able to enjoy the country fully.

I have also had the great fun of preparing the half pig. It was magnificent, but what work! At present we have blood sausage, sausages, head cheese, paté de foie, etc. But this will have to last all year, and we must be economical with it, because who knows what we are going to have the coming months? So far we have enough food. Some things are lacking and fruit and vegetables are sometimes scarce. But we are not really suffering except for lack of soap which it is very, very difficult to replace. We wash less and I use wood ashes to replace soap, but it does not lather and the linen suffers from it.

Our life, strange as it may seem, is quite full. There are the fires to light and keep going; the errands; the cooking which is simple but for which one must have imagination in order to vary it. I fetch dead Spanish broom wood from the mountain. I have discovered that the helianthus were Jerusalem artichokes which we are eating. We also eat chestnuts. We never ate so many chestnuts. The mountains are full of them, but this year everybody wants them and they are expensive. There are many soldiers here who are camping everywhere. Also youth camps where they are cutting wood for the "gazogene" cars.

No, we cannot go back to Paris. We are not allowed to. I don't know how long we will be here. I sent Mother your message, but I don't know whether she will get it, for the postal cards with which we correspond are so stupidly arranged that it is impossible to say anything.

You can imagine how happy we were that Roosevelt was elected. It is the first good news we have had for a long time! What will happen now? We often hear Boston and sometimes New York. It seems as if I were nearer to you. For us the radio—especially the foreign one—is a great comfort, and something which keeps us busy.

The rabbit had a litter of seven, but they all died of the cold! The "gazogene" busses are so scarce and run at such inconvenient hours that it is a regular twenty-four-hour trip to go twenty kilometers. We are back in the eighteenth century as far as all this is concerned. Write me often. We are going to have a hard winter both morally and materially.

From the same. January 2, 1941.

It is harder for people in Paris than for us, in spite of the cold and the total discomfort due to burst pipes which makes it impossible to use any of the plumbing! But it is of no importance in comparison with what we have just been through morally. The decrees have been rigorously applied, and I suffered the more because I could not believe that injustice could be carried so far. Both of my children are now deprived of all means of earning their living. You must have received C——'s cables. I hope you can do something for him. I am surely boring you with all my worries, but they are so acute, and I would like so much to see my son in other surroundings.

As for our life, it seems as if we had gone back several centuries almost. A blizzard has cut off our valley. For the past two weeks we haven't had any electricity, and as kerosene cannot be found, or candles, the only thing we can do is to go to bed when the sun sets and get up when it rises. Everything in my kitchen is covered with ice. I must break the ice to make coffee. We move away from the stove as little as possible, but, in order to get supplies, one of us has to go as far as the town. Never mind; so far, we are holding out. The worst about this lack of electricity is to be deprived of news on the radio. We know nothing any more.

From Doubs, near the Swiss border, the widow of a soldier killed in 1914 writes to the B.B.C., London. December 12, 1940.

You would do us a great service by informing us precisely on what is happening in France from the point of view of "business"; when the Lyon radio boasts of the reabsorption of the unemployed I suspect that a great many of the unemployed have been transported to Germany to work *for* them and *against* you. I know that the chocolate factory of Pontarlier works for the enemy and that its production is shipped to Germany. I also know, and this is the most amazing thing, that in the so-called unoccupied zone in the Lyon suburbs a company which manufactures an article indispensable for aviators has all its production utilized by *them*! When I read that a representative of our automobile industry has gone to Berlin to start a collaboration which will permit the augmentation of this branch of our industry, what does it mean? That they are going to grant themselves bundles of shares in our companies! And by what a swindle! These are all details that the French should know and which would strengthen their backbone!

You will never sufficiently inform the French nation, you will never sufficiently dissipate the lies with which it is enveloped. The friends, the only possible saviors for us are the Anglo-Saxons. The enemies are the Germans, the Huns who have slaughtered the French, who have robbed them, who have taken their lands after having expelled them, who are taking their colonies, their industries, their raw materials. They are the Germans who have always betrayed their word, who have invaded the small neutral countries. Never will we repeat these things enough.

From a worker in Savoie to the B.B.C., London. December 12, 1940.

Like many others I suffer atrociously, but above all morally for, despite restrictions becoming more and more severe, I shall hold out. From that point of view my greatest anxiety is for the fate of my little Jacques, aged ten. Do you know that we are constrained to consume milk decreamed 100 per cent, and that in order that these dirty Boches may drink cream as you drink beer and gorge themselves with butter. Isn't it disgusting? Ruled by scoundrels who have sold themselves to Germany, how could it be otherwise!

Impatiently I am waiting the signal for the mass rising which will sweep out and punish these swine!

Waiting that happy day, long live Free France! Long live de Gaulle! And hip, hip hurrah, Old England!

From a Parisian office worker to the B.B.C., London. December 14, 1940.

I am going to try to tell you what is happening in Paris. The Parisians are deprived of everything—no more starches, no more rice, no more lentils, no more vanilla, no more fish, no more linen clothes, no more stockings; everything is lacking, bicycles, lighting dynamos for bicycles (on account of the copper wire), brass bicycle pumps, etc., the thread for sewing machines, cloth for babies, knitting worsted. People are reduced to eating sliced red beets with salt and a little butter, and turnips. Potatoes are nonexistent, but we'll hold firm as much as necessary, provided that you win.

Your visits over Orly and Villacoublay have occasioned joyful evenings. Everyone scored up the hits, whistled or hummed

at his window or in the street. You did good work at Villacoublay. We felt ourselves living. Your advances in Egypt and the Greek victory comfort us. We despise the Germans and we hate them. I work in an office where there are one hundred and eighty of us, and I don't know one of us who approves of Vichy and its collaboration. We comment on your broadcasts; we are ashamed sometimes not to be able to help you any better. We blush at the decisions taken by Pétain and his crew, but above all don't believe that we bear a grudge against you—on the contrary. We admire your people who are going through such an ordeal. We suffer at each bombardment you undergo, and we have reached the point where we fear starry nights. Each time there is a storm we say: "So much the better for the English, for the sky is overcast and the weather violent." We are with you and every one of us talks as much as possible to people he meets about your courage, your admirable pride, and the hope you have reborn in our hearts.

From a visiting nurse living in occupied France to a friend in America. December 20, 1940.

America must absolutely not send great quantities of food to France; we are positively opposed to it; the moment is badly chosen for making gifts to Germany. On the other hand, Americans should be asked insistently to give all their aid and to surround with all their affection our dear England and our valiant and well-beloved de Gaulle.

Our hearts always remain the same and very valiant since they are hopeful. Life has become something strange and unconsciously we are forging a spirit that is amazingly resistant to daily shocks and to perpetual ignorance and uncertainty.

Work keeps us in balance, and we keep our eyes fixed on the future with a faith and hope that nothing will shake.

We shall celebrate Christmas and have a tree on account of the children who need these joyous interludes.

To the French speakers of the B.B.C. from "A citizen of Marseille who promises to tell you his name after your victory which will also be ours." December 21, 1940.

Honor to you who are the only Frenchmen to give us hope. Always beware of our government. It includes men of evil omen who will recoil from nothing, especially now that they fear for their skins, to safeguard their traitorous power over their country. And don't count on their colleagues to resist them, they are fatally dragged along in their train; the people, on the other hand, now understand, even in the free zone where at the beginning the spirit of abandon had corrupted them. The readers of *Gringoire* and *Candide* continue to follow Laval, but the English radio is listened to everywhere, though we have to be careful about informers. Don't pity our lot, the privations are nothing if they are the road to victory. Continue the strictest blockade, everyone will suffer, but the Boche also. Even though he has requisitioned everything in France we believe he will soon lack oil, grease, and cotton for his auto tires. He will still have rubber taken from our stock. *That is something that should be noted*, as it is very important for carrying on the war. We are suffering more morally from the bombardment of England than from our own privations. You must hold out in order to save us, and sometimes we are ashamed to sleep tranquilly through the night thinking of the raids you must be enduring. Our first preoccupation in the morning is to know whether these dirty Boches have left you alone,

All my thanks to the women and men of England for enduring everything in the cause of Freedom. It is impossible that their heroic sacrifice should be in vain. Thanks to you all, we now have more hope of seeing France triumph, become regenerated by suffering, and rid herself of the traitors who have sold her.

But we must also help you otherwise than by words, and that is why I ask you to let me know discreetly by the micro at 8 P.M. if my letter has reached you. I shall try to give you some practical information.

An inhabitant of the occupied zone writes to N.B.C., New York.

The Germans are stealing butter from the Charentes and Normandy, wheat from the Beauce, cattle from Franche-Comté, sugar from the north and, furthermore, they come to "buy" stuff in the free zone. And what about the French blockade—hoarding by French merchants who whisper in your ear that they can sell you a liter of oil for twenty-nine francs, rich or modest members of our middle class who come and ask you to look at their reserves? Yet some people would like to have us believe that the British only are responsible for our plight!

We are hungry and thirsty for the truth!

*From a woman refugee on the Riviera to her son abroad.
January 10, 1941.*

One's pleasure is in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining every article, and the difficulty is great. Shoe shops in particular have nothing left but empty shelves. And what about food? That is a question that becomes preoccupying. For a week now

there has been precisely nothing left to buy, neither green vegetables nor meat—nothing but oranges, dates, and bread. One lives now on one's few provisions, hoping that the cold and the snow which have disrupted communications are to some extent accountable for this unbelievable misery and that it will soon be attenuated. But the inhabitants are distracted and think they are going to die of hunger. They don't know with what little food one can live.

As to S—— and me, we think we prefer to have only a soup and a salad beside a good fire than more nourishment and the cold they have in Paris. We are heated admirably.

MAMMA.

From a woman in Cannes awaiting a child to a friend in America. January 15, 1941.

In spite of a month of rather hard restrictions for everyone, due to the fact that the vegetables were frozen and the trains did not run (we had neither meat nor milk!), it is a bit better now; but it is always very difficult for private individuals. The food is still plentiful in the restaurants, but it is very expensive. My husband is marvelous, and, thanks to him, and to his employees, who do a great deal for me, as I am a "pregnant woman," I lack nothing, so to speak, which means that I can have what my food cards allow me to have, and that had been almost impossible to get. I eat an enormous quantity of fruit.

We haven't had any wood for a month, but, luckily, it isn't very cold, and the few hours we keep the gas radiator going are about enough. Besides, when it is very cold, I go to bed. And when one thinks that in Lyon and in Paris the temperature is as low as five degrees¹ all the time, one is very glad to

¹Centigrade.

be here. The only dark spot for me is the almost constant and really painful stomachaches. I think that the food cooked with lard, to which I haven't been used at all, doesn't agree with me, but there is nothing to do—I will have to bear it.

If Mother were here she would have to write another cookbook, for the three I have here are just about useless at present. The quantities of milk, butter, eggs, sugar, that these recipes call for simply make me laugh now! But I am sure most of them could be arranged to fit present conditions. The importance food takes in life is unbelievable. One hears talk only of that.

Friends tell me that one can send parcels from America here. Could you find that out, and, if it is so, send me:

1. White wool. I have very little left and can't find any at all (unshrinkable and not too thick). I don't know what the baby will be clothed with.

2. Concentrated milk. The milk rations are hardly enough for a newborn baby, and I would be less worried if I had some on hand. The most important, though, is the wool.

The general atmosphere has been better lately after two weeks of real anguish.

From a veteran of Verdun living in a village of Ardèche, to the B.B.C., London. January 18, 1941.

I am one of your fervent radio listeners. People get together every evening to hear the news from London. Your voices comfort us.

We have news from Paris. Food is becoming scarce. It doesn't matter; we'll eat afterward.

The Parisians play jokes on the Boches. They fasten stickers on the part of their back where there is corporeal affluence: "Pig for sale, without food tickets," etc.

"A Frenchman in the name of numerous Frenchmen," writes to WRUL short-wave station, Boston. January 21, 1941.

I bear no grudge against the British ships that prevent your vessels from bringing meat to France, for no Frenchman would have the pleasure of tasting that meat. I think it is useless to send anything either to free or occupied France, as everything goes into the stomachs of these German gentlemen.

All my friends and acquaintances find your broadcasting station very good.

We count on you, dear American friends, to help England as much as possible in order to be rid at the earliest moment of the German rule, for we French can never accustom ourselves to living under the Hitlerian regime.

I send you, dear friends of France, a firm "Shakehand" while saying thanks. Long live America and long live Mr. Roosevelt!

Another letter from the Alsatian refugee on the Riviera to his son abroad. January 22, 1941.

The time passes quickly and, were it not for the anxious waiting for events, one would be almost happy. Deep winter prevailed at Lyon, a great deal of snow, no thaws during the day, a magnificent winter resort with the discomforts of poorly heated apartments and frozen water pipes. I had taken the precaution to wear my warmest ski clothes and I haven't taken them off. The Siberian winter ended between Arles and Marseille. Here we have had a few snow flurries, then three very cold days. All the green vegetables froze and it was disastrous because disrupted communications prevented revictualing. We are beginning to have empty stomachs. What you get on food cards, when you get something, is meager. February and March

will still be very difficult. But what does this restriction amount to compared with the tremendous hope we have of returning home?

The expulsions from Alsace (*Säuberung*, the Germans call it) are suspended for the moment. Thérèse made us nearly die laughing telling us all the witticisms of the Alsatians and the way they deride the occupants who can't understand the refusal of the German happiness they are bringing. The pride and courage of the inhabitants is admirable. All are convinced that it will end well.

From a Norman industrialist to a friend abroad. January 28, 1941.

The occupation continues at X. Every month the screw tightens. We have just been punished for the twelfth time, German wires and telephone cables having been cut and a sentinel having been fired at several times. Result: a two-million-franc fine for the city, obligation under penalty of prison to remain at home from six in the evening to eight in the morning, and a guard service (one hundred and twenty men for the city every day) to watch over the telephone systems under their personal responsibility. Tomorrow night I must be on duty.

The German troops certainly are fatigued and they are in great haste to return home. Their leaders had told them it would take them two months to finish with England.

We have now a planned economy but the intrinsic value of the franc diminishes daily with the expense of the occupation and the drain on national industry.

All business is now under the constant control of German commissioners; nothing can be done, no order accepted, no work finished without their prior agreement. Business continues

at an extremely diminished speed: three days per week with 25 per cent of the old force and almost entirely for the German needs.

From a man living in a port of occupied France to General de Gaulle. January 1941.

Under agreeable and deceitful appearances the Boche commenced his sinister work of pillage and theft with all the forms necessary to lull our vigilance to slumber.

I am not going to tell you the story of these two hundred and thirteen days of the occupation. There is a steadily growing rise of tension which will end only in a new fray. We are waiting for this fray, we desire it, we are calling for it with all our wills. We have to avenge ourselves, and this time we hope indeed that they won't stop us on the way as in 1918.

Here are some suggestions which I am echoing and which have numerous adepts. Why should not France with a rejuvenated democracy establish a regime similar to that of the United States? That form, which has its advantages that you know better than we, could be adapted to our country.

HITLERIAN PROPAGANDA. Dr. Goebbels' services have posted up numerous placards. As a whole, they have elicited only amused smiles, cutting words, when they aren't either torn down or covered with various epithets. Here are some examples:

One poster represents a map of the world with the English colonies in red. There is a list of colonies that once belonged to France and a commentary on the circumstances under which they were taken from us.

Another poster represents a map of France on which is a poor pregnant woman protecting a young child standing beside her, and this legend: "SHALL I HAVE ENOUGH FOR TWO?"

Beside them is a silhouette of Mr. Churchill in profile and this slogan: "HIS LAST CARD." Another represents England and the likeness of her Prime Minister under the guise of an octopus whose tenacles close about the French colonies. Another decries England as "Europe's enemy."

As soon as they are posted up all these placards are either surcharged, torn down, or transformed; the walls are covered with the most varied inscriptions, all to your glory, General, and to the glory of the army rallied under your banner of Our Lady of France. Multitudes of little Vs appear on all sides. (V for "Victory.")

COLLABORATION. There is no need to tell you that it doesn't exist in the hearts of the people of France, and that it can't exist, for the chasm that divides the German from the French is daily deepening. The French civilian does not consent to step aside when he passes the German soldiery. **SWINE**

I will cite a little scene I witnessed. A workman was walking along a narrow street with a package under his arm. German soldiers passed and jostled him. He turned and swore at them with a biting repertory without the Germans moving a muscle. The spectators smiled, I assure you.

Sometimes the collisions are tougher and more violent. In front of a shop a queue stretches out. A group of young German soldiers approach and look on amusedly. One of them takes out his camera and prepares to take a picturesque snapshot, but a well-aimed stone from the rank of the aligned housewives strikes the camera and it falls to the ground. The Germans ask no more and lead off their photographic comrade.

A few days ago, in front of a one-price store that was selling a very small amount of potatoes, there was a crowd waiting to get their meager rations; and the distribution was about to begin when a German truck drew up from which several Fritzes descended. They were preparing in their usual way to requisition

this little stock, but the crowd, forewarned, started to protest; murmurs soon were succeeded by jostling; stones struck against the shop front; the Germans were cut by broken glass and by favor of this jostling the small stock of the precious tubers was quickly divided among all present without the Fritzes having been able to get any.

GOVERNMENT OF VICHY. Most of the French of my circle are not dupes, and resistance is lively. Continue cultivating this resistance to the criminal policy of collaboration. We are still afraid of the concentration of the fleet and of the personnel in the colonies still remaining obedient to Vichy. Why aren't we free to lead these colonies in the wake of those that followed the Free French movement? Here the success of your armies and glorious combatants is applauded, and even the rabid pacifist feels vibrations of childhood memories, of youth lulled to sleep with our legendary history of France.

A Parisian merchant, refugee in Gascony (unoccupied France), writes to a combatant of the Free French Forces. February 1941.

I am in exile in a little Gascony village where existence is monotonous. My Paris business functions at a snail's pace under the surveillance of an administrative commissioner, and I shall be forced to give it up under the worst conditions in obedience to the odious whims of these gentlemen. *P195*

But however grievous may be the material and moral calvary to which we must submit, it is only a small aspect of the problem. What is by far more serious is that the entire country—in one zone as in the other—is the victim of a veritable campaign of plunder. Everything is taken, and you would no longer recognize our "sweet France," once so pleasant to travel through—

precarious communications, food supply daily becoming more difficult, mediocre nourishment, badly stocked shops, what you find in them being most often of inferior quality. I write you from Agen, in the free zone, where I came to spend forty-eight hours; the two best hotels of the city have been requisitioned by the "German Control Commission." These hotels are well heated while the poor French can freeze in those where they are allowed to put up.

For the past eight months, and for the first time in my life, I have been living among French peasants. I am confounded at their calm, their logic, the healthy and rational way they appreciate events. As to their attachment to democracy—it remains unbreakable. I must add, too, that this is due in large part to the remarkable broadcasts of the B.B.C. and Free France. They are the only ones that are listened to in the district where I am now staying; the broadcasts of our pretended "National Radiodiffusion" are regarded as negligible. No one doubts that if Laval's return could be prevented, at least up to the present, it has been thanks to the vigorous reaction of French opinion which made its voice heard despite the gag they've put in its mouth. For little by little France has been getting a grip on herself again; she is realizing that thanks to her empire and her fleet she still preserves some strong trumps.

The marshal has not been insensible to this rising tide of opinion; it influenced his decision on December 13 concerning Laval, and it also was related to the resistance he has since displayed—a resistance which was rather relative after all, since one after the other the ministers whose mass ousting the Nazis demanded (one wonders why) were forced to resign to confide their posts to an admiral of all work!

In the free zone there are no more voices and pens, except the penmen of the fifteenth zone, charged with vaunting to us in puerile terms the "beauties" of the "National Revolution"—

that revolution without revolutionaries. In the occupied zone only Abetz's valets fulminate.

From a Lorraine physician, refugee in the unoccupied zone, to a combatant of the Free French Forces. February 18, 1941.

As you may suspect, I have had a rather variegated Odyssey. After having left Sarrebourg precipitately with the majority of my officers, we wandered along the roads, for several days in contact with the Boches, bombed and machine-gunned everywhere; having escaped captivity we finally ran aground at D—where I have been since June. My family, wife and children, expelled by the Boches, dragged along the road for ten days, sleeping in farms, barns, etc., finding me by chance here where the Alsatians previously evacuated from Strasbourg had come. There are no accommodations here, so one is obliged to sleep where one can, in rented rooms, on the floor, etc.

The food supply, difficult at the beginning, has never given out. I succeeded in finding an old furnished cottage where we are all lodged. With some supplies of provisions I gathered we are now holding the fort. Compared with London and its "tube" shelters all this is paradise.

The money problem is rather difficult, considering that our goods and securities are for the most part still in Alsace. Fortunately Hitler can't carry off real estate and lands; and the hope we have here of seeing these dirty parasites take the road back to Germany again makes us patient.

We are working here with renewed courage, with the same hope as yours. When we hear and read of the exploits of our friends in North Africa you can imagine the joy these successes give us and how they encourage us to prepare for the rebound. In particular the discomfiture in which the *camisa negri* are

floundering compensates us for many sufferings and afflictions. And we think it is not ended. The only regret we all feel is to be no longer in the game, but the last rubber isn't played. The morale from that point of view is, as you know, excellent. Here 95 per cent are against the Boches; at Paris, in French Flanders, in the occupied zone, everywhere, as a comrade who came back from there told me, it is 120 per cent.

Despite the unbridled propaganda Goebbels spreads in Paris and the occupied zone the morale has remained very firm. People in Paris no longer buy or read the newspapers which, as you guess, are completely Bochified. Posters against England are regularly torn down, and a policeman has to guard every poster on the walls. It appears that Langeron² has been arrested. Langeron must have denounced the dealings of that foul Laval. Despite the threats of execution, obstruction continues firm in Paris and in the occupied zone, especially in the north. Frequent brawls have occurred in restaurants and cafés. That keeps up the morale.

Considering the painful moral and material conditions I haven't wanted to return to Paris. To my knowledge the food supply is very meager; some people are still managing to get along, with some bread and green vegetables, but meat is scarce. Interminable queues—no potatoes; everything has been requisitioned by Fritz who sends most of it to Germany (cattle, butter, etc.). France has been pumped dry. In some regions, as in Brittany and Touraine, people in medium-sized cities still have facilities, but the north is completely shorn and sucked dry, especially at this moment when nearly a million Boches are concentrated in Pas de Calais, Picardy, French Flanders, etc.

As I say: patience. America's entrance in the war is counted on for this year and I don't need to tell you that the American

²Formerly Préfet de Police.

aid has been received here with all the marks of joy that you can understand.

Everyone, I repeat, wishes your success and feels admiration for the courage and tenacity of the British; people talk of nothing else, and of their perseverance in their plans.

We think that if Hitler has humiliated people's souls, if he has daunted the courage of some, treading their heads underfoot, he has placed himself beyond right and justice and human laws; he is also thinking of depriving France even of liberty of speech, even of breath. The poor French are mute, but we believe that one man will not forever enjoy the ephemeral glory of being feared. He can't for long enjoy cruelty, fear, silence, cowardice, lies. Truth, held in captivity, will emerge from some point of the British empire.

From a woman physician, having returned to America from France, to the New York Times. February 22, 1941.

I have just returned from a seven months' stay in occupied France. During this time, in my capacity as a physician, I talked to hundreds of people in all walks of life. The following facts will perhaps be of interest:

The French people in occupied France, especially those in Paris, are fully aware of the German methods of requisitioning food. Many of the people to whom I spoke—people who were often hard hit by the food shortage—asked me to tell Americans not to send food, "so as not to prolong the war or help Germany."

In occupied France at least 90 per cent of the population is pro-British and the people listen to French news broadcasts from London every day.

German anti-British posters are pulled down by the people

as fast as they are put up. The French people despise Laval much more than any other nation could.

There are many Frenchmen who are eager and willing to fight again side by side with the British, if they ever get the chance. The great majority of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are saying today: "May England win, may her struggle be short and her victory complete."

Marcelle Bordes Touchard, M.D.

Brooklyn, February 19, 1941.

A teacher in a Catholic school near Vannes (Brittany) writes to a friend in America. March 21, 1941.

Life in the country is the dream!! Sometimes official rations suffice us, but one can't count on them. We have to manage with the help of our own farms or farmer friends. Thanks to all this the four hundred children are getting on very well.

We keep all our faith and are ready for anything, for we feel with certainty that great days are near.

Thank America for what she is doing, but advise her to be very prudent, for Germany is quite ready to arrogate for herself what is destined for others, and, alas, she does arrogate. What a friend this America is—slow but straightforward!

Don't worry about us for we draw from our confidence a feeling half joyful. Our only distraction is the evening gathering round the radio.

The head nurse of a home for backward children writes to an American colleague. Brittany, March 22, 1941.

The Germans keep telling us that we will have to eat grass; but we already adore dandelions which we don't see on our

table as often as we could wish, for lack of oil. Sometimes we have obsessions: we dream of cheese, sausages, or chocolate. We share turnips and beets with the cows and that gives us excellent morale and no turnip blood at all. Our hearts are full of hope and our table as animated and gay as in the past.

We listen on the radio to all the broadcasts that make England and America more sympathetic to us every day.

With regard to so many things we are now like pieces of wood: we don't feel anything. But what of it? Our spirits remain very much alive, and our faith and hope are unshakable.

Believe us, we are not unfortunate on that account.

A war veteran of 1914 living in Casablanca, Morocco, writes to N.B.C., New York. March 29, 1941.

Being a 100 per cent Frenchman, and veteran of the last World War, I wish to join my brothers in the occupied zone in extending you my thanks for the humane and friendly gesture of the United States toward our "children." Although far away from the big metropolis we were deeply moved at the proof of good fellowship between two peoples united by so many ties of mutual understanding.

Long live the United States! Long live France!

A young boy living in unoccupied France writes to N.B.C., New York. March 30, 1941.

Thank you so much for the help given by America in the way of food supplies to our poor France, and for the help in the way of war material that you are giving to England and her allies. Here we feel it. But we have only 300 grams of bread

daily, and not the 350 grams announced by the French radio day before yesterday. May the English win soon to put an end to all this.

A woman principal of a public kindergarten in Montpellier, Herault, writes to a friend in America. April 1, 1941.

Here we are in so poor a quarter of the city that the little ones are hungry. Mornings and evenings I distribute sugared milk free to my most wretched little ones. They settle down with joyous hearts; you feel that they are undernourished. Tomorrow we commence the daily distribution at four o'clock of fifty-gram rolls, but the children have to pay.

What times we are living in—how painful it all is!

From the widow of a French officer of the 1914-18 war, living somewhere in unoccupied France, to a friend in America. April 28, 1941.

DEAREST J— . I am always deeply touched by the affection and solicitude that your letters convey to me and my children, although you are so far away. It is nice to feel that I can count on you, and both my boys have kept a great admiration and friendship for you. Poor boys, what sad times these are for them and their generation, just when it ought to be the best years of their lives. They are doing their best all the same. The older one is working terribly hard at Lyon, preparing several examinations of law and political science which he hopes to pass in the next months. But unfortunately he is in very bad condition to keep up such a strain. He is underfed; the food supply in big towns is quite insufficient, especially as Lyon is crowded. Since France is divided in two zones it has become a second

Paris without its charm. During four months he didn't eat a potato, or butter, or eggs, and had a scrap of meat once or twice a week only. He really suffers from hunger, and also he had to work in an unheated room.

As for the second boy, as I was afraid of underfeeding if I put him in a school, I thought he could study sufficiently with a tutor, but as I only found one at the end of January, he lost four months of his school year. He is always a very keen "scout"; he is one of the chiefs of the scouts of the neighboring town. My number three, now eleven years old, is happily too young yet to realize the tragedy we are living in; he is delighted to be living here instead of Paris.

Until now we have not suffered from food restrictions as much as the people in town. We are naturally deprived of many things we used to eat before. At the grocers' shop one can find only just the things that can be obtained with food tickets—macaroni, rice, sugar, bad coffee mixture, oil, and margarine. But as we are in a cattle region, we are not too rationed for meat, and then we eat our own rabbits and chickens and we can get eggs and butter although very scarce even here. We also have our vegetables from the garden, and I was lucky to have a very abundant potato production last year while most people scarcely gathered any.

But even here one feels it is getting more and more difficult. The butcher says that cattle has been so requisitioned for other regions which don't produce much that he will probably have no more meat to sell us next month. As for the bread, the ration is reduced more and more. It is insufficient for men who work and for adolescents, and the bread is black. Happily the United States are sending a few ships with food. I think it is very urgent, especially for the poor-class children.

I have been able to correspond with some of my family in the other zone. That demarkation line is simply odious. There

are no Germans at Y—— for the moment, and S—— was able to go about the house and see all the harm they have done there. When shall we be delivered of that horde of locusts, who are ransacking our beautiful country and so many others besides? The devil has been with them until now and I can't help feeling a bit discouraged by the war news, but let us hope that the situation will not get worse. Later on brighter days may come, and we shall be free again. Surely God will not allow that madman to remain victorious in the end.

I was forgetting to tell you that a few weeks ago we met an old American friend who came to inquire for the distribution to children of the American food gifts. Mother received a letter lately saying that you had signed an engagement in the army or the navy. All my congratulations, old boy, and I do hope that someday, with America's help, we shall be able to kick "them" out of our frontiers. Sometimes one doubts that this nightmare will ever finish. Luckily that we have Pétain. May he live long, because if he disappeared I am afraid things would become even worse.

CHAPTER VII

The Vichy Government

From a lawyer living near Vichy to French friends in America. July 20, 1940.

We are still at — [Allier], threatened with being unable to leave either by road which is going to be forbidden, or by railway, since the trains aren't running. There isn't even a bicycle for sale, or an ass—they are all ministers.

They are prophesying want, and we are heading for famine. For lack of transportation food supplies are no longer arriving; official price fixing, as is normal, has emptied the markets.

The widow of a veteran of 1914 writes to England.

When I reread the letters of my husband who fell at Verdun, and recall how for thirty months the poor man endured hunger, cold, and machine-gun fire, finally to rest there killed on the field of battle, I am infuriated to see the state of decay in which our rulers and our military chiefs have allowed the victory of those of 1918 to fall; and when one takes the measure of the leaders of 1914 and those of 1940 one sees that an abyss separated them.

As for us, our country is now England; our thoughts, our wishes are constantly turned toward her; listening to her broadcasts affords the sole gleam of hope which shines on us in the depths of the pit in which we have been hurled. We are convinced that you will win, for you are men of will, and not boot-lickers like our rulers, as weak as they are cowardly.

From a university professor to the B.B.C., London (via the United States). August 5, 1940.

While recognizing the excesses of our demagoguery and the very serious mistakes of the Popular Front, and being well aware of the necessity of working henceforth with much more activity and discipline than of recent years, the quasi-totality of the French people remains desirous of reestablishing as soon as possible the public liberties that form our glorious national tradition. In the measure in which the Vichy government is obliged to obey the sovereign orders of the Fuehrer, it accomplishes a work which is without French roots and which we despise. The French, too, have resolved, with the English victory to which they aspire from the depths of their hearts, to return to their traditions of political liberty and respect for human personality. Furthermore, there is a great number among us of those who are passionately interested in the efforts that the members and chief of the Free French Legion—magnificent and ardent patriots—continue to make, thereby saving our national honor and collaborating in the common victory. Such is the sentiment of those who are not narrow minded and stupid.

I don't want to close without expressing to you my very keen personal admiration for the work of the Free French Legion. The purest French patriotism animates it. It has guarded high and steadfast the nation's honor and tradition.

From the dean of a lycée for girls, now living in the unoccupied zone, to the B.B.C. in London. September 11, 1940.

I am not exaggerating when I tell you that we are now *living through the English radio*. I have returned from a village in

Puy-de-Dôme where few of the inhabitants have radio sets. At eight-fifteen a refugee father of eight children who had rented a little cottage on the main street would tune in, opening his windows, and at that hour we would gather faithfully in numbers from all corners of the village to hear your voices. Several young men on bicycles came from neighboring villages which had no radios. No one knew anyone else as the refugees or peasants almost always came singly. No one ever talked so as not to miss a single one of your words. But during the day, when by chance one encountered an eight-fifteen radio listener, there were pleasant greetings.

On coming back to Clermont-Ferrand I tried to rent a short-wave set. The merchants answered: "There isn't a single one left, they have all been rented to hear the English radio." Then I bought a set, because, thanks to you, life again held meaning, and hope returned to our hearts. General de Gaulle, Pierre Bourdan, René Cassin—those are beautiful names. My children and I pause during our evening meal to hear you. Your words are noble, but how could they be otherwise with the cause you are defending?

It seems that they have just appointed General Weygand to head our African possessions. The same day that the papers announced it, September 10, *Paris-Soir* published this article: "Undesirables Will Be Driven from the Occupied Zone September 15," and among the undesirables were named the North Africans, Negroes, mixed breeds (and of course the Jews). So our colored men, our colonial Frenchmen, many of whom belong to the elite of the nation, as some of them are students in the École Polytechnique, the École Normale, and in all the faculties—these men are undesirables on the soil of the mother country! And they claim to appoint a Weygand with a mission to go to Africa and do Hitler's work! For whom do they take our colonials if they imagine that they are going to abandon

France whose radiant civilization has elevated their human condition and who treats them with the respect that every free country feels for human beings? To prevent them from rallying to the Free Forces of this blessed France, do they think to wheedle them into giving their work and their lives for a false France, a disguised Germany who allows herself to qualify as undesirable on her own soil those men who belong to her? If our North Africans are undesirable on this soil ruled by the Vichy government they will not be undesirable, for they never were, on that same soil which they will have liberated by joining the army of General de Gaulle. What is Weygand waiting for before rallying to the forces of Free France? Could it be that fundamentally he despises these colored men he is going to command? And does he want to enslave them so that they will work for the sinister troops who occupy and despoil our country? If Weygand does the Boche's work he betrays our Africa. And our Africa will avenge herself by crushing the traitor. If Weygand, understanding that his duty is to strive against the Boche, that is to say, with de Gaulle, rallies to the flag of Free France, Foch will not have lied when he said that in case of danger one ought to look for Weygand. But looking for Weygand did not imply that he would push drowning France into deeper water. Foch looking for Weygand meant that he would be a life buoy. And don't you think the old Marshal Pétain is not praying in his heart for General de Gaulle's success? And don't you know that he would give his soul to be de Gaulle and not Pétain? *But this must not be repeated.* Because in Vichy, Pétain is one of those rare men who hasn't been sold to the Boches. And if one honest man among the bandits doesn't carry much weight, nevertheless it is better than if he wasn't there.

I was dean of a girls' *lycée* in French Flanders and to avoid reprisals I don't want to sign my name. You will please excuse

this cowardice, but my husband is a prisoner and I have children to bring up, and then, although I am in the so-called free zone, like everyone else I am half chained. And what can one say of those in occupied France?

From a law student living in a city of the department of Tarn (unoccupied France) to the B.B.C. in London. September 18, 1940.

At home, gathered around the radio every night, we listen with poignant emotion to your most interesting broadcasts. Last evening my father, a veteran of 1914 wounded and imprisoned by the Boches and today a retired captain, wept with pride on learning of the arrival in London of General Catroux. As for myself, a young fellow of twenty, I wept with impotent rage at not being able to drive the enemy out of our France. We, the young, hope soon to be able to take up arms again, and since the Hitlerophile French government has prohibited rabbit-hunting, we hope soon to engage in Boche-hunting!

The Boches occupy practically all of France. And this is their technique: they send into the unoccupied zone three or four officers with an auto and orderlies, but these scoundrels, their official inspection ended, remain *in civilian clothes*. Another commission follows them, does the same, etc., etc. Thus each day the Boches multiply here. But now it has gone far enough. There are more rifles and cartridges left than people think. Let these Boche ~~gentlemen~~ think that over.

Even in territory called "unoccupied" the Boches take 75 per cent of the production, without mentioning what they steal in motor trucks of all kinds. At Ivery and Toulouse they are manufacturing for the Boches shells, torpedoes, fuses. How shameful! The last innovation of Marshal Pétain (the poor

man!) is really unprecedented. The 15th R.I.A. of Albi forming the 51st R.I. armistice regiment had to send several companies of seventy men formed of contingents thirty-eight and thirty-nine (one and two) to the camp of Lazzac. Do you know why? Simply to guard *manu militari*—the materiel deposited there for Messrs. the Boches. It's revolting! In "unoccupied" France liberty has been abolished. In the streets, people avoid talking politics, for one risks at any instant being locked up or dismissed. If, on the contrary, you pretend ostensibly not to detest the Boches, next month you appear on the list for the Legion of Honor. All this is pretty raw, but it's true! We, the sons of veteran combatants of the other war, we, the sons of the Verdun generation, keep always for our motto: "They shan't pass! Long live France! Long live England!" I join to my letter some documents which will edify you in regard to what the so-called French press writes and tirelessly repeat about the old marshal who takes care of himself at Vichy. We, the young, have formed counter-espionage sections against the Boches.

From a plain woman in Marseille to the Free French in London. September 24, 1940.

(Copy of a letter addressed to Marshal Pétain.)

Marshal, it is with continually increasing disgust that the French read the newspapers, any newspapers, for in every dispatch concerning the German-English trouble, there seems to be in all of them too much mention—almost with joy, I would say—of praise for our enemies of three months ago. How can France so quickly forget the terrors and the anguish through which she has lived? Oh, France, have you already forgotten the bombardment not only of your cities but of the women and children, hospitals, lying-in hospitals, schools? Have you

forgotten the shattering noise of machine guns spraying these troops of poor people fleeing under the unchained fury of the murderous planes? Are these same men who made so many victims, and are still making so many more, already our enemies, as they are treated in the Dakar matter? Why not call them "our friends?" One must be just, and understand that for them you are marshal in name only, and that it is they who dictate the orders. Perhaps you, too, suffer from that hard task which has been assigned to you, but be advised, Marshal, if the rumors haven't reached you, that all the French are not dupes of the mendacious announcements of the press, and that they remain in hearty accord with Great Britain who won't betray. Loyally they strive for us, for the liberty of all those who wish to remain French and of whom God will demand an accounting! We remain confident in our friend General de Gaulle, who will march with head held high to the end. You, too, Marshal, have confidence—you will become again the sole and great Marshal of France—the man whom we learned to love and venerate as the hero of Verdun. But hold firm! Courage to all. Long live France! Long live England! Dear friends of Free France, this letter is not the first that Marshal Pétain has received and it won't be the last; it will show you the spirit of the French and the trust we place in you to return to us our Republic and our France.

From a woman living in the south of France to the English people. Nîmes, September 27, 1940.

I have entire confidence in your approaching victory and I approve all your activities, even against us, understanding, as well as you do, that all your actions are dictated by your determination to save our rights and prevent these infamous creatures from dominating our colonies.

My region has had the good fortune to be spared all the horrors of this frightful war and, despite the imposition of several restrictions, we are rather lucky up to today (being still free); but we can foresee that it will be a hard winter as regards food supplies. Whatever they may impose on us (on account of the blockade, they say) you will always be our friends, knowing that whatever we lack the Boches alone will have taken it from us.

A war veteran, now an employee of the French Postal Service, writes to the N.B.C., New York. October 26, 1940.

May I be allowed to ask you to transmit to the B.B.C. in London and to our valiant men of Free France a token of admiration and gratitude from a Frenchman in complete communion of thought with them?

Let them be assured of the fidelity of the immense majority of our country's citizens to the republic, to the great ideas of 1789 that the totalitarian hired assassins and their French accomplices will not kill.

Let them know that nine tenths of the French ardently desire England's victory, despite the grave mistakes committed by her at the beginning of the war, because they know that England and the United States constitute the last dike against barbarism.

I belong to the corporation of the P.T.T. whose members are almost all resolutely hostile to the Laval-Peyrouton regime, and to the foreign policy of Baudoin. It supports Pétain only because it still counts on him to save the essential part of France's patrimony; but it would spew him out like the others if he committed or allowed to be committed the crime of linking France with the Axis to the point of forcing her openly or hypocritically to take arms against England.

In permanent contact with the public we well know the

temper of the country. Aside from the avowed or masked Hitlerians who rage in "Gringoire," in some other Fascist rags and in the odious Laval press, the great public are of the same opinion as my working companions. They "make a fist in their pockets," as the current colloquialism expresses it. A secret and violent revolt ferments in all social strata, in all parties, and in all the healthy elements in the nation. It is more and more obvious that the directing ministers of the Pétain cabinet against whom the other ministers seem impotent are devoted to Hitler and Mussolini. They were imposed by the dictators and are maintained in power under the protection of Prussian bayonets. That is why they are in no hurry to obtain the evacuation of France and are ready for the most infamous collusion in order to establish their domination. But all this will last only for a time.

The thing that torments the French most is the sense of their present powerlessness in the presence of the invader, the prevarication of the so-called French radio, and the abject attitude of the press. That is why they are profoundly grateful to you for enlightening them. In all families of all shades of opinion attached to democracy and true civilization, only English and American stations are listened to any longer. These are the only moments of comfort during a dull and unpleasant day, when one ruminates irritably over the present ignominy.

Fervently we hope that England, whose present heroic resistance we admire, will first hold firm, then conquer with America's help. We hope the latter won't give her cooperation too late. America alone can throw into the balance the weight to save humanity from disaster.

American friends, permit a French veteran combatant of the Great War who has suffered doubly at the shameful collapse of his country, who loved and defended Wilson, who loves

and defends your Roosevelt, to ask you to take up the torch of civilization from the momentarily failing hand of France. If you do that with the indomitable energy and promptness necessary, you will have conquered the imprescriptible right to the gratitude of all the citizens of the world.

For the B.B.C.: I should like to emphasize the excellent moral effect that Mr. Winston Churchill's forthright speech produced. All French people worthy of the name were thankful to him for having renewed in such cordial terms the British promise of liberation of French territory. And it is to combat the effect of this important act that Hitler is attempting his new dupery.

To the courageous French of the Free France in London I repeat the profound thanks of the free Burgundians, many of whom would like to give their adherence to this movement but do not know in what way to do it. Try to counsel your auditors adroitly in this regard and you will see encouragement come in great numbers.

Very cordial sentiments from a civil servant and father of a family.

From an inhabitant of Bergerac (Dordogne) to N.B.C., New York. November 11, 1940.

I live in the southwest of France in a big city now occupied by the enemy. It is a great comfort for those who believe in liberty, and still hope, to see that the United States of America range themselves with all their power beside Great Britain. The reelection of President Roosevelt was a proof that the Americans approve his foreign policy.

Here I believe that everyone venerates and admires Marshal Pétain: his government has certainly taken many very auspicious

measures in internal policy to instil a new spirit in the nation. The external policy of the government is much more discussed; doubtless that arises from the fact that it sustains the enemy's pressure. Franco-German collaboration seems, after all, to a great many sensible people a vast dupery in the present state we are in. The German propaganda goes to great lengths to excite antagonism against England. I think it will have a hard time to convince us. On the contrary, the magnificent resistance of Great Britain is admired, and her defeat seems every day more problematical. Anglo-Saxon tenacity is well known.

A woman in Basses-Pyrénées, occupied zone, whose son has been sent to work in Germany, writes to England and her Free French allies. November 19, 1940.

DEAR ALLIES, COMRADE DE GAULLE,

The mother of a family of eight children in a state of indescribable sadness is going to tell you the disgust and rancor she feels for those dirty Boches, the barbarians who have taken my eighteen-year-old son to send him to work in Germany. Know that he did not volunteer, he was summoned on Saturday to leave on Tuesday, assembling at the town hall. I haven't the least idea where they are going to take my son, and in France they'd like to have us collaborate with these barbarians. Really, what are Laval and Flandin driving at? Haven't they yet received enough money for having sold France? Enough of these hypocrites—fall back, you traitors—make way for the Allies and our comrade de Gaulle. We have entire confidence that our deliverance will come through you. We await you with all our hearts and we are ready, men, women, and children, to fight beside you to defend our liberty—to repulse that gang of Hitlerians and completely crush them. No, they won't win; victory will be ours!

A woman living in Lyon discusses the French internal situation for the French speakers of the B.B.C., London. December 25, 1940.

Since the war must continue a long time it is the more necessary for us to continue to correspond and not become strangers to each other. Consequently I don't want to stop writing you at lengthened intervals.

My opinion of Marshal Pétain has evolved considerably. Today his role seems to me essential to safeguard the very life of France while the war and the occupation continue. For Pétain actually disposes of certain means of resistance: in the first place, French public opinion, and then the army in Africa. These means will be effective only on condition of not employing them: they are means of pressure. I am convinced that if we deprive ourselves of these arms by utilizing them, the Germans, having nothing further to expect of us, condemned furthermore to inglorious inactivity, would busy themselves, for lack of something better to do, in destroying us. It would suffice for them to take some so-called sanctions against the prisoners: suspension of food packages, suppression of canteens in the camps, for the prisoners to die of starvation; they could also suspend the food supply of Paris or take some so-called measures of military necessity which would simply destroy the French race, that is, the very thing you are trying to save.

If they threaten to take these measures, Pétain can in his turn threaten, but less violently, and I think he has given proof of a great deal of skill in not expending his ammunition in vain. I don't believe in his hopes of national renovation and can't very well fathom whether he believes in them himself; in my opinion your radio criticism ought above all to bear on this point, not on his attitude in matters of "collaboration," for approximately

all of us are in agreement as regards collaboration, and an indication from time to time would suffice. But the so-called reforms of Pétain seem to me dangerous, for they often seem to have been prompted by the Germans, perhaps through an intermediary whom the marshal may not suspect. The Germans are very capable of imagining seductive projects for a man who has set ideas, and which would be favorable to their views. Thus regionalism, which may be an excellent thing in itself, is dangerous in this epoch of annexations and protectorates. Thus the return to the land, which I think desirable for later, on condition that it be accompanied by a policy of repopulation by divers means and that it doesn't involve the sacrifice of French industry, would have for consequence in the "new order" the enslavement of what remains of France.

What is also dangerous in these projects for reform is that they cannot pass for being approved by all France, and that in any case the French who are fighting today and have the right to be consulted have not been consulted. Now, among the French here there are some who are credulous enough to believe that reform is already a fact (in particular anti-Semitism, the return to the soil, regionalism, authoritarian government and the condemnation, without reservations and without nuances, of the Republican regime), and it is to be feared these latter will later be in opposition to you. It would be very useful to have a discussion of the aims of the war and projects for reconstruction within the limits, naturally, of such discussion not being prejudicial to the war itself; we are expecting it of you. In Germany before 1813 the patriots also had their ideas about the constitution of a liberated Germany; they freed Germany, after which they were given to understand that they had no more voice in the matter. I should not want the same thing to happen to you; without knowing what your ideas are, I consider that they deserve priority.

Naturally we are haunted by the psychology of the German, for he seems to us Europe's evil genius, an evil genius that can hardly be eliminated and that must either be chained or converted. On that count, too, we should like to know what you think. I am glad to see that Churchill no longer distinguishes between the Germans and their leaders; he is right: the German people have a capacity for indifference and irresponsibility in political matters that can be qualified as criminal. But where does that lead to? It would be necessary to discover which Germans could be depended upon to check the others. I don't believe in the exclusive responsibility of the party; I believe much more in that of the Reichswehr.

Hitler and his party have an ideology and a political strategy which have been taught them by the Reichswehr. To the Reichswehr they owe the program of conquests that they are trying to realize at this moment. The Reichswehr remains in the shadow, as always, and when the whole thing collapses it won't be touched, it won't have done anything. For it has the secret of occult action: don't forget that it is the heir of a religious order. That allows it, as soon as defeat comes, to prepare the revenge. By this time it knows, perhaps, that Hitler is beaten and, if it prolongs the struggle, it is to weaken the adversaries, France and England, to disarm certain rancors (the officers play the role of tutelary angels, the odium falls on the party) and prepare the recovery of the old Germany. How can this maneuver be foiled?

I haven't interpreted the Laval affair either the way you have or anyone else. A long time ago I foresaw that the Germans wished to be rid of him. His usefulness was of the past; he could not be of use to make an about-face against Italy if it were necessary. Their cleverness consisted in having the deed done by Pétain and then being angry. One can never interpret the German policy in too complicated a way.

From a village in Dauphiné, temporarily occupied by the Germans after the armistice, a young woman writes to a friend in America. January 10, 1941.

When will we see each other again and where will it be? We are privileged, since we have our home. After seeing your relatives as well as others pass by on June 14 there was an impressive silence. Trains no longer ran, the peasants ceased working, one waited. The Germans came, deferential, polite, and yet atrocious—primitive automatons. What intoxication of joy when they departed!

One sees the days slip by, for visits or the business of getting food supplies afoot or on bicycle takes longer. Everything is still very easy here and I have received touching gifts from my peasant friends: a pot of honey, a little butter, some eggs. One lives, but with this expectation, these perpetual bursts of ardor for all those from whom one is sorrowfully separated.

It is magnificent and comforting to see the moral recovery of the country, the young people enthusiastic, with an ideal, the security of obedience to the Marshal who is respected and loved. Little by little the people are becoming French again instead of being Germans or English, but evidently the English victory is longed for by all.

A peasant living in a hamlet of unoccupied France writes to WRUL radio station, Boston, Mass. January 11, 1941.

I have the honor to inform you, and I am very happy to do it, that I listen to your station, Radio Boston, every evening. I live in a little village, twelve houses, all farmers, free zone. I have informed all my friends about it, and like myself they are very pleased to hear your trans-Atlantic station.

I believe we have the French soul, it is the general rule in the occupied as in the unoccupied territory; we all hope that our marshal will not let himself be duped—and not by the Huns either, that race of robbers whom I knew as such during the other war. Like you Americans we want our liberty and not servitude under the Boches and the Macaronis.

Our souls were filled with joy when we heard the speech of President Roosevelt for your great help to our friends the English and others. Thanks in the name of the French. Help the English with all your might.

Tell our friends to jam the Boche radio stations including Radio Paris and those of the jackal. I close and thank you with all my heart.

Long live France! Long live America! Long live Greece! And long live General de Gaulle! Down with Hitler and the jackal!

My best to you all and thanks for the trouble you are taking for us.

An Alsatian manufacturer, refugee in Geneva, writes to a friend in America. January 12, 1941.

In mid-June, 1940, with my family I left home, factory, and property, real and personal. Since then we have been waiting better days and living in admiration for the magnificent resistance of the English people and their allies. It is fortunate for the honor of France that she is not absolutely excluded from the war, and that French troops of all arms are still taking part in this war of liberation of our country and of the world.

According to information from Alsace the morale of our brave people is splendid despite all the ordeals and all the tendentious reports with which the Boches are flooding them. General de Gaulle and the French Free Forces are objects of

reverence of all the oppressed people of France. Certain of the final victory, these populations endure all vexations with hope in their hearts, but also with the will not to fall again into the errors of the past. Which is why the measures taken by Marshal Pétain are favorably accepted, and France loves and admires the veteran of Verdun. France needed a great house cleaning, and it is to be hoped that the hard trials she has undergone will not be without salutary effect for the future.

A demobilized soldier analyzes the political evolution of France in a letter to WRUL, Boston, Mass. January 27, 1941.

I am twenty-four years old, member of a family belonging to what you call the "middle classes", and during the campaign of France I served in a mechanized unit (without tanks!).

Down to the tragic events which you know, the internal politics of my country hardly interested me—I felt no sympathy for the left parties but was forced to admit that the men placed at the head of the right minorities were likewise much more heedful of their personal interests than of those of our country. It can't be denied that our regime was detestable but, alas, we have (pardon this old *cliché*) been driven from Charybdis upon Scylla. We certainly needed important reforms in our political system, but you know, because you know France well, how attached we are to the democratic regime. And yet, at the moment when military dictatorships are responsible for the catastrophic situation that we all know, it is a military dictatorship they would like to impose on us!

It seems to me that many French people have an illusion about Marshal Pétain. Acts of his government are blamed, but they abstain from all criticism of the marshal, and for two reasons: first, they respect the personality of the "victor of Verdun";

secondly, far too many people believe that he had no political ambitions, that only the desperate situation in which the country was in June 1940 pushed him to act as he did. Many people still believe that the marshal only temporizes, that he feigns to collaborate with the enemy, but that he secretly longs for his defeat. Indeed, indeed!

I have under my eyes a very curious brochure published in 1936, that is, four years before the event of June 1940; a brochure published by the National-Socialist *La Victoire*, edited by Gustave Hervé and entitled "We Must Have Pétain!" (Already.)

In his brochure G. Hervé informs us that unless we want to be submerged by the "red wave" (we are in 1936), we must immediately suppress the cause of all our ills, that is, the democratic and parliamentary regime. But let M. Hervé himself speak:

"The great French revolution had, indeed, a redoubtable success in all Europe through the subversive ideas it launched in the world with so much thunderous clashing. The foremost of its ideas is that in every nation sovereignty should belong to the people."

After having traced the history of the Russian revolution, "daughter of the French revolution," M. Hervé eulogizes the dictators who "swept away the red Marxist waves," and then he proposes the panacea: an authoritarian regime with a professional base. Once again let Hervé speak:

"A leader is needed. We have him, the providential man whom France always finds in her hours of extreme peril. Who? Pétain, the great soldier of Verdun."

Then he draws a parallel between Pétain and Hindenburg:

"Hindenburg avoided civil war by taking Hitler as chancellor, Hitler whose anti-Semitism and this or that political act we French may criticize, but who, no one can deny, has put Germany on her feet. And do they count as nothing the fact that in speaking to militarist Germany and trying to effect with her a

complete reconciliation, which has become necessary for Europe's salvation, the great soldier of Verdun has not his equal in France? . . . This reconciliation, so desirable and so easy to realize if the new Germany does not entertain any dream of European hegemony (in 1936!). You may say: 'And if Pétain refuses to let himself be elected after an electoral victory of his name?' Pétain will not refuse. He is accustomed to serve. But if Pétain falls ill or dies before the next electoral battle and before the triumph of the great national cause? If we had that great ill luck, well, we'd unite the nation back of Weygand."

It seems to me, gentlemen, that the wolf was already showing the tips of his ears.

In the French army there were courageous and patriotic chiefs. Several officers of my regiment died as brave men die; in all the fighting units such men existed; there was also Charles de Gaulle, today condemned to death for not having been a traitor. These men saved our honor. The marshal and his ministers believe themselves patriots—perhaps they are, but in their own way. Hitler, too, is, if you wish, a patriot!

But there is still an England and a United States of America, and we, the French, do hope you will win this war and that, as your President said: "France will enjoy peace, together with liberty, equality, and fraternity." We know that the British Commonwealth and its allies will be victorious in the end.

Well, I apologize for this too long letter. Go on with your good work and thank you very much for doing it.

Best of luck.

From a Frenchwoman living in Bale, Switzerland, to the B.B.C., London. January 28, 1941.

From contacts with our compatriots and visits paid in France we get the clear impression of a very marked moral recovery

since the summer. This you know. But since your broadcasts are heard by a majority of the population with the sympathy and hope you are aware of, allow me to suggest that you insist untiringly on the initial idea which made France enter the war. You do it, I know, with a faith as convincing as possible, but you will never do it enough. For I am sometimes struck by this fact: there is, among certain Frenchmen I meet, a sort of apathetic deformation of what I call the initial idea of the war. It seems as though they have reached the point of being, all in all, satisfied with the action now directed by the French government: a strict maintenance of the terms of the armistice—defense of our empire against any side. It is, perhaps, indispensable as a matter of fact, but it is extremely humiliating and discouraging to hear, especially when uttered by what might be considered as an elite group.

Now September of 1939 isn't far behind us. France went to war with a precise aim, against an immense danger, for herself in the first place and for the others as well: the danger of German National Socialism. Her unpreparedness was a crime, but not the fact of going to war. Here is the exact point on which I ask you to harp incessantly. The French people must not begin to ask themselves why they went to war and whether it was necessary. That would constitute a very dangerous distortion of thought. When I have discussions with these particular French people whose state of mind I am trying to give you, I always have the painful impression that for them, without their formulating it in so many words, National Socialist Germany—well, that is the enemy victor, quantity X about which there isn't much to consider, in short. As to England, there is another quantity X—and not the ally with whom we started a terribly gallant and important battle for the fate of the world.

Understand me well, I am not trying to bear down on these French; like all of us they have suffered enormously from events

and our reverse. It should be repeated to them and demonstrated that Germany is a dangerous quantity, that England without doubt conducts against her the fiercest combat in which she has ever engaged, that we engaged in it also, that in France we lost at arms, but that her cause remains ours and that we are with her in heart and mind, while waiting to be able to do better. I feel strongly that this is the truth and that all mental speculations one might engage in outside of this are false, ugly, and might prove, if numerous, that our people were really going to their destruction.

This letter, from a family living in occupied France, was sent to London by airplane, via Tangiers.

The supreme cleverness was to use Pétain and his popularity to make the French believe the moon is made of green cheese. Our newspapers have reached the last degree of ignominy, of baseness and servility, and the poor slice of sandwich that forms unoccupied France shrinks and flattens out more and more between the two vices compressing it. The collapse of France and her empire was produced so frightfully quickly that everyone was instantly knocked out. Why! the war was ended when it seemed hardly a fortnight since it had begun. And despite the feeling of despair caused by defeat, the solace in the thought that people would no longer be killed overbore the feeling of shame with most people.

But little by little there is a reaction, especially among the peasants, the little people, for the bourgeois would be more ready to rally to the present state of things since they are not yet suffering severely from them. And then the new government seems to have "right-minded" tendencies: free masonry being dislocated, "virtue" alone will reign in France—"work, family, the nation" replace "liberty, equality, fraternity." And France is

going to be renovated by repentance, expiation, humility, obedience, effacing the last seventy-five years from her history.

No, and no again—we don't like this abasement in the French. To be sure we know all the tares in the parliamentary regime; no one denies that there are immense reforms to undertake, but one would like a more virile and energetic manner of talking, and reintegration won't occur because they fall from one excess into the other. Our defeat ought to be the whiplash under which one bucks and grits one's teeth; it ought not to make us groan and cover our heads with ashes.

Little by little you understand—without understanding—why and how the catastrophe occurred. A rumor rises, a big word circulates from mouth to mouth, and always the same, with a big T—Treason. Our abasement, our total abandon is compared with the more honorable attitude of Holland which did not conclude an armistice and preserves its colonies, with that of Norway, even of Belgium, despite the king's surrender which was neither that of its government nor of its people.

From a Parisian woman of the French aristocracy, now living in Marseille, to a friend in America. April 1941.

The situation here? Confused but alive. Don't believe that all the French are "collaborationists." It is a way of thinking without nuances—American fashion. The masses are Gaullists. The officials have apparent power. Business people (whose duty it was, I believe, to work) are disappointed. The people who think they are "in the know" and the society people are fooling themselves.

Hunger? It exists. Don't think by statistics, think of human beings. For the little people *it is horrible*, for the people of small means it is painful, for the very rich it's not bad. The differences become disquieting. At the end of all this—world revolution.

Don't get angry over the French *mea culpa*. Those who are sincere don't express it. It is true that hearts and minds have become purified. Most people prefer to die once and for all than to be present at the definitive installation of the Axis. Furthermore, even as victors, how second-class and humiliated "they" (the Germans) are! But in France there is no going backward. And no one wants it. Something is coming that we all feel very strongly without being able to define it. Mad? Perhaps I am, but I think that this something will be born here *in France*, and I don't want to leave her.

Once again, as to the question of food supply of every sort—it is serious, very, *very serious*. This American milk will save a few children for two months. It's a handful of sand (still very appreciable) in the sea. Thus can a generation perish.

The résumé of my position: I believe we shall see terrible days—and that they will be worth the suffering.

CHAPTER VIII

The Germans *The Feeling about "Collaboration"*

Two engineers from Lyon write to the B.B.C., London. July 30, 1940.

We perfectly understand the reasons that oblige your aviators to bombard our airdromes, our stations, our bridges, our railways, but what is particularly agreeable for us to hear is the bombardments on Germany, from which we anticipate at the same time economic disorganization, the collapse of the morale of the population and, by repercussion, that of the army. We have already been able to ascertain how numerous were the German soldiers among the occupation troops who were worried by the possible effect of the bombardment on their families, especially when these soldiers came from frequently bombarded cities, like Hamburg, for instance.

From a Frenchwoman living in Cornavin Station, Switzerland, to the B.B.C., London. August 26, 1940.

It is with pleasure that I hear the rumbling of your planes passing over Geneva and going to sow panic in Italy. Keep on bombarding—that's the message I send to your planes when they pass over my villa: good luck and return quickly to London.

From a woman living in the Alps, near the Swiss border, to the B.B.C., London. August 28, 1940 (posted in Geneva).

If you only knew the joy we all feel when we hear the R.A.F. at night flying overhead in the direction of either Italy or Germany. We feel the joy of just vengeance, for infallibly the next morning we learn that the Boches or the "Macaronis," the odious Italians, have been bombarded by your courageous aviators. Oh, I repeat, if you could only read the joy everyone feels in learning about these bombardments! Yesterday morning in a train from Annemasse, the train crew and the travelers, of whom I was one, did not contain their joy when they heard of the previous night's R.A.F. raid. People, radiantly happy, accost each other in the streets. On every face joy and also hope can be read, for we French, we Savoyards, very well know that our only salvation resides in the victory of your arms, and in that of our (too little alas) French army in England.

Some days ago, one of these recent evenings when we were dining at eight-fifteen, we were naturally listening to your broadcast. All at once one of our familiar military marches sounded forth. An old mother started weeping, hearing one of the patriotic songs, alas, we no longer hear at home. We were all overcome with emotion, but despite our sadness we were happy. It was France, living again.

An inhabitant of Avignon (unoccupied France) writes to the B.B.C., London, about German "tourists." September 10, 1940.

Our radio speaks evil of very brave people and of the most valiant fighters, but we know how to read it or listen to it, in reverse. We very firmly believe that we shall *soon* be able to hear it

in the right way, without racking our brains. Marseille and Avignon are at this moment two centers of attraction. How many refugees, both desirable and undesirable, have, some of them, fled to these two cities, while others have remained hidden there? Some of us French have lynx eyes and recognize those who are Germans: twenty out of a hundred! They haven't the Parisian style. They lack that indescribable something that they will never have. Yet they are gotten up in the most beautiful clothes, most beautiful handbags, most beautiful shoes which haven't cost them much! But the final bill hasn't been presented—the figures will be very high and the creditors wish to be paid *very quickly*.

From a man living in the unoccupied zone, to France Forever, New York.

The immense majority of the country have remained faithful to their traditional ideal. In the free zone one can manage to obtain Swiss papers.

In August the Germans evidenced great confidence and ambitious projects; England's account would be settled on August 15, Italy would come afterward, for they have only scorn for their Axis allies; once Europe had become entirely domesticated and Germanized, they could, after a minute preparation, attack the United States of America, that preparation taking place at the same time in Europe and in the United States themselves. The projects have been postponed, which has provoked great astonishment and a great deception; the attitude of the United States, by its increasing firmness, excites their fury and fear to the highest pitch. They were surprised at having verified for themselves that, under the so discredited democratic regime, people lived much more com-

fortably than at home; their enthusiasm fell a long way; yet actually it would be vain to await a revolt on their part. The war will have to be brought home to them, their homes destroyed, their factories burned by aerial bombardment, for them to comprehend that war is an enterprise that involves risks and that no longer pays.

In conclusion, the entire world must know that each individual, each nation, is menaced by the design of the German people to achieve hegemony; they will consider every means good to attain their ends; today they will flatter the country whose momentary neutrality they desire to assure, and then will attack it when it is to their advantage. The fate they reserve for the vanquished peoples is a regime of slavery and oppression which makes existence intolerable.

LET EACH ONE OF THOSE NOT YET ENGAGED IN THE MILITARY STRUGGLE CONSECRATE A PART OF HIS TIME, HIS ACTIVITY, HIS MEANS TO AID IN WARDING OFF ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE SCOURGES THAT EVER MENACED HUMANITY.

A Frenchwoman living in Morocco writes to the B.B.C. in London about the Germans in France. October 28, 1940.

All have placed their hope in the English victory which they count for certain since the fine and courageous resistance of the English people. We felt great anxiety at the start. Will they hold out? we asked ourselves. They have held and they are holding. We admire the valor of a people who have never had war at home, and we count on their victory which will free us from the yoke.

Could these Germans, who were said to be so correct, have changed since the war of '70 about which I heard discussions last year in France by persons who had been able in that epoch

to appreciate their blackguardism? And then the blackguardism of '14-'18! Who doesn't recall the atrocities, the brutalities, the acts of banditry which were committed at the moment of the invasion of Belgium and the north of France?

No, a Boche isn't changed in a few years. He remains the brute he was. Accordingly, the worst should have been feared. We were almost surprised, but everything is happening just as in the past. In the inhabited and comfortable houses they choose what pleases them, they make packages and send them to sweet Germany and, when they are drunk, sack the rest. They eat and drink like swine and when they throw up the excess of what they have ingurgitated they wake up the housewife, regardless of the hour of the night, to clean up. I am utterly exhausted, one of these housewives wrote recently from the occupied zone.

Pieces of furniture locked with a key are broken open to take what they want. On days of revelry they break the furniture. They fire revolvers at the mirrors and everything else as well. It must be to raise their morale, for according to the statements of escaped prisoners the Germans in the regions frequently bombarded by the R.A.F. are pretty well demoralized, so great is their anxiety about their families. We rejoice at this, that this cursed nation also knows the horrors of war that it is accustomed to inflict on others.

We are going through terrible anxieties—our anguish is almost as great as at the moment of the armistice. Will our government give England the stab in the back that Mussolini gave us? We can't believe that Marshal Pétain would lend himself to such dastardliness. But they deceive him, and the "Gray Eminence" (Laval) who gravitates in his shadow would recoil at nothing to see his projects succeed. A man whom the majority of Frenchmen hold in contempt will speak in the name of these same Frenchmen!

Everything has been well orchestrated to detach the French from the English! The last invention, and one of those having most success here, is the following: the English victory is the victory of the Jews; consequently we won't make cause with them. The effect produced is very great, for here they are held in horror; there are too many of them. I shall not speak of the French press—it is ignoble. The last news I received from France mentioned the disgust that the newspapers inspired in their readers. They're sickening, I was told, and everything else as well, including the radio.

The French wife of an American describes to a friend in New York what she saw in France. November 12, 1940.

I shall never forget the vision of our last long walk along the roads of France on which blew catastrophe. And then the occupation, the saddest, most lugubrious, most shameful for a Frenchman. To see the Boches treading the soil of France; the Boches in Paris; the Boches marching on the Champs-Élysées; the Boches installed in our palaces, emptying our shops, getting drunk on our famous wines; the Boches being served in our restaurants; making our midinettes work to dress their fat "Gretchens"; emptying our museums; filling Paris with their dirty hinged cross rags; and robbing all the houses and apartments, plundering, stealing everything (they pillaged my house from top to bottom, I learned in Lisbon on June 12). To see a "Macaroni" strutting on our Champs-Élysées; those glass-blower torsos as you call them, talking as victors; those cowards who never dared fight the French; those poltroons who gain victories without battles; those whom the entire world despises. To see that, that! All that! It's a hundred times worse than being bombed! Is it possible that really we may not

someday have our revenge for so much shame, so much suffering, so many humiliations! . . .

In the first days of the war I recall a sneer addressed to the English printed in big letters on the walls of Rome: "The English have missed the bus." Some days later someone had added: "But they have enough money to pay for a taxi." Someday the sneer about the bus ought to be put back on the walls of Rome and added to it in big letters (by the English themselves): "The taxi has arrived."

From a small manufacturer, refugee in the south, to the B.B.C., London. December 15, 1940.

I take advantage of an unhopcd-for opportunity to send you some express news from the south of France. People are becoming themselves again. The bludgeon blow of June is past and the people again have confidence and courage. We owe you, who are defending France's interests with so much intensity and conviction, eternal gratitude. Yes, our friends of yesterday are still our friends today, and more than ever. The British nation and the courageous army of Free France will save our country. Our faith is unbreakable. Today, the one hundred and seventy-third day of oppression and moral suffering, is the anniversary day of His Majesty the King of England. We should like to celebrate this event with you. Today is also the day of Laval's dismissal; he is called "the second-hand dealer" by the exiled Lorrainers. Today we have also heard the announcement of the defeat of the Italians in Libya. It has indeed been a good week.

Before giving you some impressions as to what is happening about me I wish first to introduce myself. I am a small manufacturer in the east, a refugee in the Gard. I could easily go back

into the prohibited zone to work with the big metallurgic factories of Meurthe-et-Moselle. Well, no! Despite the prospect of making a great deal of money I prefer to live here in very modest circumstances. The interest of the nation transcends everything.

I have passed the age of military obligations and, despite that, you can count on my enlistment in the de Gaulle army as well as that of my *two* sons, as soon as the allied armies are in France. This is a solemn engagement. Since July *no newspaper* has entered my home, the French news of the radio are never listened to. On the other hand, all the broadcasts from London are greeted with fervor.

The attitude of our publicists is quite simply lamentable. The recruiting of the Fifth Column must be made in that circle. What ravages these ignoble fellows commit from the point of view of influencing the sentiment of certain Frenchmen toward our friend England. This anti-English campaign is revolting. Fortunately in occupied territory people are less accessible to the mendacious influences of our press and radio. The immense majority of the population of the invaded regions is Anglophile and ardently wishes the victory of our allies.

In the south a unanimous sentiment, that of seeing the Italians crushed by the English and the Greeks. Many people evidently wish for an English victory (these are the intelligent people). Others simply manifest a great indifference and don't believe in the English victory under pretext that our army was beaten and that the English soldier isn't as good as the French soldier. This opinion exists even in certain military circles. But for some time now a change has been taking place among the officers.

In any case the Lorrainers driven from Moselle give the natives of the Gard a fine example of patriotism. In this connection I can tell you a little fact which will please you. Some

days ago the prefect of Nîmes, M. Chiappe, went to pay a visit to the exiled Lorrainers at St. Cézare les Nîmes. The former thinking to comfort these unfortunates had the awkwardness in his speech to speak of collaboration with the Boches. Result: M. Chiappe was copiously hissed.

Another little fact that one of my friends in the occupied zone mentions to me. In a great agricultural exploitation in Champagne the Germans sent *empty* potato bags marked "Imported from Germany." The bags were then filled and sent to Paris. These are probably the 100,000 tons of "German" potatoes of the Berlin-Vichy accord—unless the turnips sold in the south come from Germany and are delivered to us by the Boches under the denomination "kartoffel."

I could tell you a great deal more, but time presses and my letter must leave.

A woman secretary living in St. Jean Pied de Port (occupied zone of the Pyrénées) tells American friends about her life with the Germans. December 20, 1940.

Here life is always the same. If one goes out walking after the curfew one has to blacken fifty or one hundred pair of boots, and they are high. If, by chance, one jostles a soldier in the street one has to stand for hours in a corner facing a wall.

We are not hungry, no. But eggs aren't to be found, they are for these gentlemen.

From a war veteran of 1914-18, living in Paris, to the B.B.C., London. December 20, 1940.

I am a veteran combatant who served fifty-one months in the other war, who is disgusted to see what is happening and obsessed with the idea that for some time the Boches won't leave

our beautiful country which they are robbing, plundering, and trying to compromise by making it the enemy of England.

Nevertheless, I am convinced they won't achieve their object in this regard and that, in the very improbable case that one of the traitors of Vichy's sinister band should succeed in doing something, he would do it only in his personal name and that no one would march behind him. That is something you can say and proclaim.

We have already mentioned that the French who are a fundamentally honest people will not collaborate with the most ignoble malefactors the entire world has ever produced. Still less will we go and fight for such scoundrels.

In my opinion this ought to be sufficient to give you an idea of the state of mind of real Frenchmen.

If you only knew how terrified the Boche is of the English airplanes! It is, after all, in the natural order, for there is nothing more terrifying for assassins than the fear of chastisement.

An inhabitant of Orange (Provence) expresses his feelings about the Italians and the Germans. January 9, 1941.

You will never believe with what joy I heard over the radio about the success of the allied troops at Bardia. Yes, these Babists, these puppets of Hitler, deserve a lesson. May it be given them—to the annihilation of these cowards.

I have only one regret: it is to be unable to participate, and if I knew a way to join my comrades of Free France I would not hesitate a second to leave. I can affirm to you that I would not be the only one to leave, for in France there are many true Frenchmen who ask God and the allied troops to drive the Germanic hordes from this beautiful land of France.

In my neighborhood there is an Italian Fascist family who

during the war and before were propagandizing for the Duce—I might even add were spies and members of the Fifth Column whose French chief was that traitor, that vicious fellow Laval. I should like to be able to say to them, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"; for they're still trying to dominate us with their pretentious behavior. Fortunately we will beat them, the Babists and then the Boches. All of us in France are living with that hope. In closing I say good-by for the present. Long live France! Long live England! Long live the Allies!

From occupied France, a woman who had previously lived in Boston writes to WRUL. January 12, 1941.

We are having a very severe winter to which we aren't accustomed, almost as cold as in Boston, about which I can speak for I lived in that city for three years and my children were even born there. We have houses without fires, the youngsters freeze and so do the poor old people, for Messrs. the Fridolins have collected the coal and now are distributing it to the necessitous. They are playing generous, but no one wants to apply to them, even for warmth.

Ah, I should think not! Happily we keep up hope of being rid of them soon, for England while defending herself is defending us, with General de Gaulle, a brave man whom we must honor! Our hope is stronger since we are sure of American aid; it encourages all French hearts and the Fridolins feel all the enmity of the French people. For, believe me, there aren't many who want to collaborate with them; no, we can only feel rancor and hatred against people who are dressed as soldiers and are only gangsters.

I wonder where your station is? Is it near the State House? I often used to walk with my children along the Charles River

and in Fenway Park. So many memories. . . . Excuse me, and give your city the best remembrances of a Franco-American.

From Lisbon a Frenchman writes to Pierre Bourdan, French commentator of the B.B.C., London. January 17, 1941.

Having had the good fortune to be able to leave chained France, all my comrades have begged me to write you to express the confidence we place in the virile energy of "Free France." Every evening we enter our sanctuary, a bedroom where, in a corner, between two vases on which are engraved the sacred names of Verdun and Yser, the radio set that brings us hope is enthroned on a desk. Each victory of England and her ally Free France raises our enthusiasm and revives our soul avid to serve. The "Italian puppet" makes us laugh a great deal and soon we hope to be able to return to him his dagger thrust, under an energetic and durable form, so that it will be a lesson to him. Recent events show that this counterfeit shadow of Hitler will forever be Italy's shame; really, ancient Rome didn't deserve that.

With a feeling of disgust we see the Boches installed in Marseille with their faithful servants the Italians. Each time we see them pass sprawling in their motors, we know that it is they and the French Boches who are responsible for the martyrdom of France. It's because of them that the housewife has no more provisions for her little ones, that the children commence to lose their fine complexions, and that the poor people groan under the stings of cold. All the products of France are on German tables while we receive some rotten potatoes. We submit to the laws of the stronger, yet we hope. Our hearts are moved at the thought that England and Free France continue the strife without us. Give us a sign, a gesture, give us the

possibility, and all France unanimously will stand virile, erect, ready to push the abject invader out of France and annihilate him.

Three young men living in unoccupied France write to WRUL, Boston. January 18, 1941.

Air squadrons sometimes fly over our region and we are happy to hear them pass by, going and returning, while giving them in thought our "incendiary" regards to convey to "Signor Musso," the recordman of the rearward march. The comments of your newspapers are particularly savored here, and when you tell us that the Duce's troops continue their advance in the direction of — Italy, it amuses us a great deal.

You know how scanty the news is here; our papers have only one sheet and our journalists think it proper to fill this page with a novelette or even a short story. So you see the space they give to news at a time when Europe is so convulsed.

We are thankful that we have you to inform us, as well as the B.B.C. which we follow regularly, despite the attempts to scramble the broadcasts.

You mentioned that letters were sometimes opened by the English censorship. Hoping that this one also will be opened I take the liberty, in the name of the three signers, of expressing our admiration and our regards to our valiant Britons, and of hoping soon to have the pleasure of seeing them here in our home.

From a young girl in occupied zone to General de Gaulle. January 1941.

General, I am writing you this letter with great emotion, for it is such a joy for me to address General de Gaulle. You can-

not conceive the comfort you bring to us, as here in a little town of 4000 inhabitants we are under the German boot.

These are some of the things the Boches have inflicted on people sixty kilometers from here. Students had posted signs with the following inscription: "Greece is hot—Macaronis cooked. Long live General de Gaulle." In reprisals the city was condemned to forty days without meat. Now in the theater or cinemas the civilians are to keep a distance from the soldiers (note that if I were there I'd keep very far indeed), the reason being that recently a German soldier emerged from the cinema with a sign fastened on his back reading: "I am a de Gaullist." You can imagine how the people laughed.

Other facts, in the same city. There are some English nuns imprisoned in unheated rooms; everything they eat must be cold; they are allowed to accept food from the civilians, but it must be given to them cold.

Here in our town the Boche patrol inflicts a two-hundred-franc fine the first time, and eight days' imprisonment the second time, on the person who fails to camouflage his window—they are so afraid of the English bombers! In our town a Fridolin committed suicide, after he had been home on leave and learned that his wife and two children had been killed by the bombardments. That is why the German radio always reports that there has been no damage.

New Year's Day, our town observed the hour of meditation requested by you, except for a few individuals, and these we have marked; later we'll know how to punish them. Here the Cross of Lorraine is the fashion; a manufacturer, father of twelve children, makes them. His twenty-two-year-old daughter wore French and English flags as a boutonnière. The Boches took her to the Kommandantur and told her that they were going to imprison her.

I don't know anything else to tell you. If my letter reaches you I will send others.

All my admiration and sympathy for the French and English combatants.

Long live victory! Long live France! Long live England!

In a letter to WRUL, Boston, a veteran of 1914 describes relations with the Germans in unoccupied France. January 30, 1941.

(First paragraph of the letter written in English and quoted verbatim.)

This letter is for expressing you our gratefulness for your broadcasts from Boston. I have run my whole early youth through Lyon city, and forty years of my life in popular meetings with children or men of coal fields and metallurgic work. During the war 1914-18 I was under the staff of Marshal Pétain and with American troops in France during six months, at Rambervillers, St. Mihiel. Then I have something to tell you about thoughts of Frenchmen concerning German, Englishmen, and the present situation in France. Now let me speak in French, please.

Today nearly all the French frankly wish for the English victory. But it wasn't so last July. Little by little the French have come to understand that England sinned through ignorance, and that she thought that no one would dare attack her fleet. Despite everything a feeling of distrust toward that nation persists among many, though everyone desires her victory.

The Germans— Oh! as to that, we feel toward them the frank and involuntary repulsion one feels toward a viper. This feeling exists not only against an enemy but especially against a crafty and treacherous enemy. It is useless to speak of their

public acts; everyone knows them. But their perversity goes so far that even in the unoccupied zone they manage everything, but in subterranean ways. The German Armistice Commission is installed in the best hotels of Lyon: the Terminus, l'Angleterre, Carlton, Bristol, Royal, and others. There they don't give their orders directly to the French people, but to the civil servants of the French State, the prefects, and the police. No French civil servant can do the least thing without their authorization. All the passports are visaed by the prefects and controlled by the Germans. All the victuals and diverse raw materials are in the hands of the prefects and so is the French food-supply organization; the Germans exact accountings and take what they please. I have just seen today again two pinnaces full of barley made fast to the quay on the Saône and about to leave for Alsace.

All the radio programs must pass through their hands, even the songs. The Lyon newspapers are obliged to go twice, sometimes three times a day, to the Hôtel d'Angleterre to have their proofs corrected; furthermore, they have to insert any article given them by the Germans. The German mark is obligatorily quoted at twenty francs, though it should be worth only three francs, this money not being secured by gold any more than the French franc. Stores are obliged to accept this money; it is this, in part at least, that enables the Germans at slight expense to take possession of everything they want. They have also taken most of the French railway cars and locomotives; the trains are reduced by three quarters and the timetables are controlled by the Germans—and without appeal.

But the most serious thing is that there is a secret Gestapo even in the region pretendedly free. This German police is affiliated with the French. I know one of the latter, I have seen his papers stamped with the German eagle, and I have heard

him boast of having arrested three other Frenchmen. On their secret indications the armistice commission gives the order to the government of Vichy or simply to the French prefects to arrest such a person, to replace such a functionary. Many have been dismissed for the sole reason that they didn't love the Germans.

I don't speak of the factories; all those that make war material, or simply have some connection with war, have their directing personnel entirely governed by the armistice commission. In short, in the free zone the German is absolutely the master and directs everything without letting it be seen by the people. But the people see it and know it. They say nothing in the factories, for the Gestapo is there. When they leave the factories they go in small groups and orders are given in the street. Next day everyone follows these orders.

Around Christmas time, with the temperature about fifteen degrees below zero in a large factory workshop open to all the winds, the rundles, doors, and gratings of stoves that to some small degree warmed the shop where the workers toiled, had been removed during the night. The workers said nothing, seemed to see nothing. Next morning, in silence, they gathered all the sheet metal, pierced holes in it and made braziers in which they put the factory's metallurgical coke. The Germans? Of them they say: "We'll collaborate with them when they have left us, and then we will see how."

The government of Vichy—the French support it as the lesser evil. But it is the most tyrannical government that has ever existed. It has all the power without any counterweight to temper it. One has to obey to the letter without making the slightest complaint, not even opening one's mouth. There is no more assurance against arbitrariness. . . .

From an alimentary point of view we are heading for famine

in the months of May and June. It has been four months since any potatoes have been sold in Lyon. All the alimentary provisions are rationed to the last degree and are supplied by the food-supply service which has the monopoly of purchases. In the free zone the black market scarcely exists any longer; the producers keep their products for themselves. People hold the fort because approximately all have some small reserves in their cupboards. But in three months these reserves will be virtually exhausted. The producer has had to declare everything, even the date of birth of calves and, good-natured fellow that he is, he has almost everywhere made honest declarations. Only they took him in treachery; they assured him in every way that this was not being done with any idea of requisitioning. In a township the food-supply organization came to collect swine. Some people had killed theirs; so they took them from the salting-tubs. A neighboring township, hearing of it, killed all its swine. The food-supply organization came later and took all the swine in the salting-tubs, took their meat cards from the people (at least from some), and fined the township 15,000 francs; and this township had only one hundred and eighty inhabitants. Result? I know at least one farmer who has sown only enough to feed his own family. Discontent increases rapidly. Pétain is accused of being only a German governor who has allowed the free zone to come to the same point as the occupied zone.

Under these conditions it would be better for his fame if he left the responsibility of government, even in the free zone, to the Germans. All his program of reforms, even the just ones, become unpopular.

The future of France is appalling, even if England is victorious. Grim perspectives! The young people won't go any further. One of them just came into my room crying: "What we need is a revolution!" Despite these sadnesses we have happy remembrances of the United States and even of England.

*From a factory owner living in Paris to a friend in America.
January 1941.*

I was demobilized shortly after the war began, in order to take charge of armament work, but could not reach my family, which had fled to my wife's home at C—. When that town was bombed my family got as far as Vichy, where they slept on hay for a fortnight. When they could return to C— they found the house completely looted by the Germans. After about a month we were finally reunited in Paris.

We feel lucky to have suffered no worse, for there are no depths of misery that were not to be seen during this cyclone—bombing of civilians, cars wrecked and burning along the road, and all that. Yes, one could see every horror during those days when the population of France was streaming along the roads, like water from a river in flood.

And how could all this have happened? Many reasons, many, many! Complete unpreparedness compared with the preparedness that the Germans had been working on since 1933. In Germany everything had been subordinated to armament on a formidable scale and under the impulsion of a fanaticism beyond belief. And all that time we were just jogging along comfortably, or, rather, we kept on playing internal politics with fatal results, indifferent to socialistic and communistic penetration, shutting our eyes to political corruption and eating up what our newspapers fed us in the line of our invincibility and of German weakness.

Modern war absolutely demands a thoroughgoing technical preparation such as we did not have.

Where war is being waged or where a country is getting ready to defend itself, democratic procedure must be simplified and must be given methods of quick decision and action.

Believe us, we know now, only too well, that war is no game of marbles. What is needed is that everyone must be ready to sacrifice everything that he has. We Frenchmen are ready to give all, but it is too late!

I hardly need to say how precarious our present existence is—food situation difficult (often absolutely critical in Paris), no coal, very little work, and a continuous and tenacious propaganda.

We do our best to ignore the occupation that so heavily weighs us down. We all the time sense the precariousness of Franco-German relations. We are under martial law, with all its dangers. It is almost "lucky" for us that the purely material question of trying to keep alive is so important in our minds that we have no time to think. The chaos of ideas is complete and it is impossible to see ahead.

But the soul of a great people cannot die!

(By courtesy of the New York Herald Tribune.)

A woman from Brittany writes to the Free French Forces. March 1941.

Opportunities in Brittany for sending out letters are too rare for us to let a single one escape. Here are some facts that will show you how "correct" our new and undesirable tourists are:

Sometime ago a letter full of insults came to the Kommandantur of our city. It was signed "A Collegian." The Boches, furious, went to the college to find the culprit. But there was no culprit there for the good reason that this letter had been intentionally written by a German. The poor collegians under a pelting rain were obliged to do all the heaviest labor (transport of heavy iron bars and unloading of coal for these gentlemen).

Furthermore, for a yes or a no you have to serve a short prison term, and besides you have to wait your turn and you are re-

ceived only by appointment. The Germans will have to change their tactics because now, for us, going to prison is the greatest honor that can be given a French person.

Wearing the Cross of Lorraine is prohibited; but if it is forbidden to wear it ostentatiously, it is nevertheless possible to put it under your coat.

It is also forbidden to the Germans to get drunk, and yet they drown their sorrows in wine waiting for the day when they will be drowned in the Channel.

NOTE: The letter bears the design of an insignia with the following remarks: "Here is the insignia we wear and which we make ourselves. Pale blue cloth, bordered with white. Two poles [*deux gaules*] embroidered in white [*de Gaulle*]; four holes [*quatre trous*] bordered with white on a red background [*Catroux*]. In the middle we hook on our red Lorraine Cross.

*An air-mail letter from a Frenchman to N.B.C., New York.
May 12, 1941.*

I am writing you from the free zone. We are for the English and the Americans. I know not of a single "collaborator" in our little town. These you will find in the large cities, among persons with a fat purse or lucrative job to shield—lawyers, officials, military men of high rank. But the people, workers and peasants, have stayed sane and are not fooled; and 99 per cent of the small clergy take their stand against the Germans, in the name of the Christian ideal which the Anglo-Saxons are upholding . . . without the help of France.

Pétain has been able to dupe a number of young Frenchmen; his train of followers is quite sizable in unoccupied France. He spoke of maintaining our national honor, of bringing about a rebirth of France, and the youngsters believed him—mistakenly. Veterans of the other war who, like myself, know his weakness

and defeatism (in March 1918, for instance) have never put any faith in him. We will never understand why, in this war, we did not carry on with our splendid navy and our colonies, side by side with our admirable British allies. All our successive concessions and surrenders spring from this first and greatest dishonor.

And now the collaborators are saving their skins and sinking their country into a shame worse than any people has ever known. And it is sad irony that those who are betraying and throttling France are military men, generals, admirals, whose duty it especially is to fight for her to the last breath.

We are living in the midst of lies; we can get the truth only from New York and London. It would be heartbreaking if Admiral Leahy left France. At least may your radio stations remain with us, we beg of you.

ADVICE TO THE OCCUPIED

(Typewritten leaflet secretly circulated in occupied France)

1. Street vendors offer THEM maps of Paris and conversation manuals; busses pour out wave after wave of THEM in front of Notre Dame and the Pantheon; every single one of THEM has his little camera screwed to his eye, but have no illusions: they are not tourists!

2. THEY are the victors. Be correct with THEM but don't put yourselves out to accommodate THEM so as to please THEM, or curry favor with THEM. Don't get excited about helping THEM. Besides, THEY won't feel any better toward you for doing it.

3. You do not know THEIR language, or else you have forgotten it. If one of THEM should speak to you in German make some sign of ignorance and go on your way. If he should ask you a question in French, don't think it is your duty to

show him the right way by walking any distance with him. He is no walking companion. If in a café, or a restaurant, he should attempt to get into conversation with you, politely make him understand that you are not in the least interested in what he has to say.

4. If THEY think it is clever to pour defeatism into the hearts of citizens by offering free concerts on our squares you are not obliged to attend. Stay at home, or go to the country and hear the birds sing.

5. Ever since you have been "occupied" THEY are parading to your dishonor. Ought you to watch them? No, it is much better that you should interest yourself in the shop windows. This is far more exciting, since at the rate at which THEY are filling up their trucks, there won't be anything left to buy soon.

6. We all agree. THEY can sing in chorus. Yet THEY sing by command, as if for breathing exercises. With us, our soldier sings out of tune and rarely keeps in time, but he knows nothing of "Singing chores," he sings when he feels like it.

7. Reading our newspapers has never been recommended to those who want to learn to speak French correctly. Today THEY go even a step further: Paris dailies do not even think in French. Abandoned by your newspapers, separated from your family and your friends, learn to think for yourself. But tell yourself in this enforced distress that the voice which pretends to cheer you up is that of Dr. Goebbels.

8. THEY are very talkative. THEY pat the children, THEY smile at the mother, and THEY begin to lament over the fate of France. Then follows the old refrain, "You poor French, you have been dragged into this wretched war by a government bribed by England." THEY will repeat this to anyone on any occasion. THEIR great mute is really a great chatterbox.¹

¹The French army has been dubbed "the great mute" because it does not have the vote.

9. It is forbidden to tear down their posters. Therefore you don't even touch THEM. But why do THEIR uniformed St. Vincent de Pauls have such difficulty in keeping THEIR heads on THEIR shoulders?²

10. Show a beautiful indifference, but store up your wrath in secret, it will come in handy someday.

11. The German eagle parades pompously, using the goose step. Going to war against England he sings ostentatiously—but it is his swan song.

12. While Hannibal was besieging the city, a Roman citizen bought a plot of land on which the Carthaginians were camping. He knew well that Hannibal wouldn't stay there forever.

13. You grumble because THEY force you to be in by 11 P.M. Don't you realize that this is in order to allow you to hear the B.B.C.?

14. You have already seen all kinds of colors. The Greens, the Grays, and Blacks came first. THEY were the military. Now come those without definite coloring. Whole groups of THEM arrive with their wives and children. To look at THEM you'd think THEY were civilians. Dressed in peaceful jackets or innocent-looking dresses, THEY live in your house. THEY listen at your doors. THEY inform against your remarks. THEY are quiet, so you don't hear the famous clack of hobnailed boots which makes one prick one's ears and automatically close one's mouth. Beware of all of THEM, men and women alike.³

²This refers to a current poster in occupied France which features a German soldier in uniform giving his hand to a little French child and saying, "Your country deserted you but I will help you." The French call it the St. Vincent de Paul poster, because St. Vincent de Paul is the patron saint of charities. These posters are never left whole. They are torn down by the French almost as soon as posted.

³"To have seen all colors" is a French idiomatic phrase meaning to have been through all kinds of things. Here it is used with a double meaning, for the different branches of the German army wear different colors. The regular army is in green, the Schutzstaffel or "Elite Guards" is in black, etc.

15. In anticipation of gas attacks you were made to sweat under a rubber mug. You smile at these precautions now. You are glad to have saved your lungs. Will you also manage to save your hearts and minds? Do you realize that THEY have managed to poison the air you breathe, to pollute the sources at which you want to quench your thirst, to pervert the meaning of words you still wish to use? Now the hour of the true "passive defense" has come. THEIR radio and press are in good order. Inspect your armor against fear and easy resignation. Watch yourself. Though there is no more fighting in France the war is not over. It goes on, and now, more than ever, everyone should contribute to the final crushing blow of the Nazi troops. Your military chiefs have been incapable. At no time did they want to fight, and they allowed France to be invaded.

The French must take themselves well in hand and show that there are still men who at no price will be willing to submit to Hitler. Let us be confident in the struggle taken up by England. The R.A.F. bombs German towns daily. The Rhineland and the Ruhr have already been badly damaged. Paris, overflowing with German troops, is not an open city and will be bombed by the R.A.F. as any other place where German troops are concentrated.

Avoid getting close to German barracks and cantonments, for they may be bombed at any time. Never join German military movements of trucks and soldiers, for you may thus paralyze the work of the British aviators. Avoid taking trains, for the railroads may be bombed any minute.

English parachutists arrive in France every day. Their work has already been started in numerous places. Very soon destructive elements will be in a position to apply their systematic sabotage on German bases in France. French, don't hinder their work in any way. Every blow struck at Hitler is a gain for you. Every defeat for Hitler is a victory for you. Don't forget that

peace has not yet been signed and let us strive by all means to firmly reestablish again our position among "the Allies."

Don't forget that Parisian papers are German papers.

Every day at 9:15 P.M. listen in to the English broadcasting station "Free France."

Signed: The French Legion in France.

NOTE: This leaflet should be rapidly distributed among your friends and connections. Help the chain "the French cause." Make many copies of this and circularize it.

(By courtesy of the Christian Science Monitor.)

CHAPTER IX

The Free French Forces

*An engineer in Bordeaux writes to the Free French Forces.
July 24, 1940.*

Since General de Gaulle's first appeal many Frenchmen (and I among them) have wanted to leave for England, but how could we manage? How to get out? The surveillance is very strict and without external assistance it is almost impossible.

I know that I could be of great service to the French Legion either in the military line (where I was mobilized), or in the technical line (I am an engineer by profession), but the problem of the passage is beyond us.

Tell the whole truth to France—even the most cruel truth, and France will awaken.

An inhabitant of Clermont-Ferrand writes in English to the B.B.C., London. July 25, 1940.

I must thank you very much for your French broadcasts. They are bringing us a good deal of hope, since our radio is so often censored—and controlled. I hope the censor will let pass this letter and with this hope I ask you to inform General de Gaulle that my heart is with him, and that I am expecting the French Legion, under his command, to come shortly to blow out the German brutes. He must be assured that as soon as he reaches France, nobody could stop the true French to join him for the

liberation. You can tell everybody in England that a very big number of real good Frenchmen are looking upon the English victory as their own victory, because they know that nothing good and great can be done by Adolf Hitler.

A woman of Roanne asks to be the "marraine" of a Free French soldier. July 28, 1940. (Letter censored by Military Postal Control.)

Excuse me for the liberty I take in writing you. I am a Frenchwoman who would like very much to be the godmother of a Frenchman who is continuing to fight. They are far from France. I don't know if this will be possible but I am trying. I should like him to be a pursuit pilot. If it is possible I beg you to do it and answer me quickly, so I'll know whether my letter has reached you. I wept so much this evening hearing your broadcast.

From a woman living in Oran (North Africa) to the Free French Forces. July 1940.

In the immense confusion, in the turmoil of these days we live in a hope is reborn; Free France has again taken up arms. You could never believe what profound and sincere joy that news gave us. In the name of all my family, all my friends, I can assure you that here, in this beautiful land of Africa, true French people live in a perfect union of hearts and minds with those who continue the struggle. We have the certainty that Great Britain will conquer. Please convey to our aviators, our sailors, our glorious Foreign Legion, and to the valiant chief of our French Legion, all our sentiments of gratitude and the expression of our profound admiration.

A young girl of Lyon writes to Pierre Bourdan, French commentator of the B.B.C., London. August 8, 1940.

You must fully understand that despite our present policy and all the propaganda practised on us, the great majority of the French people place all their hopes on Great Britain; without their victory our fate would be so frightful!

This anti-English propaganda seemed to bear fruit at the time of the regrettable events of Oran among people who, not thinking deeply enough, thought only of the fact.

At the time I was very wretched, fearing that the ditch that was commencing to divide us from our allies would sink too deep, but today I can tell you that I am quite reassured on this point. Being in trade, I see a great many people and am in a position to fathom all opinions; happily I am able to establish that the silent army of the Free French is undeniably increasing from day to day and morally is ranging itself at the side of General de Gaulle.

Desire for the British victory exists even among those who have small love for the English; they very well understand that it is our only salvation.

All the French who see and think straight will carry in their hearts the emblem chosen by General de Gaulle, regretting not to be able to give him more active aid. But what can we do now? Just hope and pray.

From an old Frenchwoman of Lourdes (unoccupied France) to the Free French Forces. August 15, 1940.

Tell General de Gaulle how proud the French are, in their overwhelming distress, to think that the soul of France is being so nobly defended. Let him proudly raise our Cross of Lorraine

against the horrible hinged cross, forcing it back and dashing it to the ground forever. May he soon return with those who haven't hesitated to keep on fighting for the honor and liberty of their native land and say, in his turn, "Mother, here are thy sons who have fought well!"

From a plain Frenchwoman living in Bourg en Bresse, to General de Gaulle. August 22, 1940.

You must know that this evening, while listening as they do every day to your talk, Frenchmen and Frenchwomen wept with indignation and rage. That Frenchmen should have surrendered to their enemy eight hundred planes that had gone to defend our colonies—why, that's an abomination, a monstrous crime, an unpardonable act! You must know, General, that only you are left to save us, that all Frenchmen and all Frenchwomen have placed their hopes in you. Eight-fifteen—quick! Everyone in the family is silent, everyone drinks in the words of the English radio, of our Free France, and when it is you who are speaking, General, we listen to you religiously and write down your speeches to reread them afterward. Oh, this evening's speech, August 22, 1940, how it hurt us. It doesn't seem possible that they could have surrendered our birds of France to that band of plunderers who make us all so miserable. But you are right, an invisible wire binds us to you; we have placed our entire faith and all our ardor in you, and you can believe that we willingly deprive ourselves of coffee, sugar, oil, soap, chocolate, rice, etc. We cheer at every victory and find comfort only with you. Yes, you will conquer, because you are courage, reason and civilization! And on that day of victory, you, General de Gaulle, will have the right to command the French, because all the French, even the men who have condemned you to death, will be

obliged to admire you and thank you. Long live France! Long live England!

From a French soldier somewhere in France, to General de Gaulle. August 1940.

This is the seventh letter I have addressed to you, and I dare hope that at least one of them will have reached you.

How can we sufficiently express the sentiments we feel for you, General, for you who have been able to unite hearts and wills? How many would fly to you if an insurmountable barrier were not raised between us. But we must indeed find the door which, as you tell us, will not be closed.

As I wrote you before, the masses, the little people, were disgusted at the armistice. The regular officers and some of the reserves are beginning to wake up. All are waiting for the struggle to start again. Everyone who has a radio listens to London, and your talks are commented on each time. What is needed is for the "hards" to get to know each other, have a leader, inside information and plans. And it can be done.

We pray for you and remain respectfully devoted to your orders.

From a veteran of Verdun to General de Gaulle. September 5, 1940.

General, I take advantage of a stay in the free zone to let you know the sentiments of the populations which are now subjected to the German domination. I live in Normandy. Our department is completely invaded by troops, the smallest hamlet counting as many Boche soldiers as inhabitants. We have been subjected to a regulated pillage—all the stores are empty. We find no more merchandise but are inundated with worth-

less marks. They have now started requisitioning vehicles, bicycles, and the few goods remaining with the wholesalers. Despite continual vexations the population remains calm and proud. The efforts of the enemy soldiers at fraternization have had no results. On the contrary, the hatred and anger against them grow daily. You may be assured, General, that we are all heartily with you, and despite the formal prohibition we *all* listen to the B.B.C. broadcasts, principally that of 9:15 P.M. (Boche time.) The program of these broadcasts is perfectly arranged. However, we ask you to commence or end the part reserved for the French Legion with the *Marseillaise* or the *Chant du Départ*, for our ears suffer from hearing continually the bawling of *Deutschland über Alles* or the *Wacht am Rhein*.

Despite the success obtained up to the present, the morale of the German soldiers and officers is not brilliant. They fear the sea and are not at all sure of the success of the attack they are preparing against England. Those on leave who return from Germany talk about the bombardments of the R.A.F. and come back demoralized. According to them, discontent has grown in the Reich. They should be continually harassed to prevent them from sleeping. Strike at their morale which in my opinion is their weak point.

If someday, which I hope will be soon, the English troops debark in France be assured of the complete cooperation of the populations of the occupied regions; we'll fight with you. I fought on the Somme, in Champagne, at Verdun, on the Marne, and I'm ashamed of the attitude of the Vichy government. We recognize you as the chief of the French who will not capitulate. Our salvation can come only from you. We count on you and your admirable Legion.

You can count on us, we are waiting for you, pressed under the Boche boot, but not crushed.

Believe, General, in my respectful and devoted sentiments.

*From a veteran of the 1914-18 War, somewhere in France.
September 19, 1940.*

To Free France

GENTLEMEN,

I am happy to write to you; it seems as though I were writing to the other France, the France for whom I fought during fifty months between '14 and '18. I have tears in my eyes when I think of you all who are over there to continue the struggle and maintain our tradition of honor.

Have no fear; everything here is reawakening day by day. We also are fighting for all of you. We are reviving energies. We plead your cause. Our hearts and our confidence in you are our sole arms, but with what ardor we love to use them. The days go by and reward us, and I can tell you with joy and certainty that 95 per cent of the French in France are with you. If it were only possible to join you, you would see the proof of my assertion. What is our life now? It draws to its close and we die of rage thinking of our polluted country which we had made so great and beautiful. We would love to die to deliver it. We have confidence in you, in our allies who are always dear to us. We love you; you are our sole hope; we hate and—we wait. Courage and confidence.

I—

Croix de Guerre, Medaille Militaire

Wounded: September 6, 1914

April 16, 1917

August 30, 1918

*Collective letter of a group of women in an occupied city to
General de Gaulle. September 1940.*

A little group of Frenchwomen writes you. We are in the occupied zone; you can appreciate the shame we feel at en-

countering our conquerors wherever we go; but our hearts have not submitted and we do all we can about us so that when you return to France, which you will have saved from dishonor, you will find the soul of France again intact.

Please tell our English friends that what we expect of their broadcasts is not lectures and reminiscences of the past—that past we abhor because it was too much a witness of our frivolity and our cowardice—but true words; we have heard too many lies, we are thirsty only for the truth, even though it may be painful to hear.

If this letter should reach you, we would be happy if in one of your next B.B.C. broadcasts you would let us know, telling us at the same time what you expect of the women of France. We want France to live in freedom.

A sailor on a Free French destroyer writes to his former captain about the relations between sailors of the Free French navy and the sailors of French merchant vessels interned in the same English port. Aboard the Leopard, October 29, 1940.

CAPTAIN,

Personally I have already written to comrades remaining on our interned ships to try to explain to them the satisfaction of our new life—and especially what an unshakable faith we have in the final victory. I have even gone to the length of blaming them for lacking self-esteem by remarks of this sort: "I understand how humiliating it must be for you to see the English entering and leaving the port daily, while you yourselves are forced to remain inactive when our country's liberty is at stake; but if someday you muster courage there's still a place for you among us." I sent this letter to a comrade of the *Duguay-Trouin* who had rallied to our cause but who had been disheartened by the Oran incident. I hope you will think it was the right thing

for me to do. We were all very touched to feel that you haven't forgotten your "lads" of the first naval group.

I heard you speak over the radio the other day. I repeated the gist of what you said to my comrades. We are very proud that your sentiments, which are also ours, could thus be expressed to the whole world. We hope that our people were able to hear them and imbibe a little hope.

The *Leopard* gets livelier day by day; at present we are in a pervading atmosphere of general inspection. Just think of it, Captain, the Admiral is due the day after tomorrow.

Captain R—— is very good to me. Several considerations have been paid me which have touched me a great deal and have won him my unbounded devotion; notably he has given me a great mark of confidence in designating me as chief of the finest anti-aircraft battery section abroad. As it is surely to you that I owe this, I thank you and will try to be worthy of your trust. We were very pleased to meet again comrades who had cast off from us at Ismalia to go into the navy; they arrived in England some days after us. Some of them are aboard the *Leopard*.

We present you, Captain, our respectful greetings.

I remain devotedly yours.

A woman from Savoie writes to the English people (via Switzerland). November 20, 1940.

Crushed under the shame of the armistice, of our defection toward you, dear English friends, we were very nearly ready to despair when General de Gaulle and his soldiers saved the honor of France. Thanks to them we can raise our heads, thanks to their courage and their abnegation which cancel the failings from which we have suffered so much. For in Savoie we have neither admitted the abandonment of our English comrades

nor the abandonment of France. If elsewhere, in several places, there were sad defections, if certain chiefs were not equal to their tasks, in Savoie we fought well: facing the Germans, with the Italians at their backs, despite their inferiority and precarious armament, our soldiers held firm. They are not reconciled to the nation's surrender. They are all ready to join with you when the moment of liberation comes. In our province, General de Gaulle is the legendary hero who saved the Empire and who will save France. Now that he has saved our honor we will know how to wait. Of small moment are sufferings, sadness, and anxieties when one can again hold up one's head.

I should like you also to know how admirable our clergy were in the first days, when we all thought ourselves lost, before your broadcasts brought us the confirmation of your continuation of the fight. It was our clergy who, from the pulpits, in our churches, told us to hope in England. And at the time of the annual pilgrimage of St. Francis of Sales, on a little hill of Chablais, more than four thousand people prayed last September for the victory of France and her allies.

As for you, dear English friends, how can we express all our fervent gratitude for your courage, and especially for your nobility of soul? Never a reproach for our abandonment, never a reproach for the calumnies with which the papers are filled, never a reproach for the harm we are doing you very much against our will. All our admiration goes out to the valiant population of London. We bow very low to their heroism. With what emotion we heard of the fraternal reception given in England to our refugees, our soldiers, all those who wanted to continue the fight. Great-hearted brothers, be assured that in Savoie, as in all France, we shall never forget what you are doing for us, and if sometimes the necessities of war have compelled you to strike harshly and quickly—as at Dakar and Oran—we have very well understood it, and we have but one regret, that

you did not send the entire fleet to the bottom of the sea, since it was going to serve the enemy. From the bottom of our hearts we say thanks; all our prayers are for you and our great chief, General de Gaulle, in the terrible struggle for the liberation of the world. We have confidence in you all, and on our side we shall try to do our best to aid you. God will not abandon us, for we fight for a Christian ideal against the forces of evil, and Christianity is immortal.

*From a war veteran of 1914 and 1940 to General de Gaulle.
November 26, 1940.*

General de Gaulle, chief of the French armies in England.

General, I have the opportunity and the great joy to be able to send you this word. I have only a few minutes, but enough time for my heart to tell you that 95 per cent of the French are with you and our English friends.

We await you with impatience to save us from the Teuton yoke. We are ready to join you; come quickly; we guarantee you the most complete success. . . . Have confidence in us, as we have confidence in you; they sold us once, but they can't do it a second time—we are on our guard.

I am an old combatant, a volunteer in the other war. I was in this one but I couldn't last on account of my 1917 wound.

Every evening we hang over the radio in every house, with some rare exceptions; we listen to London, Brazzaville, and Boston as well as New York.

If you can, tell the Americans that we, the old veterans, thank them for what they are doing for you, and the same to the Canadians, all the English colonies, and all the colonies of Free France. Tell our English friends and the French volunteers of our confidence in them. We are enduring the Boches

stoically; we await the day of vengeance; they'll pay dear for the English children they have killed as well as for the French.

General, pardon my scrawl, but the time is short and I tremble so with joy!

Courage, we'll get them!

Long live England! Long live Free France!

From a group of young girls in unoccupied France to General de Gaulle. November 27, 1940.

General, I am writing you tonight in the name of all my girl friends, Free French in their hearts, like me, who wear your Cross of Lorraine and the tricolor cockade pinned to their breasts.

You are the truth, and here we are lied to daily; you are hope—without you we should have no more hope; you saved the honor of our France when we dared no longer call ourselves French.

You have made a reality of what we so often dreamed in our impotent distress: a resumption of the fight. For that, we would have given everything, suffered everything. For you must know that we have never accepted defeat, that we don't accept collaboration, which would be not only a betrayal of our dead and our allies but a betrayal of the very soul of France.

We are with you, close to you in the struggle you are sustaining. We accept courageously, proudly, all the anxieties, all the anguish, all the privations which have been our lot since the armistice; these are our arms; this is our way of waging war, less heroic than yours, but we are certain it will weigh heavy in the balance.

Long live Free France and her allies!

Long live General de Gaulle!

A Frenchwoman living in the south writes to General de Gaulle. December 8, 1940.

Everywhere one hears: "Long live General de Gaulle." If you only knew what pleasure that is for us who have been followers of yours since the armistice. People's spirits are reviving. Mothers are saying, "We didn't bring children into the world to be Boches." It would make me, too, very heartsick to see my son parading at goose-step. There are some French people who haven't despaired. So, happily, we still have a little of the pride of being French while waiting to avenge ourselves.

A woman factory bookkeeper, working in the south of France, writes to the Free French in London. December 12, 1940.

Henceforth—at least so the *so-called* French papers declare—wearing insignias is prohibited in *so-called* Free France. For you it is no secret that in this France Messrs. the Germans and Messrs. the Italians (the latter of glorious memory) circulate as if they were at home. Doubtless it has been thought that if one of these amiable gentlemen should meet a good, true Frenchman displaying the colors of General de Gaulle and the Cross of Lorraine he might be vexed; and these gentlemen must not be vexed. This prohibition has not, nevertheless, prevented me from continuing to display my insignia proudly—the one I have worn since the shameful armistice—for I consider myself as being a part of Free France.

Your faithful ones living in France can do very little for you. At least as long as it is not formally prohibited we can propagandize for your cause which is ours, and that of every nation, of every individual who has preserved the sentiments of justice and honor.

You know very well that your partisans in France are now the immense majority. One example: at the time of the armistice there were two others in the factory where I am bookkeeper, *only two*, who were for you without reservations. At this moment, among the fifty workmen and eleven workwomen, only *one*, a worthy youth, not a bad fellow but "overly devout," if I dare say it, is for "collaboration." Each time one of us men or women passes him we cry "Long live de Gaulle," or "Long live Churchill," or "Long live England."

We, your friends, don't at all understand the activities of our rulers, which are so incompatible with the traditions of France that we are confounded and revolted by them.

We French, your friends, hold firm here for your cause, and if someday you need us you will find us numerous. Our poor France momentarily is humiliated and enslaved, but the French never.

From a young girl in Auvergne to General de Gaulle. December 17, 1940.

December 17, 1940—June 17, 1940. Six months have passed since that frightful day. We shall always remember that day. It is twelve-thirty. Over the radio an unfamiliar voice speaks, and it seems like a voice in a nightmare saying: "Frenchmen, I have asked of the adversary his conditions. . . ." What's that he's saying? We are capitulating. What sudden anguish for us all. However, we understood one thing. It wasn't all ended. *They* wanted an armistice *with honor*, and we believed them for some days, with that imperious need of believing so as not to sink into madness.

Then came doubts. Mers-el-Kebir? Did Mr. Churchill also doubt? After the anguish, shame came to all true Frenchmen.

England remained—Churchill's England, England, the supreme hope.

Then a name, yours, General. General de Gaulle is in England. He is continuing the struggle, in the name of France, beside the British, beside our old allies, beside our friends. Ah! bless you, General. Thanks to you the name of our country will not be dishonored.

Since September we have commenced to breathe more freely. To the questions—Will England hold firm? What is the monster from beyond the Rhine preparing?—one could answer: England is holding, the monster is being held in check.

November 6, on the news of President Roosevelt's reelection, Hope, the Great Hope entered every French heart.

Roosevelt—Churchill—de Gaulle: only three names and the hope of the entire world. Be sure, General, that each one of us in his little sphere of activity does what he can, yes, *all* he can, to serve the cause. . . .

A few words about the occupation we have been suffering, though it is repugnant to speak of it. They have conducted themselves here as elsewhere, that is, as pillagers and assassins.

At Saint-Jean Bonnefonds they murdered a peasant in a field because he refused to tell them whether French soldiers had passed that way. We know that in certain plains of Forez people fled on their approach, as in ancient times our ancestors fled at the approach of the barbarians. After all, these men are the same, they haven't changed. Nightly they went out to kill and cut up the cattle in the pastures.

A great many of them knew the city perfectly, for they had worked here before the war, passing themselves off as "Poles." Their former employers were unpleasantly surprised at their visit, a fruitful one for them, knowing the ins and outs of the houses and thus facilitating their plundering. Two of this band of gangsters sought out a hospital nurse who had taken care of

them and accompanied them in the south at the expense of the "Princess" when they were "Polish miners!"

After 9 P.M. the streets are deserted, the houses closed, people shut themselves in at home. It happened that one evening we returned home with Mamma rather late. I assure you we were pretty subdued. One divined rather than saw these potato bugs at every street corner. In secret meetings with them were a number of civilians (Fifth Columnists), for the Fifth Column, it seems, was strikingly numerous. A sentinel, observing us, tapped his boot heels on the pavement. What a whew of relief when we got home!

The mother of a Free French soldier writes to a French commentator of the B.B.C. December 19, 1940.

Perhaps it will be possible for you, sir, to let my son know that his mamma is in very good health, that she works every day, and that she preserves the same confidence and courage as on the day he went away.

Sir, pray tell him that his mamma asks him to behave always like a true Frenchman so that she can be proud of him. The good news of recent days only increases my confidence and faith in the victory of the armies of General de Gaulle and the Allies, and I can tell you that all my friends here think the same.

A group of men in Brittany write to General de Gaulle and the Free French of France and the Empire. December 30, 1940.

You are right to tell us of your confidence with our allies in the final victory. The war isn't ended and we hope that the signing of the peace will take place in Berlin and not in Paris with the sinister Laval.

If the oppression of our enemies is exercised on us physically and morally, our thought cannot be affected; it is and will remain French.

We are a group of old veterans of 1914-18 who will never agree to rub elbows and collaborate with our common enemies for any enterprise, whatever it may be. You can, therefore, count on many among us; each in his own sphere we are silently working for the battered nation in order that it may resume its veritable countenance before the civilized world, in Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

Do not fear—we know how to wait for the Day D and the Hour H of deliverance and for our personal intervention that we'll bring to the aid of our allies. That will be the true "collaboration," and we'll do our best so as not to continue under the German boot.

Meanwhile, we shall silently bear the privations imposed on us and the insults to our flag. Long live the Allies and our Free Army which will deliver us from this baneful nightmare.

From a young soldier to General de Gaulle. (Letter received via the United States) January 1, 1941.

General, I can at last hope to be able to transmit this letter to you today, written so many times in my thoughts since June 1940. The sole comfort of the French—crushed, despairing, humiliated a little more every day by the abasement of their country—is to hear the London broadcasts and your voice.

Today we religiously observed your orders, and during the "hour of hope," as during every moment of the day, we blessed you, General, you who saved our honor—and we prayed God that He would protect England and save France.

We live in the hope of serving you soon.

On New Year's Day a Frenchwoman living in the prohibited zone (North East of France) writes to General de Gaulle. January 1, 1941.

General de Gaulle, at a time when every French person conscious of his duty must silently take his stand, we, a family that is 100 per cent French and has been ruined and deprived of our children by two wars, are with you in our thoughts. Confident we are—in you, in the French at your side, and in the English. If we could only do as you are doing instead of rubbing elbows with the invader! But we are stout-hearted and we resist. Today, after our hour of meditation we watched the “Fridolins” pass by as we sang *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*, sipped a dry gin, and smoked Players’.

Yes, we'll see the English again! All Frenchmen wait for them. Aren't they a little our own?

During the '14 war I lived in an English sector; fate willed it that they returned in '39. Last winter I had three English god-sons: Charlie, Geoffrey, and Leslie of the R.A.F. They passed their '39 Christmas with us *en famille*. We called it the Franco-English alliance, for my sons on leave were there too; champagne and cakes were served and we all joined in with our different songs. There we had “collaboration” and the *Entente Cordiale*! Regretfully our good allies left us on May 17, not without having carried away as a souvenir a bottle of champagne. I hope they arrived safely in England.

From time to time English planes come to pay us a visit; we don't fear them; we wait for the time when they will land.

In closing, General, let me express to you the unanimous sentiments of suffering France: patience, courage, confidence. Someday our liberators will come and in a delirium of joy we

will cry: Long live de Gaulle! Long live France! Long live the Allies!

France's kisses to French soldiers, and kisses from France for the English. (Last phrase written in English.)

A young woman from Villefranche (Rhône) writes to the B.B.C., London. January 3, 1941.

This is my first letter of the new year. It is for you. Who am I? A woman who adores her country, who has suffered horribly at the coming of the Boches and who since strives daily against the Anglophobes.

As to you, you are Free France and that suffices me. Every night we wait impatiently for your commentary on the news, and we are happy. We have entire confidence in you all and in our dear venerated General de Gaulle. We still expect to suffer a great deal, but that is of slight importance. One thing only counts for us, the liberation of our country. I say "our," for now I am writing you on behalf of several of our friends. We are all true patriots between twenty and thirty years old, all men and women determined to fight until the cursed race has been exterminated.

The Cross of Lorraine is our emblem. I wear a superb gold one, blue background and red cross, and in back of it your magnificent device "Honor and Fatherland."

As to the situation here, I don't want to say anything about it today, but you can have entire confidence that France will awaken; to your call we'll answer "Present." What's more, I have promised a Boche captain to go to their home in a little while and recover all they have stolen from us. Do you know what he answered me? "Nothing is impossible."

*An employee in Marseille writes to the Free French Forces.
January 7, 1941.*

I am only a very minor employee who would have liked to cry out sooner his admiration and deep respect for you, as well as for our friends the English. But fear that my letter would not reach you and above all fear of being detected by the Franco-Boche Gestapo restrained me, until at last, faced by the magnificent courage you demonstrate daily in London under the bombs, I said to myself that I could no longer continue to be so cowardly, and I made up my mind.

Made up my mind to cry out to you the joy we all feel in talking over in offices in the morning what you said the evening before. The Italian disasters filled us with enthusiasm; people speak of them openly on the streetcars. On New Year's Day, in a bar, in the presence of two policemen, we acclaimed de Gaulle and England. There was no opposition, not even by the policemen; most of us were veterans of the last war.

We are beginning to be hungry and cold, but that doesn't matter provided your successes come to warm us up. The Italians have become creatures accursed whom we all, from the youngest to the oldest, would like to fight and drive from our soil.

I must tell you that I have never been able to understand our defeat and its millions of prisoners. Even in our time, disarmed, one died on the spot, but one didn't flee; that is all right for dwarfs. Perhaps this mystery will one day be explained to us.

Here you have the confidence of all the little people, except a few Communists.

The fascistic political circles are disappointed. They no longer dare point out Mussolini's regime as a fine example; from all this you can conclude that 85 per cent of the population is favor-

able to you. That is pretty handsome. From the internal point of view Laval's departure was an immense relief. The marshal is a great soldier whom I particularly loved, but will he prove a great chief of state? I don't understand him when he has them fire at you, and still less when he seems to believe in Hitler's word and treats you like traitors. Who will explain all these mysteries to us? Superstitious rumors fly about to the effect that all our ills have been aggravated since the marshal took communion. For my part I don't believe in these cock-and-bull stories and I ignore that religious act. I would be very careful about criticizing the marshal. I have the impression that a great majority of the French trust him to save the national honor in due time. He is supported by us, your friends, and also by the partisans of the authoritarian regimes.

Your surest, most sincere partisans are the Republicans who have never been in the pay of any political party. They have but one ideal: the triumph of France and the Republic. But even if you were royalists they would venerate you just the same, for you have proved that you have French blood in your veins and that you are fighting for your country and not your party.

A woman from Bourgogne writes to the B.B.C., London. January 14, 1940.

The successes of the English are ours. We follow your news reports and the great progress made in Greece and Egypt with immense joy. It is unanimous—all the French are happy at the check given to the Italians; may the hour of defeat sound soon for Mussolini. Another brand of justice will one day make itself felt, we must hope. Then will come our deliverance from the enemy's oppression, and it will all happen by grace of our English allies and our Free French under the command of an admi-

rable chief. We love our General de Gaulle deeply and want to see him someday fill a place of honor in his country which he is so ably defending.

In the *lycées* his name is often found written in school notebooks and on desks ("Long live General de Gaulle"), and as for the soldiers—you ought to hear their paeans of praise. Our young people have adopted him enthusiastically.

The more they want to talk collaboration to us, the more the French people resist. You ought to see our soldiers when I talk with them about military collaboration. "That never," they say. "We won't fight against our allies the English." "Collaboration"—that's a word with an evil ring to it, and it has produced a fiery reaction.

January 1, 1941, three o'clock. All the good French have observed the hour of meditation and hope requested by our General de Gaulle.

All our best wishes to our great chief, to the Free French, and our English friends in their noble mission of wanting to save the world from the forces of evil.

Letter sent in February 1941, from unoccupied France, by a mother to her sailor son in the Free French Forces.

The essential thing is to know that you are well, that you haven't lost your fine morale, and that you are sustained by hope. Let us be strong and confident in Providence. Life has imposed hard trials on me, but I have the joy of having fine children and an elder who has the spirit of a leader, the sense of honor and duty. He can serve as an example to his brother who dreams only of imitating him. But first he must succeed in his studies, and circumstances have distracted him.

Every day goes by in communion of thoughts with you, and how many nights. The rigors of winter have passed—spring

makes us fear other dangers. May Providence be with you and bring you back very quickly. Write us without tiring yourself; we are so happy to read your letters! May we be able to give you the same happiness and may you find in these lines substance for hope.

I know you will always be the honest and loyal lad whom nothing will tarnish, and that you will carry your name high like a flag!

May God protect you, my beloved son, and guard you amid so many dangers. Be brave, but prudent.

An inhabitant of the unoccupied zone writes to WRUL, Boston. February 2, 1941.

There are great numbers of us in France who endure with bitterness and shame the situation into which the defeat of our arms has brought us. Too few among us have been able to join Free France; many, like myself, ardently desire to do so, but for the moment we have to consume our souls in patience, waiting for the fight which all of us want to resume. By an active resumption of the French participation in the good fight of the Allies, we want to efface the shadow on French honor caused by the sinister events of June 1940.

From a Frenchwoman to General de Gaulle. (Letter received through the intermediary of the B.B.C.)

Permit me, General, to express to you the admiration and gratitude of a woman of France.

The wife of a field officer, a veteran of '14-'18, it is impossible for me to conceive as shameful a defeat; I can't submit to so degrading an armistice!

We would like to be able to help you otherwise than by our good wishes and propaganda. But how?

How can a man who would like to join manage it? Those, for instance, without money. I know one in particular, an escaped prisoner, a radio technician.

On the other hand, I could collect woolen stuffs for those of your men who need them. But how should I get them to you?

I dare not sign my letter, which will probably be opened by the censorship (and in that case it will not reach you), for fear of causing trouble to my poor old husband.

But give me the joy of answering on one of the 8 P.M. B.B.C. broadcasts. I am always listening.

And accept, General, the assurance of the devotion and gratitude of a Frenchwoman who wants to remain French.

A group of working people in unoccupied France sends this letter to the Free French in London, via New York. March 1941.

For some time we have been trying to find a way to correspond with our brother Frenchmen who are fighting for Free France; accordingly, having found this bit of an envelope we had the notion to write you, thinking you would have the kindness to put this letter in a mailbox with the address of a consulate or embassy of Great Britain in the United States, for here one is no longer free, even in the unoccupied zone, to talk, write, or listen on the radio to our French brothers, by order of our so-called rulers.

I beg you to do us this service, so they may know that our good wishes are for them and for our English friends and that we gather together everywhere to talk about them; meeting by chance in the street, people accost one another and at once one can see that all the French are thinking about Free France. They won't be able to change our hearts. Even on our coats you

see the French emblem and the Cross of Lorraine. It will soon be forbidden, but the heart under the coat will remain the same—France Forever.

If this letter has the luck to reach you, be assured that we deeply thank their Britannic Majesties, for we know their sufferings. We are also very much touched by the kind attentions of Messrs. Cassin, Pierre Bourdan, J. Marin, Mlle. Eve Curie, and so very many others who give us news of occupied France, on the radio, *for we don't know a thing*, even about the assassination of the students in Paris; we are only cattle that they exchange. We don't know how to thank you for the mental concentration you display to encourage us, and that despite the great fatigue of the Boche bombardment you are undergoing. It ought to be up to us to encourage you—but remember that we are fighting with our voices and bless you all for your pluck and pride, not forgetting the brave de Gaulle, Larminat, et al. Once more—thanks.

You Americans, don't let yourselves be caught by the barbarians of new Europe. Some day or other it might cost you dear, for the monster is there now, and tomorrow he'll be somewhere else. Even when one learns by chance that the British are bombarding Calais, Brest, Bordeaux, or Marseille, one hears people say "Too bad, but it's evil for a good result—relief will come."

Don't send anything, it wouldn't reach us.

Letter addressed to a member of the Free French Relief Committee, New York, by a personal friend, and referring to a private donation. Brazzaville, March 31, 1941.

MADAME,

Please regard this letter as a testimonial of the sincere gratitude felt toward you by our local Red Cross. When we took

possession of the fifty-three cases of medical supplies which have just arrived from America we all appreciated the trouble you had taken in the first place to collect all the material and then to classify, pack, and ship it.

A— will have told you about our anxieties and difficulties—how the unexpected collapse of our homeland confronted us with multiple problems, all serious. Cost what it might, we had to prevent the natives of this part of Africa from thinking that we were beaten and despaired of achieving our work. Among multiple feelings of shame, that of our abdication on this soil of Africa, where lie so many Frenchmen who died doing their duty, was the most cruel.

We shall have to appeal again to your generous intervention. It is understood that we will send through you our requests for medicaments and materials destined to solace the miseries of our natives whom we will not abandon. The civilizing work of France is too noble for us to consent to disavow it.

At present we are seeking a trailer with radiographic installation to enable the practise of military surgery in war-operations zones. In our field units in France we had such trailers. I don't know whether this type is used in America.

DOCTOR XXX

Free French Equatorial Africa.

CHAPTER X

England

A young girl in Haute Garonne tells the B.B.C. what the English mean to her. June 1940.

I am a twenty-two-year-old French girl living in a Paris suburb—you will understand how it is. I still have the good luck to have a radio set and every day I wait impatiently for the B.B.C. news announcement. When I have the blues it is my sole refuge. I shut myself up in my room and switch on an English broadcast, not letting it sound too loud so it won't be heard outside. I close my eyes and listen. It's in English which I don't understand, but it does me good because I feel that it's a friendly voice speaking, and then it recalls such memories. Fifteen days ago those memories date, fifteen days at most, and yet they seem so long ago. It was still Paris, a wartime Paris where one saw a great many soldiers, among them English soldiers we'd learned to love (oh, there are still a great many soldiers in Paris, but no longer the same ones), and among them I had good friends, true friends, and then all at once came the catastrophe. With all my being I cry out to you and all the English—save us! With this letter, if it reaches you, I should like to ask you to transmit the accompanying letter to an English soldier who was still in Paris on June 6. For prudence's sake I am not giving my name or address. Many French people listen to the English radio and have confidence.

Enclosed letter to the English soldier:

I am anxiously asking myself whether I shall see you again someday. Ah, one must have patience and a great deal of it to endure some things. I and many French people remain faithful to their English friends. Before the war I had never known any of the English, but now that I know them I have confidence in them, and when I see certain soldiers in Paris who are where you were it makes my heart ache.

From a group of Savoyards living near the Swiss border to the B.B.C., London. July 7, 1940.

We men of Savoie, who fiercely defended our soil, are not submitting and will not be reconciled. We know that England is the last bastion of liberty in Europe, and we know that you will fight for us to the end, to our liberation. That is why we will remain ever faithful despite everything and everybody.

A woman in Nîmes (Gard) tells the English how the French listen to their broadcasts. July 22, 1940.

Gathered round the radio set, it happens at times that women are kneeling and weeping and men turn their heads so the tears in their eyes won't be seen, but if England announces a victory then there's clapping of hands and bravos.

From a woman shopkeeper near a railway station in the Ain (unoccupied France) to the B.B.C., London. July 25, 1940.

Please believe that we impress on every Frenchman who might not understand the situation the idea that, even from a

selfish point of view, our salvation is in your hands. We have a shop near the station and have many military people among our customers. A Polish officer was among those who passed our way and whom we comforted with our sympathy. And then there was a French officer who, we think, is also going to join you.

A retired naval medical officer, living on the Riviera, writes to the English. July 26, 1940.

I am among those who don't easily desert their friends, even if those friends have committed serious mistakes, which is your case, as it is, alas, also ours. Since the armistice I at first gritted my teeth, not being among those who give up easily. From the technical point of view I no longer know whether with the millions of refugees encumbering the roads the struggle *in France itself* was still possible. I must say the same thing about the tragic affair of Mers-el-Kebir. Our blood flowed there. I have been a navy man, I suffered atrociously over that affair, but I came to no conclusion about it, not being in a position to judge of the harsh necessities of the hour. Always have faith in France.

From Savoie a friendly but critical Frenchman writes to the English. July 28, 1940.

I have always admired the bases of the English constitution which, conforming closely with the character of your nationals, unites parliamentary liberty with respect for the authority of the executive power, thus assuring the necessary longevity of the cabinets which govern the country. I applaud and approve your Prime Minister when he manifests his firm determination to deliver France, who has fought in the common interest of

the two allies against the totalitarian nations. *England cannot be beaten.* But, on the other hand, I can't hide from you my disapproval: 1. When I see you combat the Vichy government which is trying to lift my country up again and suppress what was defective in the regime which has just ended and which ruined France. 2. When I see English airplanes dropping on our territory tracts injurious to the said government, and when I see your allied country playing the game of the Communists and Socialists who must necessarily be brought to reason.

P.S. I would be happy to receive a response, for Great Britain cannot forsake her traditional principles of honor toward her allies.

A man from Marseille scolds the English. July 30, 1940.

England prevented France from organizing her victory of 1918; she allowed Germany's recovery for fear that France would become too strong. She threw Italy into the arms of Germany for a sad colonial affair; she provoked the war of 1939 and abandoned France in the full tide of battle. *Today she is alone and on the brink of final catastrophe.* Yet the French, embittered, discouraged, and deceived, wish for her success, but they *no longer believe in it.*

A peasant from Saône-et-Loire opens his heart to the "British people." July 30, 1940.

Not without sorrow I confide our distress to the British people. How many things have happened in France in the last month. Enslaved by Nazi Germany we no longer have the right to say or act as we wish, being menaced by the Gestapo. Life loses its dignity in our land. And where have our leaders

brought us? Not a word, not a glance for the suffering people! They surrendered us to the enemy. And how many bitter tears have I shed listening to the French radio accusing the English people of being the hereditary enemy.

But through all these evils which rain down on us one ray of hope gleams from another quarter of the world. The valorous allied soldiers, with the collaboration of General de Gaulle, whom every Frenchman recognizes as the sole true chief of Free France, valiantly shed their blood to reestablish liberty among the nations. God Himself will pass judgment on this deed of gallantry, crowning their brows with consecrated laurels.

From a woman in Nice, who lost two of her sons in the last war, to the B.B.C., London. August 2, 1940.

With all our hearts, my son and I desire England to be victorious. Every day we pray God to avenge our dead, and yours, and for the sake of all humanity who are enemies of war. May God give you a glorious victory to bring peace to the entire world.

From the neighborhood of Vichy, a businessman writes to the B.B.C., London. August 30, 1940.

I have just passed two months in the occupied zone and I can tell you that over there the great majority of the population is in agreement with you and desires your victory. No confidence is placed in the German dispatches which lie with effrontery. Here is proof of it. When your airplanes came over to bombard gasoline storage tanks at Pauillac and Ambes a fortnight ago, the German dispatch stated that the English

had tried to fly over the Gironde territory, but that they had not been able to attain their objectives. It would be impossible to deny the evidence with greater impudence, since for three days an immense column of smoke rose up and floated over Bordeaux. I should add that I saw the damage and that your aviators are to be congratulated, for they did a remarkable job; the bombs fell squarely on the reservoirs.

From an old man living in Bordeaux, to the B.B.C., London. September 11, 1940.

We place all our confidence in England, and 90 per cent of the people think the same way. We await our rescue and have faith in you. Each time London is hit, we are hurt.

From a plain woman, living in the south, to the B.B.C.: an account of wild discussions about the English. September 18, 1940.

We endure the blockade with faith! I have bought a radio only to hear the English broadcasts. They are the only ones that interest me; only they tell the truth; only they give us a reason for living and hope. I tell everyone: "Listen to the English radio at eight fifteen and ten o'clock in the evening." Many answer: "We listen to it," while others say: "Thanks, we didn't know about it." That is the way I do my duty as a good Frenchwoman. With amazement I have met some people who say: "If England wins we will be a dominion. We will be ruled again by Jews and Free Masons, and France wants no more of them." "No indeed," I tell them, "France will become France again and she will have the masters she wants." "No," they

reply, "if England is victorious she will give us the government that *she* wants, Blum, popular fronts, the causes of our disasters, and all the gang of starry Brothers (Free Masons), and Jews. England is against Pétain and if Pétain had not stopped the war all France would have been bombarded, destroyed, and occupied. Pétain saved a great part of France, and it was impossible to do more. The English wouldn't have war at home if they had come to France in greater force. Our fine fleet, the *Dunkerque* and other vessels which were used for reembarking the English soldiers, was destroyed by the very ones that it had saved. The English want to come and bombard the entire coast, Nice, Cannes, etc."

From all this I deduce that France is divided into two camps, one is for you, the other against you, but the former rallies the largest number of French people.

Say to Mr. Churchill, I beg you, to avoid all hurt to France. And you, avoid as much as possible any clash with France so as to bring round this small number of people who have gone astray. Respect Marshal Pétain who doesn't do what he wants but what he can, under pressure of the Germans and the Italians. This evening, over the radio, you asked what they think in France. I am telling you all I know. You did very well to say over the radio that England did not want to get possession of our colonies. This is one more lie you do well to squash.

A Swiss woman returning from Normandy writes to the B.B.C. about Franco-British relations. September 30, 1940.

If you only knew how heartily we are with you. We have been repatriated after having lived nine months in Normandy near your troops, for whom we retain tenderest memories of the

most perfect gentlemen. Be sure that the majority of French people are for you secretly, but also openly. When you read between the lines you perceive the deep affection the very hospitable people of France feel for you. Courage! I have received a letter from a friend in Nice telling me that they are in want of everything, but she adds: "We endure the situation cheerfully, provided our allies win." That's very French.

From a demobilized French officer, now in America, to the New York Herald Tribune. Sunday, October 20, 1940.

Recently I landed in New York after more than half a year as an officer in the French army. Due to the vicissitudes of the war I have covered considerable ground in France, Algeria, and Morocco.

The French people today are divided and constitute for the rest of the world a puzzle that is difficult to understand. However, if one goes to the hard facts one realizes that many of the changes occurring are in line with the heart-rending defeat and humiliation which the French nation has had to suffer.

When the armistice was signed, the French government comprised old soldiers like Pétain and Weygand and several political leaders, all of whom had a strong touch of Fascism. These men were convinced of a quick German victory over Europe and therefore came to the conclusion that a policy of complaisance toward the victor would enable them to obtain better conditions. The French people were completely stunned and ready to accept any government, planning to clean house and adopt a true nationalistic policy of reconstruction. The French people have been greatly deceived in their life hopes and beyond words surprised by the events. Most likely they are deceived anew.

Some events that I have witnessed, as well as some reports I have received from authoritative sources, prevent my believing that the Vichy government is looking toward reconstruction and political peace of the country, as is often claimed. I was in Oran, Algeria, when the shelling of the French fleet occurred.

In the British ultimatum it was stated that the French fleet had the opportunity of going to the French West Indies in order to escape German capture. Even today, however, nobody in France knows that the British offered this alternative. The Vichy government has given the people an incomplete story of the British ultimatum. By means of a dishonest press campaign, systematically distorting the facts about this already unlucky episode, the French government has been able to alienate the French people from the British cause.

The population in North Africa understands very well that the English blockade cannot harm the French more than they are already harmed. Only a meager percentage of food will be given to the people, and the remainder will go to the enemy. Should more food be sent to France (by North Africa, French colonies, America, or otherwise), the Germans will simply tighten the screws on the occupied region of France. In other words, the French allotment will not change.

On this side of the ocean we can be surprised by the change in the opinion of the French. A lot of mistakes and blunders before and during the war have been made by both France and England. The Vichy government has done its utmost to put the blame on Britain for all mistakes. They have told the people, for instance, that the defeat was caused by a lack of English soldiers on French soil. In one of the first Pétain broadcasts this was especially stressed. Nothing is said, however, about the fact that the French high command was responsible for such a situation. When I arrived in France early in 1940 I tried to become a liaison officer with the British army.

I discussed my application with a major in the intelligence service (Deuxième Bureau).

I was told that it would be extremely difficult to become a liaison officer because British divisions were scarce in France. I was naturally surprised at this answer, and he explained to me that the French high command did not want any more English divisions on French soil, and that they would have plenty of time to call them in case of need. (In fact, at that time the feeling was prevalent that nothing serious would happen before 1941. The French high command was thinking of a war along the 1914-18 lines and thought that a battle of duration of several months would be in order.)

I think the French people will realize more every day that the Vichy government is not in its present form qualified to deal with the interests of the country. Unfortunately, I think that the French people are not free to do as they please about the matter. All the personnel of the administration in Continental France, as well as in the colonies, has been swiftly reshuffled, and only men serving the present government are in command. The army and navy also are under the Vichy government, and this may explain why de Gaulle failed to be recognized in Dakar, even though the civil population may have supported him. And we have the astounding fact that censorship is more rigorous in France at peace than it was when the whole French people was aligned against Germany.

To this must be added the clever propaganda in which the Germans indulge with success. The fact is emphasized every day that France will not lose anything by a German victory, that everything will be safe within the German orbit, and that the only enemy is England.

I am sure, however, that when the time comes France will again be on the side of democracy, for which she has been a good exponent for such a long time in her history. The French

people may be down at the moment, incapable of expressing themselves, but they will awaken.

A woman of the bourgeoisie, living in the unoccupied zone, writes to the English and the Free French (via America). October 24, 1940.

I want to speak to you English and you French, our brothers, of humble folk, of plain people, and you will hear the throb of the true heart of France despite some awkwardnesses of expression.

Our defeat, this impossible and inconceivable armistice has left us stupefied with sorrow, desperate. Like millions of other French people I have suffered. The wind of defeat has blown upon us in passing and left us without any strength. Seeing me entirely at a loss, my gardener said: "Madame is not listening to the English radio? Madame is wrong. If Madame listened to the radio she would have hope again." I did listen then. How can I express to you the relief, almost the joyfulness in hearing again the voice of France? These voices that told us to hope and gave us reasons for hoping—they are gusts of pure air refreshing us. They are our share of truth; and so many lies are being told us.

This same gardener said to me one day: "Doesn't Madame think that there is an extraordinary sentiment for General de Gaulle, for our soldiers themselves, and for the English fighting with them? They are loved." And that's true. It's no longer the feeling of gratitude, a bit remote, one has for those at the front. Our common misfortune has drawn us closer together. People love you like relatives, friends, dear ones. You are our family, all our hope, you have all our affection. A woman who

was formerly in my service coming to see me, to my surprise spoke of you. I had thought her indifferent. She told me of her faith in your cause, of her enthusiasm. When she told me of an unkind remark I replied: "Unfortunately there are too many people like that." Not understanding the meaning of my reply, but catching the "too many," she answered with peremptory indignation: "But, madame, all France is for General de Gaulle." What delight she gave me! Another person, a chimney builder, talking to me about his suffering at the defeat of France, said: "I wept, madame, but let the English only debark and despite my fifty-five years I will pick up my rifle again—and what joy it will be!"

Still another: "If one only knew *how* to rejoin them. . . ." And an unemployed man: "Why don't the English come and get us? How hard we'd work for them." And still the same good fellow talking: "Work finished, we'd pick up our rifles. . . . They couldn't find better soldiers than us."

A message to England written by an enthusiastic Savoyard, with purple ink on squared paper. November 15, 1940.

There's not a Savoyard who fails to get "London" every night. There's not a Savoyard who doesn't believe in the English victory. Not a Savoyard who doesn't thrill with joy when the R.A.F. planes steer toward the southeast. Not a Savoyard who won't defend his country with pitchforks, rakes, flails, against the "invincible and unbeaten" Italian armies.

Not a Savoyard who does not feel admiration for the Queen and King of England who remain among their people and share their dangers. And bravo for the exploit of the navy at Tarento! One more night—and the other half is annihilated!

The *French* Savoie . . . not Laval's.

Two young girls of Brittany write to the B.B.C., London. November 23, 1940.

We write you from the occupied zone; it is very hard to pass letters through. That is why we haven't been able to do it sooner. Do believe we are with you—with all our hearts, and a great many think as we do. I do hope our letter will reach you.

Christmas is near; it will be a very sad one for us this year—no Midnight Mass. It would have been a consolation to us to be able to pray God and implore His grace. Our friends the English won't be with us, as they were last year. It would have been too wonderful. I don't know whether they still think of us. We don't forget them and live in the expectation of seeing them again at the imminent victory, for we firmly believe in the English triumph.

From a woman of Savoie to the English. November 27, 1940.

It doesn't seem possible that we should remain with folded arms waiting for the victory. What can we do to help you? For all France expects to be rescued by you. Courage.

A crippled veteran of 1914-18 in Marseille writes to the B.B.C., London. January 6, 1941.

For a long time I have wanted to tell you of my admiration for you and to inform you how numerous are those here who preserve their hope in your victory which will be the liberation of all the oppressed nations. The major part of the Marseille population observed the hour of the January 1 plebiscite.¹

¹The hour of silence requested by General de Gaulle.

The road to travel will still be long, we know, but France cannot remain under the German yoke. We didn't fight in 1914 to become and remain slaves. Courage, you who are suffering over there under machine-gun fire; hope, and when the nightmare shall have vanished we will all meet together in the glorious victory that you will have determined.

The administration has put postcards on sale in France designed to facilitate the work of the censorship by limiting the liberty of correspondence to a few general formulas. A Frenchman used one of these cards to write the B.B.C. in London. The words in capital letters are those printed in advance on the cards. As requested by the administration, the "useless indications" have been crossed out by the sender.

(Front of the card)

FRANCE

Sale Price

0,90

Sender

Addressee

A good Frenchman
Anywhere in France

Mr. Jean of the "Three Friends"
French Radio
London

(Back of the card)

After having completed this card, strictly reserved to correspondence of a family nature, cross out the useless indications. Write nothing outside the lines.

ATTENTION—*Any card whose contents are not UNIQUELY of family concern will not be forwarded and will probably be destroyed.*

FRANCE.....October 6, 1940

English aviation IN GOOD HEALTH..~~TIRED~~

German aviation ~~SLIGHTLY~~, GRAVELY SICK,
~~WOUNDED~~

Would like Hitler KILLED and Mussolini.....
PRISONER

.....~~DEAD~~ English admiralty WITH-
OUT NEWS OF Italian navy

~~THE FAMILY.....IS WELL~~

Occupants have too much NEED OF PROVISIONS Doriot
needs MONEY.

All the French hear your NEWS,~~BAGGAGE~~ Hope.....
HAS RETURNED

De Gaulle WORKS for our salvation—
Hitler IS GOING TO RE-
TURN TO SCHOOL OF re-
verses.....Grandson of Foch
HAS BEEN RECEIVED with
saluting guns—Hitler was to
have GONE TO London on
August 15.

Long live France, slave today, free tomorrow. AFFEC-
TIONATE THOUGHTS, KISSES to you three.

Signature

DUPONT—DURAND

CHAPTER XI

America

From a Frenchman living in Morocco to the Columbia Broadcasting System, New York. August 25, 1940.

My dear Speaker, I sent you two registered letters and an ordinary postcard. I don't know if you have received them. I listen to you every evening.

The German stations for some time have been trying to jam your broadcasts; they bracket your waves, one of them with choruses, the other with loud music.

In spite of everything I hear you just the same!

France was not fairly beaten by arms, but she was betrayed—and not by those they want to judge now, but by others, some of whom have even lunched with German spies expelled from France and since the end of June become Hitler's representatives in Paris.¹

The Free French, at least those who wish to preserve their liberty, thank the American radio.

We also thank the American nation for the humanitarian aid it is bringing to the unfortunate refugees. Thanks to all. We are attentively following America's efforts to build a military, naval, and aerial force capable of beating the Nazis. We hope and we so wish that this force be put in the balance to aid England to combat Hitler and Mussolini. We hope that America will join with the great English democracy to push the

¹Allusion to Otto Abetz.

Germanic hordes out of France and to return their countries and liberties to all the oppressed peoples.

May I ask you to transmit to the American Legion our best remembrances and to present to your great President Roosevelt my dutiful respects?

A cordial handshake.

A Parisian living in the unoccupied zone writes to a friend in America. September 3, 1940.

What a joy to have your letter and to know that you have received mine. I am in Lyon, as a matter of fact, neither the same room nor address as formerly. One feels always like a bird on a limb, or, rather, like a boat on an ocean—and what a funny ocean. Nevertheless, I have been at anchor for three weeks—"holidays" in the country: the Haute-Loire, the Ardeche, staying with various friends who have invited me. Family life, good meals, the last ones, one enjoys them.

I traveled on foot—about the only means of transportation left. The landscapes are so beautiful, so gentle, so human, that I want to cry out, "France must be saved!" Yet I think I ought to leave France. One is too bored. No news whatsoever from Paris, and always unemployment (temporary, one says to oneself) both materially and spiritually. I believe you have your newspapers. I miss them a great deal.

I wish that Americans would realize that their fate will be the same if they don't look out. What is a strip of Atlantic? Will it be that every nation, one after the other, will be unable to learn from the experience of the one who has been eaten last?

Write again as long as it is possible; it is a breath of fresh air. One says to oneself: at least for the time being, all is not lost for *everyone*.

Perhaps you can write to my parents in Paris. We cannot communicate. Why don't you try sending a postal card?

From a war veteran in D—— (Rhône), to his American comrades. September 17, 1940.

I assure you first of all of my cordial greeting and my feeling of deep friendship for all my American comrades, old veterans. Your broadcasts are welcome in the midst of our distress.

In this small corner of pretty France, always in love with liberty, if I could be useful to you, I'd put myself at your disposal with the greatest pleasure, too happy by this simple gesture to testify to you the depth of affection and admiration I feel for the noble and valorous people of America.

Wishing you all the satisfactions you desire, I assure you, gentlemen, of my feeling of very sincere regard.

From Perpignan (unoccupied France) a friend of America writes to N.B.C., New York. October 16, 1940.

. . . America is a country dear to me for many reasons: I have relatives there, and friends. On the other hand, we also have common brothers: Washington, just like Lafayette and Rochambeau. It seems to me I heard on the October 16 broadcast at nine o'clock—French legal time—that the government of the U.S.A. granted American nationality to all Lafayette's descendants. How that decision made the cult of Liberty, of human dignity, and gratitude shine resplendent! At a time when we have just suffered one of the greatest defeats of our history that decision will keep hope in our hearts, despite the worst trials that may yet fall upon this poor world.

The France of Lafayette is battered, but won't die. For the

future we must hope that all men, victors and vanquished, will be more human, more fraternal than before, because all will have passed through the same crucible of suffering.

A workman of Marseille sends his compliments and criticisms to N.B.C., New York. October 20, 1940.

I'm going to tell you that your broadcasts and London's are to us like letters to prisoners. We love your broadcasts because you give us better and quicker news. It was through you that I was the first able to tell my comrades in the factory that several French battleships had passed Gibraltar. Why don't you replace the dance music with a résumé of American public opinion? The French are thinking less about dancing than about their immediate future, which is dark and agonizing. Do you really believe that the disaster which has struck us down incites us to dance, more so, with the food plates in front of us getting smaller and smaller? I close, for Mr. Churchill is going to speak to us.

A woman writes from the unoccupied zone to the N.B.C., New York. October 1940.

Send me a Roosevelt button.

A sick woman living in the south of France writes to WRUL, Boston. November 1, 1940.

Perhaps you would care to hear what happens in a nursing home in Toulouse. I have taken there with me a small bedside wireless and at nine, when they can, all the nurses slip quietly into my room and we listen together to your talk. We are thankful to you and your great republic for the news.

A woman of St. Etienne (unoccupied France) writes to the N.B.C., New York. November 8, 1940.

We have followed your elections with keen interest, and we are very happy that Mr. Roosevelt remains at the head of your great nation, he who has done so much for the cause of peace. With all my heart I wish that this great Democrat may be able to preserve your country from the evils that have struck down Europe.

Having written some verses that I cannot send to their destined recipient, I send them to you. If it is possible for you to have them reach port safely I will be grateful to you, if not, I confide them to your honor.

NOTE: Enclosed with this letter were two poems, one entitled "Homage to London," the other dedicated to Mlle. Eve Curie.

From a country doctor in the unoccupied zone, to the N.B.C., New York. November 11, 1940.

It comforts us in our bitter ordeal to hear a friendly voice. Last night, in particular, we were happy to learn that your war ships were patrolling our American colonies in order eventually to protect them. Thanks for American sympathy.

A young man of Savoie, living now in the south, writes to WRUL, Boston. November 16, 1940.

When the Vichy radio talks to us about European solidarity under the aegis of the dictatorships we fear that such a Europe would become fatally hostile to the other continents and we

could wish that a very powerful genie would detach from our continent the enslaved or fighting democracies and fasten them to the breast of free America.

We know that America places liberty above everything and we thank you with all our hearts for hastening by your material and moral aid the victory of the ideal, of the spirit, and of justice. Long live the United States! Long live the British Empire! Long live France!

From a woman of Dauphiné, now in Morocco, to the N.B.C., New York. November 28, 1940.

I well understand that if America can spare herself the horrors of war she will do everything she can to avoid it. But it remains to be seen whether that is to her interest. France hesitated to give all her support to the Spanish republic. If she had done it we would not, perhaps, be where we are at present. As for America, I think that Hitler cares little about your armament and soldiers, for he has no intention of attacking so distant a country with arms. It isn't I who say it, it's Hitler himself in a book, *Hitler and I*, or *Hitler Told Me*, I'm not sure which.² This is approximately what he said: "As for America, there is no need to fight her with arms. When I am master of Europe I shall very quickly have her at my mercy by smothering her commerce and industry." You have been warned. In my country, the mountains of Dauphiné, when a wild boar starts to ravage the cultivated fields of a farm, everyone unites for what is called the *battue*, not out of love for the attacked farmer, but because each well knows that it is to his particular interest. It seems to me that this illustration has an application to the present world, replacing the boars by wolves,

²This refers to Hermann Rauschning's book.

since Hitler himself said that he wanted to transform all his young Germans into a band of wolves without fear and without pity. This promises all of us down here a beautiful future!

A Frenchman living in Tunisia writes to WRUL, Boston. December 4, 1940.

Dear friends in America, it is with emotion that I am writing to thank you tonight in the name of all my comrades for your radio broadcasts.

What hope for us, what encouragement for our efforts at resistance, to know that we have the backing of the land of liberty.

Like good and sincere friends in the disturbed period that followed June 1940 you have known how to recognize the true countenance of our beloved homeland that the Boches will never be able to annihilate.

We French of these parts burn with impatience at the thought of the Greeks and British beating the Italians. When will God finally give us the opportunity to repay to these hired assassins, these macaroni eaters, the crimes, the cowardice, the treason?

Thanks, American friends. Long live the United States! Long live Free France! Long live de Gaulle!

From a group of seventy-eight inhabitants of the unoccupied zone to WRUL, Boston. December 20, 1940.

DEAREST AMERICAN FRIENDS,

Thanks to your communiqués and those of our allies our isolation seems less hard to bear.

I shall be telling you nothing you don't already know when I say that you have true and sincere friends here. I believe I can

state and assure you that they can be estimated at 100 per cent of the French. We have a true affection for you and your President. You will better understand us if you think with us what we would be at present without your great country and our allies. We wouldn't be much, would we? All the French know it, and that's one more reason why we love you more than ever.

It is a great joy for us to know that thanks to you our allies possess a terrific armament, and each time you announce an unceasingly greater aid our hearts overflow with happiness.

During the few minutes you give us we are so close to you that nothing else counts.

Dear friends, it isn't necessary to think of giving us food supplies; help only our allies and our free brothers; as for us, we shall endure our privations courageously to the victory.

And now, dear American friends, please find in this letter the assurance of our sincere friendship and the expression of our deepest gratitude. Waiting for the day of victory which will allow us to cry out to you with all our strength: Long live America! Long live England! Long live Free France!

P.S. The number indicated in this letter (No. 78) corresponds to the number of persons who salute you.

From a disabled captain of the French Navy, living in unoccupied France with his wife, to WRUL, Boston. December 30, 1940. (Original in English.)

Dear WRUL, this comes over the ocean; they are two distant voices of French folks who listen to your comforting voice, two French hearts, the wife of a naval officer and himself, alas being disabled, having served in 1914 and not been accepted to join his beloved trawler men in 1939—French hearts who

have never given up hope and never yielded, who having given their word to their allies mean to keep it to death. Such hearts are millions in France. The ambitious and fearful may have given to the world the appearance that it was all the nation, the old country that could not keep its word.

And this is to thank you, dear WRUL, and behind you all America from New Mexico to Illinois and from Maine to the West Coast including Alaska, which is dear to me, remembering the trails on the Yukon and the Mackenzie. To thank you from the deepest of our hearts for the comforting and loving words your speaker said on Christmas Eve—words sent up to our beloved country. We all feel the immense friendship which exists in the world for France, we realize it and thank all Americans for its expression.

Be sure that most of the French have not yielded before the enemy; some men may have made of themselves carpets but the bulk of the nation has the faith and hope that move mountains, and it will move the landslide of evil on our land. Also we have the will to hold the words of pledge given to our friends for the better and worse fortune, because through all history we have been faith holders. Should some men try to give up the wings and the fins of the nation, a gigantic uprising would sweep it, notwithstanding what the occupier would do to check it.

We have all hope in God and in our friends all over the world, also in ourselves. A great battle lost is not a war lost, especially when the world is rising to help.

Tell all American friends around you that we know well your voice is the spirit of their feelings in the love of our country. We have never forgotten what Americans have been in 1914-18 and mean to be to France.

When will this letter reach you?—if it will. If it does not I will write again, but I will have expressed you the thanks

for your words of comfort and hope, thanks coming from many friends and ourselves in this little town.

Long live America.

Yours faithfully . . .

Since writing, heard the U.S.A. President's address to Americans and others. Hip, hip hurrah!

From a young Jewish professor, refugee in the unoccupied zone, to a friend in America. January 6, 1941.

As to the general situation, you certainly know more than we do. One feels the screws tightening every day. From a selfish personal point of view, the rhythm of the operation interests me more than its probability. For every day we can find ourselves in a situation where all our plans will be postponed *sine die*. In that case, a shepherd's hut in the mountains would be the only refuge. From a material point of view, one has absolutely the impression of being on a raft where every day one sees another indispensable article disappearing. . . .

I believe I have heard your press review on the radio. We hear Boston very clearly. The last speech of your President was most comforting, but I fear the deadly democratic slowness over there, which was our undoing here. Speed is what matters at present, for it is evident on which side is to be found the greatest virtual power. The only question is to know whether that power can be used in time.

A veteran of 1914-18 living in unoccupied France writes to WRUL, Boston. January 8, 1941.

To Messrs. the Americans of the Boston broadcasting station WRUL, and also to all the other Americans whom I knew or

saw during the war of 1914-18 in my little town of Vaucluse where they joyfully savored the good truffles and our famous vintages (some are left).

How far away, but not forgotten, are those days of glory and common aspirations. The memory of them makes the present moment harder to endure. But to declare war against the dictatorships on that account isn't expedient, and you have perfectly comprehended the situation; the important thing is to wage it against them.

The great American people won't let the French people perish (for their turn would follow), the French people who are terribly unfortunate and, save for a very small fraction, not responsible for what is happening to them today.

Every evening great numbers of us listen to you. With the English B.B.C. you are all we have to comfort us, to bring us a little hope and speak to us again of true liberty, of ideals.

The noble and courageous words of your President are our viaticum and the words of his last speech are already enshrined in the memory and hearts of all my compatriots.

Without difficulty I could fill two entire pages with signatures appended to this letter and yet I am obliged to sign it only with a number, 357, and under this number you may acknowledge its receipt if a lenient censorship allows it to reach you.

Fraternal greetings from a veteran poilu of Verdun to his former brothers in arms.

A group of radio listeners in unoccupied France express their confidence in the United States to WRUL, Boston. January 10, 1941.

Our wretchedness, our material privations are a small matter; we are ready to endure much greater ones provided hope

remains, provided we realize that progress has been made on the road up from the abyss to the peaks of independence and liberty. "Life is more than clothing." That doesn't mean that your generous plans on behalf of our little children and our sick don't fill us with emotion and gratitude. There we feel the great hearts of your compatriots and their noble President beating for us, as well as the hearts of our British friends and allies who are participating in this splendid work despite their fears, alas, too justified.

We welcomed your eminent ambassador, Admiral Leahy, with joy and with full hearts. We understand the deep meaning of his mission, most useful it is too. All the democrats in this country (who aren't by any means all dead!) are morally on his side. The combat front is as vast as it is diverse. We have been there, we are there, and there we'll remain to the end. Count on us as we count on you. Be sure, in any case, that among us the spirit of Verdun soars infinitely above all other tendencies.

How can I end without extolling the resolute and magisterial action of the great President Roosevelt! We could wish that the American people would respond unanimously to the appeal launched at them, and give the detractors of democracy and all the modern tyrants a thundering demonstration of the miracles that the will of free men can achieve. We don't expect everything from you. Nevertheless, in our position we need to hear your "We are here!" that will be the point of departure for a new crusade.

Do not fail to tell the prominent citizen in the White House and all your compatriots that our hearts beat in unison with theirs. You are the apostles and the last ramparts of Christian civilization. We await you with a grave serenity and unshaken resolution.

With ardent gratitude I salute you, very cordially.

Long live the United States and all the heroic defenders of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

The principal of a girls' school, in a city of the north of France, writes to a social worker in America. January 13, 1941.

We thank America with all our hearts for her understanding with England. We desire nothing more of America than that she should come to the aid of England. We have always loved America tenderly, and our sole desire is England's triumph. Our hearts remain strong and unshakable, and nothing will make us yield or change. We shall be faithful. May God protect us all, all of us who have the same ideal. We listen to London and Boston. Long live America, England, and France.

From a very plain woman of unoccupied France to WRUL, Boston. January 14, 1941.

All the French aren't heedless and the true French live in hopes of seeing our dear country delivered. Hitler must have a clear idea that he will never make an ally of the people of France.

Dear American friends, we have confidence in England as well as in America. We know that you will free us soon from the claws of the Germans, and that day will be the finest day in our lives.

All our respects to Mr. President Roosevelt who gives himself so much trouble for the deliverance of all the oppressed nations.

We haven't forgotten that children of the United States sleep in our soil of France.

Here it is impossible to read a newspaper without getting

into a rage; even the radio smells the Boches a mile off, and when we hear "the French State," and no more, our hearts cry out "the French Republic."

I wish with all my heart that my letter will reach you. It's the wish of a French mother, and I say "Long live America! Long live France! Long live England!"

From a Frenchwoman living in unoccupied France to WRUL, Boston. January 19, 1941.

Dear friends, we listen to you every evening and we are sincerely grateful to you for loving France, for understanding her misfortune and commiserating with her, for comforting us by allowing us to hope. These numerous marks of sympathy from your great country we know are not vain formulas but the reflection of your feeling for the oppressed French and we are deeply touched by them.

You are like us, dear friends, a people born free and proud, and you understand the more our distress and our powerless rage at having to yield under the yoke of an enemy who has never been free, an enemy who knows neither pride nor honor, who practises only rapine and devastation.

After so many other countries France is now pillaged, fleeced, skimmed, and we are all methodically starved, as much in this zone as in the other; for if we are officially in unoccupied France we must nevertheless submit to the presence of the "square-heads." Here there is a commission called the "control" and the roads of France from one corner to the other are plowed over by *their* vehicles, *their* trucks. They sweep up and take with them everything they find.

It is practically impossible to pass from one zone to the other.

I am sending you a sample of a card called *familiale* which was put into use some months ago to permit correspondence

between the two zones. Two lines. It's all we have. It's so very little, and furthermore very few are forwarded, for they almost all contain more information than is permitted. You know the French are independent and that their temperament hardly allows them to yield under a dictatorship, even if that dictatorship is only a parody.

With what emotion and joy we heard the great voice of President Roosevelt in his Christmas and Congressional talks and in his New Year message to Marshal Pétain, a message whose unequivocal significance is for us the best of promises, the most precious gage of hope which could be given us at the end of an accursed year.

That is why, my dear friends, to prevent your falling into a disaster like ours you absolutely must listen to the very human appeal of your President who asks you to unite all your forces, all your minds, all your energies, and your immense resources with the purpose of aiding our beloved ally and friend England to crush forever the Hitlerian regime and its bandit chief who for too long have been terrorizing the world.

Very affectionate thanks to you all for your tokens of sympathy, and thanks particularly to you, radio friends, who doubtless are giving your rest or leisure hours to sustain and encourage us in our grievous struggle for liberty.

From his farm, on the boundary of occupied and unoccupied France, a peasant writes to N.B.C., New York. January 21, 1941.

Despite the immense distance that divides you, the speaker on "the French hour" and me, a farmer in central France, how near you seem to us when every evening we tune in on your station. The reception is almost always excellent; then it seems that you are in our house and it's a real pleasure to hear you,

you who are the expression of the United States on which all the French have their eyes fixed.

We are having a rigorous winter in France, but we hope that this year the frosts will be of short duration so that they won't deprive the French people of their last resources.

I live in the dividing line zone. I have a pass to cross over and from time to time go into "Germany," for we French of the free zone designate as Germany all the occupied zone, a word that can be justified, for when one enters an occupied city the streets aren't cumbered with Frenchmen since most of them are prisoners, but the Germans there are numerous, and everywhere and in all directions these green-uniformed men circulate.

Long live France! Long live the United States!

A nurse working in a preventorium near Versailles writes to a friend in America. January 22, 1941.

We are delighted to have excellent news from England and America. Everyone here is happy over their accord and our greatest hope is that they may debark here one day. England bombards France and each bombardment is accepted with gratitude and joy. The morale is excellent, there is infinite hope.

Life hasn't changed much. Our only distraction is to gather together in the evening and listen to the radio. No one reads the newspapers. Do not fear, we are holding firm. The present is dark, the future is luminous, nothing but the end counts. That's the state of mind everywhere. Several nurses changing to new appointments have found a splendid morale everywhere.

Our faith and confidence remain complete. We shall conquer. Do all you can so that justice and liberty triumph and don't worry about us; we'll endure everything.

A group of French people in unoccupied France write to their American friends. January 29, 1941.

Every evening we listen to your broadcasts with pleasure. We are lucky to have news which is not controlled by the Boches, for unfortunately the press and radio, so-called French, give us only dispatches inspired by our trans-Rhine "protectors," and as the divagations of the madman of Berchtesgaden or the fanfaronades of the little dictator don't interest us, we neither read the one nor listen to the other. Most of the French people listen only to two stations: London and Boston. Your broadcasts come to us very clearly, though on certain nights a little faintly. The hour is very well chosen; as we can hear you as soon as the B.B.C has finished its 8:15 P.M. broadcast.

With immense joy we learned of President Roosevelt's re-election.

The French have been deeply moved by your generous shipment of clothes and supplies for their little children. They warmly thank you for them. The little children of France will remember.

We hope that your aid to Great Britain will increase daily; it must be limitless to hasten the victory. The democracies must win this war to annihilate the dictators and their ambitions. The Allies of 1919 must once again be victorious. When that time comes we shall be repaid for all our sufferings and the entire world will at last breathe again. We hope that that great day is not too far distant.

Recently I saw again one of your old films: *The Great Farandole*. When the American flag appeared on the foreground on the screen the entire hall was roused to enthusiastic acclamations. These acclamations occur often, as much for England as for America.

N.B. Hasten to aid courageous England with all your might. Long live America! Long live England! Long live France and General de Gaulle!

An inhabitant of unoccupied France writes to WRUL, Boston. February 15, 1941. (Written in English.)

Friend, I don't know exactly the address of the station at which I write. I think that it's a short-wave station which sends news every day at 9 P.M. British Summer Time. That is to say, 3 P.M. Eastern Time in the twenty-five meters band.

American who receives this letter, please send this one to the broadcasting station I speak.

Thank you very much.

P.S. Excuse my faults; I'm Frenchman.

(Written in French:)

Americans, I hear you every evening, I listen to a free voice, a voice that speaks the truth, a voice like those I hope soon to hear over our stations again become free. At the same time thousands of other listeners, friends of liberty, also hear you.

Americans, thanks for the help you are giving the glorious soldiers who tomorrow will be our liberators. Thanks for the mighty comfort your broadcasts bring us. Thanks for the food sent to the hungry children. Thanks. Thanks!

American friends, your President has told you that the enemy was within your walls. Beware of the dirty Boches who infiltrate themselves everywhere. You know what that has cost us. Today we are in adversity. We hear the Boche boot pounding our old soil of France, but we French walk proudly and with heads held high, for we know that other Frenchmen who are free are about to save the honor and prestige of the homeland.

Americans, my brothers, in New York the Statue of Liberty stands erect. In Paris is another Statue of Liberty which from under the German boot looks across at yours, free and glorious. Two statues, but one single liberty. And that liberty is a powerful bond which has already united and tomorrow will seal our two beloved countries.

Long live America! Long live England! Long live Free France! Long live Liberty!

Amour sacré de la Patrie
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs
Liberté, liberté chérie.³

A message of friendship to N.B.C. from a small town of Haute-Loire, France.

I live in a small town at the foot of the mountains, on the banks of the Loire. You can't imagine the joy we have in hearing your voices from the other side of the Atlantic. My fellow-countrymen and I hope that the citizens of America have kept their friendship and esteem for us. This thought is a great comfort for us in the present ordeal.

*A Frenchwoman writes to an American friend in Arkansas.
March 24, 1941.*

MY VERY DEAR D——,

I hope this letter will reach you. When France looks anxiously toward America a Frenchwoman pours out her heart to an American friend.

How many events, how many disasters have occurred since

³From *La Marseillaise*.

our last letter. Our homeland has been mutilated, oppressed; we weep for our dead and our prisoners; we are suffering silently at the humiliations and harshness of the enemy. And yet France does not lose courage. Every day France's future seems less dark. Everyone is resolute in fiercely resisting oppression in face of the events which favor our English friends. The whole future and all the hopes of France are in the hands of the Tommies and we applaud their successes. We admire the courage of the English civilians under bombardment and we are certain that the two countries will soon be fighting side by side to push back the enemy and obtain victory and peace. Despite their shameless propaganda the Germans will never succeed in dissociating the English and the French. Our hopes are in de Gaulle and our colonies; we also love and have faith in our marshal. All France turns toward England and the United States.

Please do me a service by communicating this letter to the Boston broadcasting station WRUL. I want every American to know that France loves the United States.

You will write me when the war is over and I will answer you from a free and happy France.

I hope the day I receive your letter is near. With my best remembrances I remain your faithful French friend, —.

From a woman living in unoccupied France to a French friend in America. April 7, 1941.

You have started a repeating miracle. I have received with joy the *Literary Digest*, the *Atlantic Monthly*—full of nice things—and the *New Yorker*. And Hemingway's book continues to gladden a choice public. You are thus blessed by a lot of people whom you don't know.

There are some favorable signs in the sky and on the walls where inscriptions⁴ are becoming numerous and express the unanimous wishes in spite of known sanctions. The zone called "ja-ja," in opposition to the "no-no" (non-occupied) is the more violent. One might even say that the south is stirring. It is about time!

An inhabitant of the south writes to N.B.C., New York.

We were really happy to learn last night that American warships are patrolling the seas near our possessions in the Western Hemisphere.

From an Atlantic seaport town, in occupied France, a woman writes to WRUL, Boston.

I was lucky not to have my radio taken. So you can well understand how my ears are open. *We know everything*. Confidence and hope, hope centered specially on your country.

I listen with my head hidden in a wardrobe, for there would be serious punishments if we were caught. Punishments everywhere and always, fines and hostages.

From a "typical Frenchman" to a friend in America.

One fine day I said to myself that perhaps you people over there who have been receiving my letters have been saying to yourselves: "All he tells us is very nice, but is it really the reflection of French opinion or merely the expression of a

⁴The inscriptions referred to are capital V's painted on many houses in France, to express confidence in an allied victory.

quite personal feeling?" Then I was frightened and thought that it deserved focusing.

A Frenchman I undeniably am, and even a Parisian. Like every authentic Parisian who respects himself I am the fruit of two fine French provinces: Touraine and the Ardennes. I am neither a Communist, nor a Fascist, nor a Jew, nor a Free Mason, nor the eternally exploited, nor a capitalist; I am a taxpayer, I love honors, and I am ignorant of my geography; I am a good fellow of the French middle class. The only thing that distinguishes me from my kind is that I am writing you what we all think, while they are too lazy to write you anything.

If I give you news of my country it is because I know you love it, and that you are suffering at its present suffering. The first thought of France, in good and bad fortune, always turns toward America. And this is the more strange from the fact that only a tiny minority of privileged French people can say that they have been in the new continent. But if we regret not knowing your beautiful land, we know *you*. Ever since a little group of our ancestors went over to give you a hand you have often come to us, and that is how we have learned to understand and value you. Whether it was at the time of the Great War, whether as envoys of your government, whether under the guise of the American Legion, or Maecenas, or quite simply as individuals, you have never deceived us. I would even add, if I weren't afraid of making you blush, that you seemed to us supermen. Out of a thousand Frenchmen of whom you ask the question: "What country would you like to see?" 999 will answer: "The United States," and the last one will reply: "New York!" I shall always remember the amazement of a foreign friend, a native of Central Europe, when he ascertained that we were taking much more interest in the results of your presidential election than in an internal matter which was very important to us.

At this very moment we understand your indecision, your hesitations. Your deceptions and enthusiasms we also understand. Your fears of not doing enough, your desire not to yield to the planetary folly we understand. But believe us, Americans, it is now that you must choose. Later it will be too late. Examples are not lacking: from the point of view of internal disorganization you have our example; from the point of view of international mistakes you have England's. For fear of giving too much, Great Britain, confident in her geographical position and willfully blind as regards the German strength and our own, would neither foresee nor do anything. Now she is paying very dear for it, so dear that she is even forced to turn to you. And we, the great mutes, we supplicate you to aid her, and that as much for yourselves as for her and for us.

We know that when it is a matter of an international conflict that doesn't yet touch one's homeland, one is inclined to ignore it, to undervalue it, if only because of the kilometers that separate one from the seat of the conflagration. We made the blunder of Czechoslovakia and we have paid for it, and how! Don't wait until it's too late, until a "new order" has swept culture, civilization, and morality out of Europe. For on the day when the whole world becomes Nazified, when a barbaric formation is inculcated in our children, when an economic clearing, based on the devaluation of your dollar, comes into existence (which would end for you all exportation and importation), you won't be able to face the German peril. On that day you will submit to the New Order, and amid the general discontent will be found creatures sufficiently foul to spread the evil germs among you.

Americans, don't wait, hear the warning of some good Frenchmen now useless, listen to your heart, listen to your own interests, and give all possible aid (and even a little more) to those who still fight for the grandeur of man.

France Is Not Dead

THEY SPEAK FOR A NATION.
Letters from France, edited by Eve
Curie, Philippe Barres and Raoul
de Roussy de Sales, translated by
Drake and Denise DeKay (238 pages;
Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York).


A COMPARISON of these recent letters from France with a similar collection issued six months ago, suggests that there has been a marked moral recovery during that period and that no longer are the French people divided, apathetic and confused. For the first time since Marshal Petain began his policy of "collaboration" with the Nazis, a resurgence of nationalism is spiritually uniting a nation physically cleft in two and trusting its deliverance to De Gaulle and the British with increasing fervency and desperation.

The wounded individualism of those earlier letters has given way to a consentience remarkable in correspondents from all parts of France, from all classes and occupations, who have little or no communication with each other or the outside world. Yet on the fundamental facts they are in accord. Most of them write that 95 per cent of the people are against collaboration with Germany. (You see the same figures in letter after letter.) That they hate the Nazis, but they hate equally, if not more, the French who have joined them. They heap scorn upon Laval, whom they deem an infamous traitor, and upon the German-inspired press and radio. They do not want America to send food to France.

FRANCE AND THE EMPIRE

The inset map at left shows German-occupied France in grey, and the unoccupied area in black. Note that the Germans have cut off all access to the Atlantic, except through the Straits of Gibraltar. The larger map shows in black the great area of French Colonial possessions in the Near East and in Western Africa, and by diagonal shading the areas under control of the Free French forces of General de Gaulle. Not shown are the important colonies of Indo-China and of Eastern and Central Africa.

The letters in this book have come not only from the relatively free areas shown in black, and the free colonies shown in diagonal shading, but from those parts of France held under complete German domination.



There is a growing dissatisfaction with the passive role which they are forced to play not heretofore evident, for at first the people were only weary of war and eager to be through with it. Now they want to fight again. "Many have wanted to leave for England," writes a soldier to the Free French forces, "but how could we manage? How to get out? The surveillance is very strict and without external assistance it is almost impossible." Others speak of organizing resistance at home and of taking up arms eagerly when the Allied forces invade the continent.

A letter smuggled out of a prison camp reveals that enforced labor is done so slowly—work once accomplished in a fortnight now requires a month—that the Nazis have called out the firing squad without effecting any speed-up. There is frequent mention of sabotage. A group of citizens from one little town writes: "We have just been punished for the twelfth time, German wires and telephone cables having been cut and a sentinel fired at several times."

The most touching letters in the book are those written by children aged beyond their years by suffering, but the most ardent patriots in all France. Twelve-year-old Josette writes to General De Gaulle, sending him the Lorrain cross: "When we heard your appeal, your so comforting voice, we stood up, our eyes filled with tears, beseeching you, as if you had been there to see and hear us to save France, our beautiful France!"

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